

THE SYMPTOMS OF A SEX FIEND—A Medical Exclusive

ANC

# IMPACT

**BOLD TRUE ACTION FOR MEN**

THE NAKED  
MAIDEN-WARRIORS  
of SAN ITO

World War II's Most  
Amazing Battle!

**SLAUGHTER ON FIVE-MILE STRETCH**

The Shocking, True Story Behind  
America's Deadliest Highway

STERLING  
MAGAZINE

JUNE • 25¢



SCHULZ

## Bloodbath at Kasserine Pass



# RECORD RIOT!

## 18 TOP HIT TUNES



Including Love Me, Rock-A-Bye Your Baby, Rose and a Baby Ruth

only **17¢** ea.

Why pay up to 98¢ each for the current hit tunes? Save up to 81¢ each—over \$13.00 in this one offer. Every few weeks this amazing record package is brought up to date. Old songs are dropped and the new smash hit tunes take their place. You will get the latest tunes that are at the top of the Hit Tune surveys this week recorded by our own well known orchestras and vocalists.

Love Me • The Banana Boat Song • Confidential • Rock-A-Bye Your Baby With A Dixie Melody • Baby Doll • Mutual Admiration Society • On My Word of Honor • Don't Knock The Rock • Slow Walk • Anastasia • A Rose And A Baby Ruth • Friendly Persuasion • Since I Met You Baby • Moonlight Gambler • Honky Tonk • Tonight You Belong To Me • Singing the Blues • Gonna Get Along Without Ya Now.



## 26 HONKY TONK PIANO HITS

Starring "KNUCKLES" O'TOOLE

only **12¢** each

The most exciting Honky Tonk Piano records ever made. Hear "Knuckles" at his open-front piano and his orchestra bring back to life the exciting hits of the gay nineties. Terrific party records. 26 hits in all.

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now • Shine On Harvest Moon • Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De Ay • In My Merry Oldsmobile • Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight • Harrigan • My Pony Boy • Crazy Otto Rag • Paper Doll • Peg O' My Heart • In The Good Old Summertime • Plus 15 More.



## 18 POLKAS

only **17¢** each

Free Dance Lessons

A triumph! Nothing else like it. Famous Charles Magnante, world's greatest accordionist, and his orchestra play the most terrific collection of polka music ever put together. Free dance instructions tell how to do the polka steps.

Beer Barrel Polka • Helen Polka • Too Fat Polka • Clarinet Polka • La Bella Teresa Polka • Jolly Peter Polka • Pretty Polly Polka • Tie To Polka • Baruska Polka • Krakowiak Polka • Plus 8 More.

## 18 HITS BY THE INKSPOTS



Most of these Ink Spots hits sold up to a million records at 89¢ each. You save about \$13.00! Brand new, high fidelity recordings.

only **17¢** ea.

1. If I Didn't Care
2. Shanty in Old Shanty Town
3. For Sentimental Reasons
4. Don't Get Around Much Anymore
5. Do I Worry
6. Paper Doll
7. Maybe
8. We Three
9. Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat
10. Talk of The Town
11. Until The Real Thing Comes Along
12. Whispering Grass
13. I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire
14. It's A Sin To Tell A Lie
15. Rock N' Roll Rag
16. Rock Right
17. Up The Lazy River
18. Java Jive

## 21 Rock n' Roll Hits 15¢



Love Love Love • I Want You, I Need You, I Love You • Blue Suede Shoes, Heartbreak Hotel Right off the hit tune surveys come the greatest Rock n' Roll hit tunes of the year. Full orchestras and top vocalists. Believed to be the greatest Rock n' Roll record bargain ever put together. 21 in all.

Hound Dog • Heartbreak Hotel • I Want You, I Need You, I Love You • Fever • Rip It Up • Ready Teddy • Don't Be Cruel • Stranded In The Jungle • Blue Suede Shoes • Rock Around The Clock • Shake Rattle & Roll • Corrina Corrina • Love, Love, Love • My Baby Left Me • See You Later Alligator. 6 More



## 18 RAGTIME PIANO HITS

only **17¢** ea.

Starring Willie 'The Rock' Knox

It's sweeping the country again. Genuine mile-a-minute kick beat ragtime piano music. Never did fingers move over the keys so fast. One of the greatest ragtime piano players in the world and his orchestra. Thrilling.

Darktown Strutters Ball • Tiger Rag • 12th Street Rag • Honeysuckle Rose • Maple Leaf Rag • Margie • New Orleans Rag • Plus Many More Hits.

Save Up To \$15.00 Per Package!



Special photo shows how for the first time an exclusive new close-grooving process puts 6 to 8 tunes on one 78 RPM or 45 RPM record and 18 to 26 tunes on one 33 1/3 RPM record. The record packages described on this page come on 3 Hi-Fidelity 78 RPM or 45 RPM records or 1 Hi-Fidelity 33 1/3 RPM record... saving you up to \$15.00 on each package!

## Special Offers

**TOP HIT TUNES OF 1956.** True Love, Just Walking in the Rain, Love Me Tender, Blueberry Hill, Hey Jealous Lover, Cindy Oh Cindy, Green Door, Lay Down Your Arms, Petticoats of Portugal, Mama From the Train a Kiss, Long Before I Knew You, It Isn't Right, Know, Out of Sight Out of Mind, plus other hits. All 18 only **17¢** ea.

**MAHALIA JACKSON.** 18 all-time favorites by one of the world's greatest gospel singers including I Believe, Get Away Jordan, Shall I Meet You Over Yonder. Only **17¢** each. All 18 only **17¢** ea.

**15 ORGAN FAVORITES.** World famous Lew White at the grand console organ plays golden, melodious all time hits including September Song, Deep Purple, Moonlight Madonna. All 15 only **20¢** ea.

**COUNTRY & WESTERN HITS.** A whole jamboree of 18 of the country's top hill-billy music performed by famous stars. Never before in 1 package! All 18 only **17¢** ea.

**LUSH INSTRUMENTALS.** 20 of the most beautiful golden melodies of many of America's greatest orchestras. Songs include Autumn Leaves, Lisbon Antigua, April In Portugal, Poor People Of Paris, La Vie En Rose, Ebb Tide, plus 14 more. All 20 only **15¢** ea.



## 20 BARBER SHOP HARMONIES 15¢

Sweet Adeline • A Bird In A Gilded Cage • The Curse Of An Aching Heart • And Many Other Smash Hits Of The Gay Nineties!

How the gang loves to join in when you play these records. Here is the authentic four part harmony of a true Barber Shop quartet. Never before available. All the old favorites just the way they were sung during the Gay Nineties.

Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland • Shine On Harvest Moon • Let Me Call You Sweetheart • In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree • A Bird In A Gilded Cage • Little Brown Jug • Sweet Adeline • Plus 11 More all time favorites.

## SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

This is your chance to save up to \$15.00 on each of the exclusive close-grooved record packages described above. Each package comes on 3 High Fidelity 78 RPM or 45 RPM records or 1 High Fidelity 33 1/3 RPM record. If each tune were on separate records you would pay up to \$15.00 more! Order now from one of the country's largest record distributors. Millions of records sold. All records are High Fidelity. Play the records. If not delighted in every way, money back without question. Supplies of some packages limited. So mail coupon today!

White House Co., Record Div. 6-SM  
Harrison, New Jersey

## MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

White House Co., Record Division 6-SM  
8 Kingsland Avenue, Harrison, New Jersey

- ☐ Please send the records I have checked below at \$2.98 each set. Enclosed is cash, check or money order. Ship postpaid. **Money Back Guarantee.**
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage and handling charge on arrival. **Money Back Guarantee.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please Print

Check Record ☐ 3 78 RPM ☐ 3 45 RPM ☐ 1 33 1/3 RPM

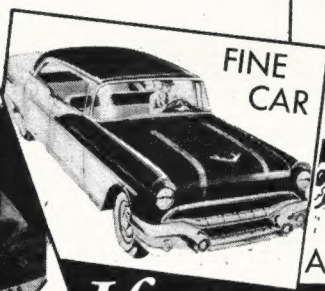
Speed Desired ☐ 3 78 RPM ☐ 3 45 RPM ☐ 1 33 1/3 RPM

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| A <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Top Hits (With Latest Titles) | BF <input type="checkbox"/> 20 Barber Shop Harmonies |
| W <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Ink Spots Hits                | TH9 <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Top Tunes of 1956    |
| S <input type="checkbox"/> 26 Honky Tonk Hits               | X <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Mahalia Jackson Hits   |
| 21 <input type="checkbox"/> 21 Rock n' Roll Hits            | Z <input type="checkbox"/> 15 Organ Favorites        |
| F <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Polka Hits                    | J <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Country & Western      |
| V <input type="checkbox"/> 18 Ragtime Piano Hits            | BK <input type="checkbox"/> 20 Lush Instrumentals    |
- EACH SET \$2.98. 3 SETS \$8.50. OVER 3 SETS ADD \$2.50 EACH. (Sorry, No COD's over 3 sets)





*If...*

**YOU WANT TO ENJOY AN**

# **ACCOUNTANT'S CAREER**

## **INVESTIGATE THIS OPPORTUNITY TODAY!**

**IF** you're that person, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you need something more than just the desire to be an accountant. You've got to pay the price—be willing to study earnestly, thoroughly.

Still, wouldn't it be worth your while to sacrifice some of your leisure in favor of interesting home study—over a comparatively brief period? Always provided that the rewards were good—a salary of \$4,000 to \$10,000 and up!

An accountant's duties are interesting, varied and of real worth to his employers. He has *standing!*

Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they can be!

Why not, like so many before you, investigate LaSalle's Problem Method of training for an accounting position?

Just suppose you were permitted to work in an accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then more difficult ones. If you could do this—and could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

That's the training you follow in principle under the LaSalle Problem Method. You cover accounting from Basic Accounting right through Accounting Systems and

Income Tax Procedure. As you go along, you absorb the principles of General Accounting, Auditing and Basic Cost Accounting. Then you may choose Commercial Accounting, Industrial Accounting or Public Accounting and prepare for the C.P.A. examinations.

Your progress is as speedy as you care to make it—depending on your own eagerness to learn and the time you spend in study.

Will recognition come? The only answer, as you know, is that success *does* come to the man who is really *trained*. It's possible your employers will notice your improvement in a very few weeks or months. Indeed, many LaSalle graduates have paid for their training—with increased earnings—before they have completed it! For accountants, who are trained in organization and management, are the executives of the future.

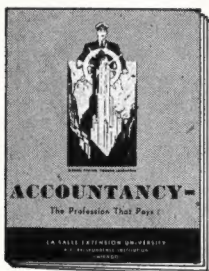
**Send today for Free Book,**

**"Accountancy, The Profession That Pays"**

For your own good get all the facts about this completely new and modern accounting training. Write for free book "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays," which will prove that accounting offers brilliant futures to those who aren't afraid of serious home study, and will show the wide range of opportunities that exist today. No cost or obligation. If you want a position of higher income, greater prestige, **MAIL THE COUPON NOW!**

**Over 4,200 Certified  
Public Accountants among  
LaSalle alumni**

**Member, National Home Study Council**



## **LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**

**A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION**

**417 S. Dearborn St.**

**Dept. 6107H**

**Chicago 5, Ill.**

I want to be an accountant. Send me without obligation, Free Book, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays."

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

City, Zone & State .....



# IMPACT

**BOLD TRUE ACTION FOR MEN**



Allied brass called the muddy gorge splitting Africa's jagged Tabessa Mountains "the gateway to Tunis." But to the dejected, defeat-shocked American Second Army Corps, it was Kasserine Pass—the gateway to Hell. It was something else, too: their first chance to disprove the jeering taunts of their British comrades-in-arms — "How Green Was My Ally" was the insulting song that battle-toughened Tommies chanted to Kasserine-bound American troops.

That the Second Corps Yank GI's cleared their muddled name with battle glory is now a matter of military record. Just how they did it at Kasserine Pass — and at what terrible cost — is detailed on Page 28.



MORRIS S. LATZEN, Publisher  
JACK HOFFMAN, Editor  
BERNARD GORDON, Art Director  
MARTIN M. SINGER, Associate Editor  
PHIL KRIEGLER, Photo Editor  
GERRY REPP, Assistant Art Director  
ALEX KOLE, Production Director

## Savage Jungle Lesson:

**THE LAST BULLET!.....12**

## Ambush of the Naked Warriors:

**SEX TRAP ON SAN ITO.....14**

## The Ship That Wouldn't Die:

**16 AGAINST THE SEA.....16**

## Horror Out of the Past:

**SNAKEPIT.....20**

## June's Photo-Sensation:

**SULTRY SARA AMAN.....22**

## They Called it the "Rape of San Francisco"

**THE DRINK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.....26**

## Bloody Desert Combat:

**FIRST BLOOD AT KASSERINE.....28**

## Medical Exclusive:

**THE SYMPTOMS OF A SEX FIEND?.....32**

## Time is His Deadly Enemy:

**I BOSS THE HIGHWAY TO HELL.....34**

## Death Strikes a Dozen Ways:

**A SCREAM BEFORE DYING.....36**

## Gunman's Last-Ditch Stand:

**"YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!".....40**

## Departments

**MEDICAL MARCH.....6**

**GADGETS FOR MEN.....8**

**READY FOR ACTION.....10**

## A STERLING MAGAZINE

IMPACT is published bimonthly by Hanro Corporation, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Second class mailing privileges pending at New York, New York. Additional entry pending at Rockville, Maryland. Volume 1, Number 1, June, 1957. © 1957 by Hanro Corporation. 25¢ per copy. \$1.50 per year, Canada \$2.00, foreign \$2.50. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or pictures. Printed in U.S.A.



# \$40,000

**FORTUNE  
IN CASH!**

**CASH  
PRIZES**

**HOURS  
OF FUN!**

## "NAME OF FAME" CONTEST!

Do you enjoy the fun, excitement and thrills of solving picture puzzles? Sure you do... everybody does... especially when your skill can bring you as much as \$25,000 in cold cash. And *right now* is your chance to share in the action, the challenge, and... yes... the cash awards, too... of one of the greatest puzzle contests ever run in the United States! It's the sensational new National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest, just getting under way... with 200 great cash prizes totaling \$40,000!

Just think what you could do with prize money like

that... all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home... free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could give you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be a prize winner of any of 200 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now, and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$25,000 promptness bonus along with first prize of \$22,500—a grand total of \$25,000.00.



### 1st PRIZE

AS MUCH AS

**\$25,000.00**

PLUS 200 BIG CASH AWARDS, SUCH AS:

- 2nd Prize.....\$5,000.00
- 3rd Prize..... 2,500.00
- 4th Prize..... 1,500.00
- 5th Prize..... 1,000.00
- 6th thru 10th ea. 200.00

Plus 190 additional Cash Prizes

**Grand Total \$40,000.00**

### THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

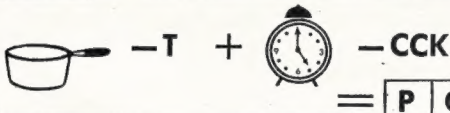


This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. Among them is MARCO POLO so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a POT. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letters C C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

#### SAMPLE PUZZLE

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck



### HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

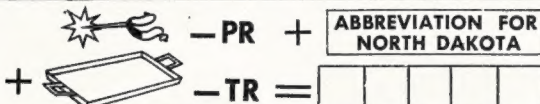
Write Your Answer In Coupon Below (at right) Mail It NOW!



#### PUZZLE NO. ONE

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Cotton Mather ☐ Ira Remsen



**NATIONAL CONTEST BOOK CLUB, INC.**  
509 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 200, New York City 17, N. Y.

### PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY IN 2 YEARS \$133,000.00 AWARDED FROM NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS

National Puzzle Contests have offered \$133,000.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whole lot of money! But now the National Contest Book Club... with prizes of an additional \$40,000... will raise that grand total to \$173,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Contest Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest... including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full. All cash prizes are held in escrow at the BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.

#### To All Puzzle Entrants The Puzzle Encyclopedia

Everyone who enters the National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest receives this fascinating Puzzle Encyclopedia. Contains hundreds of quizzes, riddles, puzzles. Will give you many, many enjoyable hours.



Write Your Answer In Coupon Below.  
We Send Complete Contest Details Immediately.

#### MAIL COUPON TODAY

Give Yourself A Chance To Win  
**\$2,500.00 PROMPTNESS AWARD**

National Contest Book Club, Inc.  
509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 200 N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

(PLEASE PRINT)

I want full particulars about The National Contest Book Club's \$40,000 "Name of Fame" Contest. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# MEDICAL MARCH

Scientists believe they've finally figured out your chances of getting **LUNG CANCER**. If you're 25 years old and smoke between 25-50 cigarettes a day, you have one chance in ten of dying of the disease before you're 75. Your risk is less if you give up the habit by middle age or smoke only a pipe . . . And supplying the help, a Chicago biochemist has come up with an easy, quick and painless way for you to quit smoking completely. He says that three pills a day for a week or more will do the trick. These pills contain **lobeline sulfate**, a chemical derived from a plant similar to tobacco: The lobeline alkaloid replaces the nicotine alkaloid in the body's working chemistry. Tried on 500 smoking addicts, the pills stopped the habit in 4 out of 5 cases. Tests are still going on so they're not yet available to the public . . . Men with various types of **SKIN DISEASES** found that their conditions were greatly improved or healed after using a new antiseptic "soapless soap" called **Lanolin-Foam**. The skin ailments included acne as well as contact dermatitis, eczema and other eruptions in which soap and water are usually avoided. Ninety per cent of those who used the foamy "soapless soap" in a dellulose sponge reported good results . . . When football players, boxers and other **ATHLETES** suddenly discover their urine has turned the color of strong tea, there's probably no great cause for alarm. A Philadelphia doctor says that such changes—a urine sediment similar to that of acute nephritis patients—are not uncommon after rugged exertion. After a few days of less strenuous activity, the condition usually clears up by itself . . . The day may soon be here when it will be possible to **TRANSPLANT A HUMAN HEART** to replace a damaged one. This hope is based on the current successes in replacing worn or damaged arteries or other blood vessels with plastic substitutes or vessels from dead humans or animals . . . Most of the painful **HEADACHES** you've been getting can be relieved by the inhalation of **procaine-pontocaine** in steam for twenty minutes every other day . . . Suffering from **CHRONIC CONSTIPATION**? A southern medico has had excellent results giving his patients a combination of prunewhip and yogurt . . . A New York psychoanalyst points out that because a man stays a **BACHELOR** all his life, it doesn't necessarily mean that there's something wrong with the guy. The tests show that many bachelors are just as well adjusted emotionally as married men . . . Trying to cut down **DENTAL DECAY** among GIs, the Army is floundering the drinking water on posts in the U.S., Hawaii and in Puerto Rico . . . If your **HEARING** seems to be playing tricks on you, it may not be a sign you're going deaf. Most ear specialists will tell you your condition is possibly caused by impacted wax, infection, drugs or ordinary colds. A quick check with your doc should set things right . . . And for that **RING-**

**ING IN THE EARS** sensation, science has found that injection into the vein of 5,000 units of **heparin**—a liver substance—has proven successful in getting rid of those annoying bells . . . For badly damaged **FINGER JOINTS**, the Air Force medical men have come up with a special stainless-steel hinge that works easily and painlessly . . . Here's great news for guys suffering from **BLOTCHY, UNSIGHTLY SKIN**. A Chicago skin specialist has found that **ascorbic acid**, plentiful in a daily glass of orange juice, can help correct the iron deficiency that science believes is one of the prime causes of acne and other minor skin ailments . . . Two New York doctors report that a new **bioflavonoid** compound, derived from the pulp and rind of citrus fruits, is a successful treatment for **INTERNAL BLEEDING**. This citrus compound produced either good or satisfactory results in 46 of 55 cases, ranging from bleeding duodenal and gastric ulcers to bleeding ulcerative colitis . . . A Tufts University dental professor says he's found that **FEMALE SEX HORMONES** may do the trick in putting a halt to tooth loss. Right now, the tests are being carried out on animals and reports say the experiments have been most successful . . . **Valmid**, a new sedative chemically unrelated to the barbiturates, has been found of value in the treatment of **INSOMNIA**. Doctors say it produces a restful sleep in persons with mild or moderate anxiety and is especially valuable to working persons who awaken early and can't get back to sleep . . . Most people have suspected it, but now doctors have proven that excessive use of **ALCOHOL** over a long period of time can cause permanent and severe damage to the brain. In some cases shrinking of the brain has been found . . . **HAY FEVER** sufferers may soon become snuff sniffers—**hydrocortison** snuff. The pulverized powder is sniffed into the linings of the nose and coats the nasal interiors. Most sufferers showed great improvement within 48 hours after being tested . . . Thanks to antibiotics and sulfa drugs, crippling from the **BONE DISEASE** called **osteomyelitis** is becoming rare. A leading crippling disease once requiring surgery, osteomyelitis is a bone inflammation caused by certain bacteria. Recovery is much quicker these days with only medical treatment . . . For men sensitive to penicillin or who have picked up a case of penicillin-resistant **SYPHILIS**, doctors have come up with new mold remedies. Of the four tried out, **tetracycline** has produced the fewest toxic reactions. The new antibiotics have proved successful in all five venereal diseases—**syphilis**, **gonorrhea**, **chancroid**, **granuloma inguinale** and **lymphogranuloma venereum**. But because of the high cost of these new drugs, penicillin remains the "drug of choice." . . . A Chicago doctor warns, don't pass off those **SKIN ERUPTIONS** as mere rashes, bumps or localized skin trouble. Often they may indicate internal diseases such as anemia, diabetes and even various types of cancer . . . ●







**Want better pay,  
steady work and  
a way to make  
extra money?**

# Learn at Home IN YOUR SPARE TIME to Fix Electrical Appliances

To build a better future, get into a field where there's much important work and the security that comes from knowing a good trade. Servicing electrical appliances offers that OPPORTUNITY. Every wired home has an average of 8 electrical appliances. Up to 10 million new appliances are sold every year and owners pay well to keep them in repair. That's making a fast-growing need for trained men.

## **Start Soon to Earn \$3, \$4, \$5, an Hour Extra in Your Spare Time**

Start soon to fix electric toasters, clocks, fans, vacuum cleaners and other appliances for neighbors and friends. Work in your basement, garage or spare room. Pick up \$3 to \$5 an Hour extra that way. It's easy to increase your earning power—to pay for this training many times over with your spare time earnings.

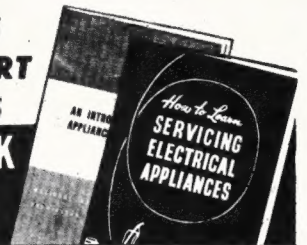
## **Learn and Earn with Multi-Use Tester Built with Parts We Send**

This course includes the parts to build a portable, sturdy Appliance Tester that helps you locate electrical defects quickly and easily. You use it to learn and do actual electrical appliance repair jobs. If you want better pay

learn this good trade. No need to give up your present job. You can train at home in your spare time for only \$2.50 down and \$5.00 a month. A small price to pay for increased earnings, a more secure future.

Paste coupon below on a 2c postal or mail in envelope for "How to Learn Servicing Electrical Appliances" and a free sample lesson.

**2c TO MAIL THIS  
COUPON MAY START  
YOU TO SUCCESS  
LESSON AND BOOK  
FREE**



**NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE  
Dept. 17F7 Washington 9, D. C.**

Please send me Electric Appliance Training lesson and book free. (No salesman will call.)

Name ..... Age.....

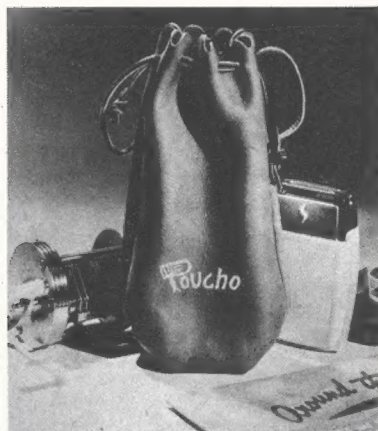
Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

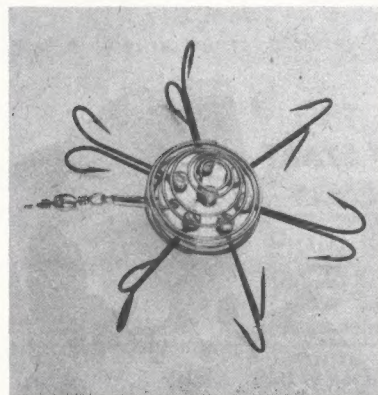
APPROVED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL



# TOPS IN THE SHOPS



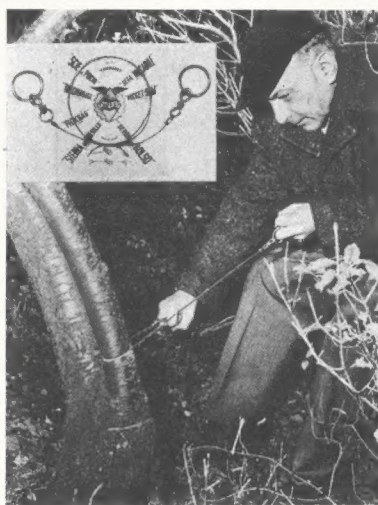
The **POUCHO** is the all leather, all purpose carry-all that's made to serve hundreds of different uses. It comes in three sizes: 3½" deep, \$1.25; 5½" deep, \$1.45; 7½" deep, \$1.95. It's strong, durable and plenty roomy. Post Novelty Company, 117 Greene St., New York 12, New York.



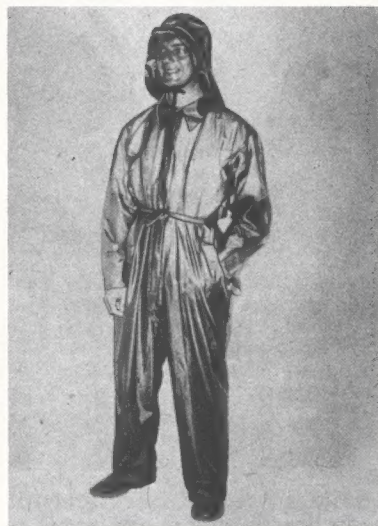
The answer to the fisherman's prayer—the new **SPIDER LURE** that promises good sport to anglers out after the big ones. Built on a new principle, lure attracts three ways—by vibration, glitter, smell. With stainless steel body and fishhook legs it's \$2.00 at Turner Co., Hale, Mo.



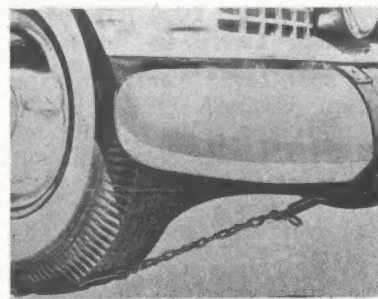
You'll be the talk of your crowd with a pair of **BAR-NOCULARS**. They look like field glasses, but they're actually two bottles that hold more than a pint of your favorite beverage. Removable eye pieces are jiggers. Send \$9.95 to Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 821 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



A must for every woodsman. The versatile wire-like **POCKET SAW** does a man-sized job on timber and hardwoods yet coils up compactly into jacket-pocket size. Saw's flexible, silicon-steel blade with double spiral teeth cuts in all directions. \$1.98 at Varco, 91 Broadway, Jersey City, N. J.



The **RAIN-DRI COVERALL** is just what the doctor ordered for foul-weather gear and for the man who wants to keep dry washing his car. Made of transparent smoketone vinyl, the suit is tough as fabric and comes in all sizes plus a storage case. \$4.95. Dorrod, Box 2146, Kansas City, Mo.



Change your flat tires in complete safety with new **SURE GRIP CAR HOLDER**. Avoids costly and serious accidents due to auto slips. It's simple to use, fits any make or model car. Sent postpaid for \$2.75. Order item #10-A from The Mail Magnet, 4613-H Eastway Court, Columbus 13, Ohio.



# Are You Giving Your Wife The Companionship She Craves?

YOU may be giving your wife all the love and care you are able to. You may have given her a good home, security, many of the conveniences all women yearn for. But is she completely satisfied? Are you giving her what she most expected on the day that you married her? *Are you giving her the full companionship of the man she loves?*

Or are you always "too tired" at the end of a day's work? Do you come home from work with only the "left-overs" of your vitality for your wife and family? Is time catching up with you *too fast*... at work, at play?

If so, your condition may simply be due to a common vitamin and mineral deficiency in your diet. Yes, *you may be well-fed, but poorly nourished.* The food you eat may just not contain the necessary amounts of vitamins and minerals to keep you healthy and vigorous. You owe it to yourself to find out whether a food supplement such as VITASAFE capsules can restore the youthful feeling you'd like to have. And you can find out at *absolutely no cost* by taking advantage of this sensational free offer!

## FREE—30 DAYS SUPPLY OF VITAMINS

MINERALS and AMINO ACID  
Safe High Potency Nutritional Formula

Retail Value \$5.00

25 Proven Ingredients—11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid), 11 Minerals, Choline, Inositol and Methionine



To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan... we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C and D... *five times* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12—one of the most remarkably potent nutrients science has yet discovered—a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs.

### POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! And it means that when you use VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES you can be *sure* you're getting exactly what the label states... and that you're getting *pure* ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again!

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY  
A 30-DAY SUPPLY—FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES for just

one reason. So many persons have already tried them with such astounding results... so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial... that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are *ours*. A month's supply of similar vitamin capsules would ordinarily cost \$5.00 retail!

### AMAZING NEW PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES IN HALF!

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details of an amazing new plan that provides you regularly with all the vitamins and minerals you will need. This Plan actually enables you to receive a 30-day supply of vitamins every month regularly, safely and factory fresh for exactly \$2.00—or 60% lower than the usual retail price. **BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DECIDE NOW**—you are under no obligation to buy anything from us whatsoever. To get your free 30-day supply and learn all about this amazing new Plan, be sure to send us the coupon today—the supply is limited.

Have you been spending up to \$5.00 and more each month for your vitamins? Have you been "vitamin-hopping" from one formula to another, in a desperate search for the kind that will restore the youthful feeling you want to have? Well, *stop* right now! Look at this amazing opportunity! And read this remarkable offer!



#### EACH DAILY C. F. CAPSULE CONTAINS:

|                         |               |              |           |            |           |
|-------------------------|---------------|--------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| Vitamin A               | 12,500 I.U.'s | Calcium      | 1 mg.     | Molybdenum | 0.1 mg.   |
| Vitamin B <sub>1</sub>  | 1,000 I.U.'s  | Pantothenate | 2 1/2 mg. | Iodine     | 0.075 mg. |
| Vitamin B <sub>2</sub>  | 75 mg.        | Vitamin E    | 2 I.U.    | Potassium  | 2 mg.     |
| Vitamin B <sub>3</sub>  | 5 mg.         | Folic Acid   | 0.5 mg.   | Zinc       | 0.5 mg.   |
| Vitamin B <sub>5</sub>  | 5 mg.         | Calcium      | 75 mg.    | Magnesium  | 3 mg.     |
| Vitamin B <sub>6</sub>  | 2.5 mg.       | Phosphorus   | 34 mg.    | Choline    | 31.4 mg.  |
| Vitamin B <sub>12</sub> | 0.5 mg.       | Iron         | 30 mg.    | Sitarate   | 15 mg.    |
| Vitamin C               | 1 mg.         | Cobalt       | 0.01 mg.  | Inositol   | 10 mg.    |
| Niacin Amide            | 40 mg.        | Copper       | 0.02 mg.  |            |           |
|                         |               | Manganese    | 0.5 mg.   |            |           |

COMPARE THIS FORMULA WITH ANY OTHER!

Help yourself  
or someone  
you love  
to new health  
and happiness!  
**Mail Coupon Now**

VITASAFE CORP., Dept. 328-1  
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Please send me free a 30-day supply of the proven VITASAFE CF (Comprehensive Formula) Capsules, and full information about the VITASAFE plan. I am not under any obligation to buy any additional vitamins, and after trying my free sample supply, I may accept the benefits and substantial savings offered by the VITASAFE Plan, or if not fully satisfied will reject them. In any case, the trial month's supply of 30 VITASAFE Capsules is mine to use free.

ENCLOSE 25¢ (coins or stamps) to help pay for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per family.

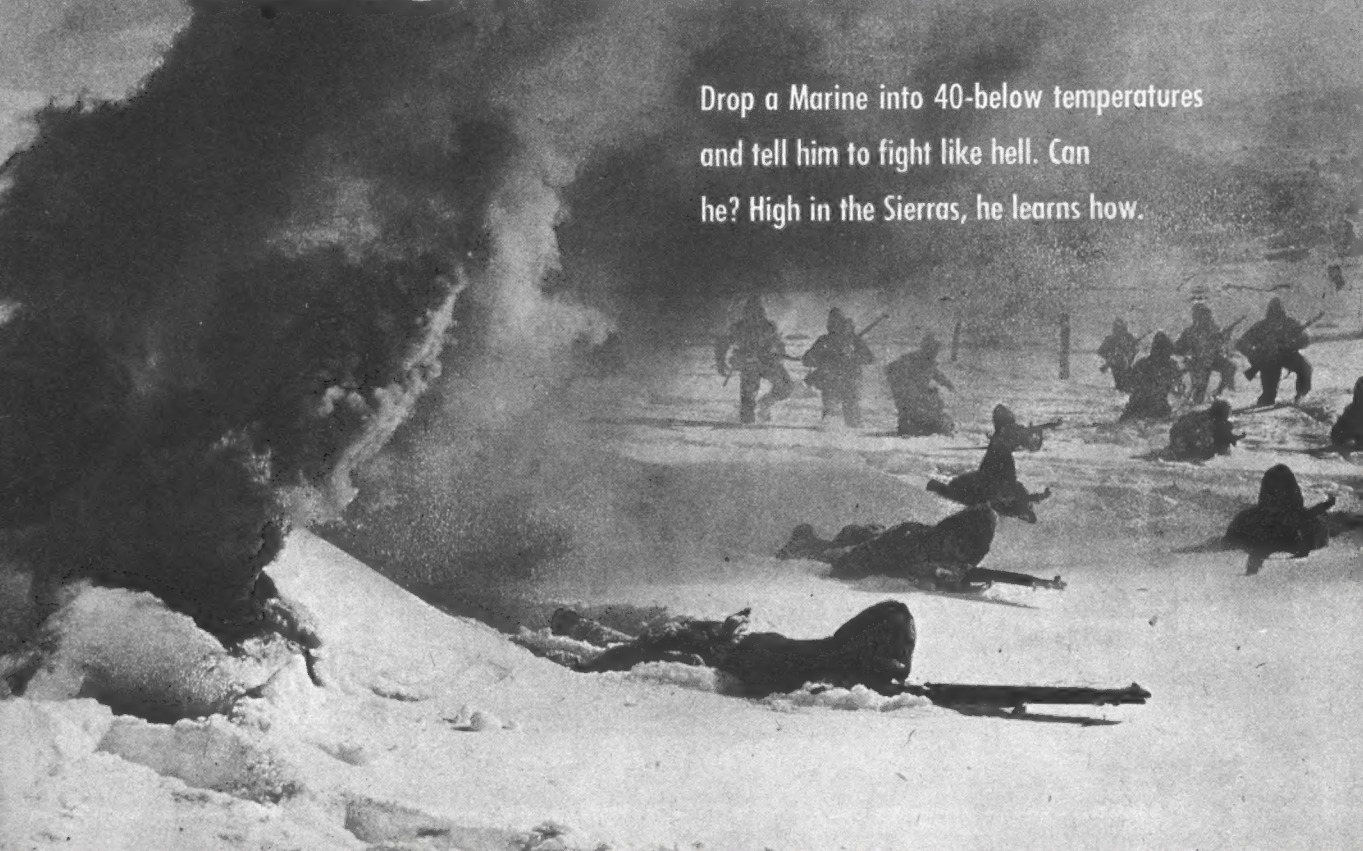


VITASAFE CORPORATION, 43 West 61st St., New York 23, N.Y.



# ATTACK BELOW ZERO

Drop a Marine into 40-below temperatures and tell him to fight like hell. Can he? High in the Sierras, he learns how.

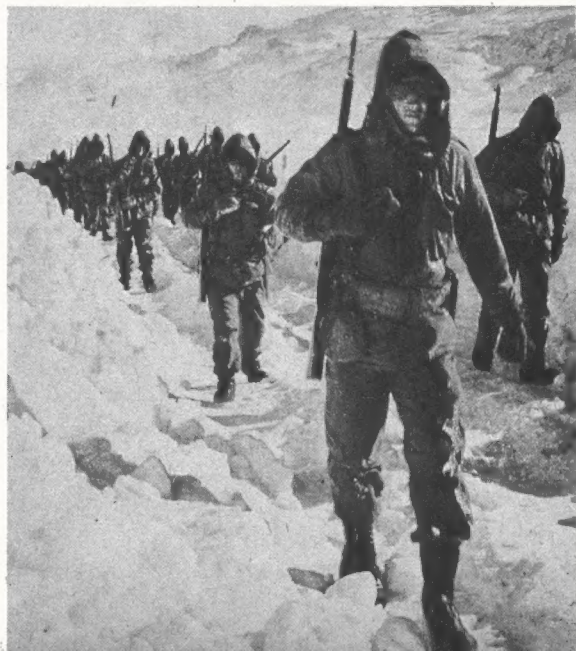


■ THE marine who fought his way through a Korean winter remembers only too well the bitter cold that cost his Corps almost as many casualties as the bloody fighting did.

Thus the Corps learned a lesson in Korea—that crippling, sub-zero temperatures can be as dangerous an enemy as one with a gun. So today, every combat marine—from private to general—must undergo a period of realistic battle training in 40 below zero temperatures.

At the USMC Cold Weather Encampment at Pickel Meadow, high in the California Sierras, the extreme cold at first comes as a paralyzing surprise to most of the men. But after a thorough indoctrination, the recruit learns a lesson which stays with him: that cold is not the *real* enemy; cold is merely the condition in which the enemy must be met, repulsed and defeated. So he learns to live with it, and when his training is over, the trainee stands ready to face and fight anything that man or nature can throw at him. ●

At first, sub-zero temperatures come as paralyzing surprise. But after training, recruit learns to make ally of cold, to face and fight anything man or nature can throw at him.





# Tune Up, Pep Up, Fix Up ANY CAR!



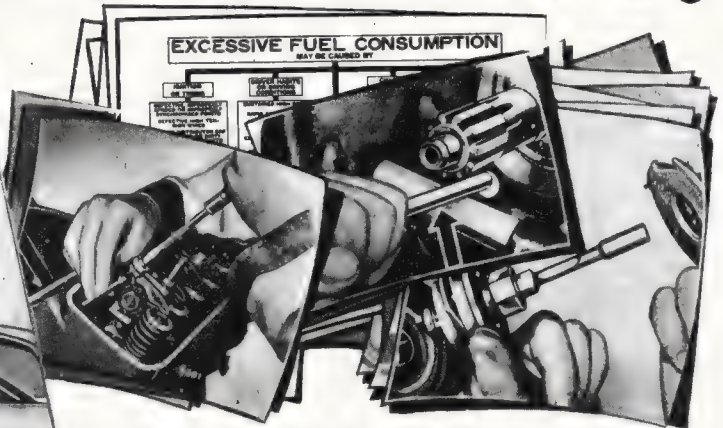
**Giant  
New  
Edition!**

Almost  
800 big pages!  
Weighs 4 3/4 lbs!

Covers every model from  
1940—practically every  
car on the road today!

BUICK • KAISER  
CADILLAC • LINCOLN  
CHEVROLET • MERCURY  
CHRYSLER • NASH  
CONTINENTAL • OLDSMOBILE  
DE SOTO • PACKARD  
DODGE • PLYMOUTH  
FORD • PONTIAC  
FRAZIER • RAMBLER  
HENRY J. • STUDEBAKER  
HUDSON • WILLYS

The Original Book of its kind  
... and still the best!  
Published each year for 27  
years by Chilton ... world's  
largest automotive publishers.



## YOU WON'T "MISS" WITH HOW-TO-FIX-IT DATA LIKE THIS TO GUIDE YOU!

Handle practically any job on any car like an expert ... even if you've never repaired a car before!

Using this giant, 4 3/4 pound Chilton "ALL CARS" Auto Repair Manual is like having the 19 Chilton service experts who prepared it standing beside you.

First, they show you how to locate troubles in a jiffy. Then they show you just what to do and exactly how to do it to make needed repairs. Almost 3,000 specially-taken pictures help make almost every move crystal clear.

## FIX ANY MAKE, MODEL OR PART

Chilton covers every model of the leading 22 car makes from 1940 to the present ... *practically every car on the road today.*

From simple tune-ups to complete engine overhauls; from complicated transmissions to overdrives; from

ignition systems to timers and all the rest, it is a complete, accurate and fully authentic service guide. Tells what work-saving shortcuts to take ... what adjustments to make ... what mistakes to avoid ... even what standard tools to use!

## NOT A "STUDY" BOOK

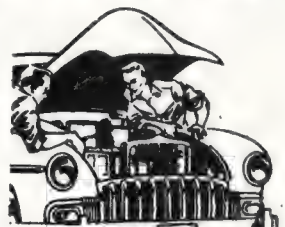
This big Chilton Manual is chock full of how-to-fix-it data on specific jobs ... *NOT* a lot of general theory. It's a real "work" book to be used right on the job. Just look up the car make, model and part you want to repair or adjust. Follow the Manual's easy instructions and presto! the work is done faster, better, easier than you may have thought possible.

Contains almost 800 big pages; 53 Troubleshooting Charts; 397 Quick

**JUST LOOK UP THE JOB YOU WANT TO DO!**

Check Data Tables and literally thousands of parts and repair specifications. Price only \$6.95 on easy terms. More than pays for itself in time saved **THE FIRST TIME YOU USE IT.**

Practice 10 full days at our risk! You be the judge! Send 10-day Free Examination coupon today.



You'll find this giant Chilton Car Repair Manual in practically every car repair shop...

It's widely used in Army-Navy training...

And it's tops for beginners ... because it makes everything so amazingly clear!

## MAKES EVERY JOB EASY TO UNDERSTAND!

Read what these users say:



"With my Chilton 'All Cars' Manual, I finished a job in an hour that another fellow had worked on all day!"

GENE ARNOLD, Iowa

"Chilton makes every job easy to understand. You don't need a lot of previous training!"

OTTO MORGENSTERN, Maryland



(Chilton Books are sold by leading book stores.)

Send coupon to: THE CHILTON CO., Dept. ST-57 5605 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 39, Pa.

## PRACTICE 10 DAYS FREE!

THE CHILTON CO., Dept. ST-57  
5605 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 39, Pa.

Send me the big CHILTON "ALL CARS" REPAIR MANUAL (Price \$6.95) for 10-day FREE EXAMINATION. If I like Manual, I will then promptly remit \$1.95 (plus 45¢ postage and handling); then send \$2.50 each month for two months. Otherwise I will return manual postpaid in 10 days and owe you nothing.

SAVE! Send \$6.95 with order and we pay postage-handling. Same 10-day return privilege.

Name .....

Address .....

City, Zone, State .....

(OUTSIDE U.S.A.—Price \$8.95 cash with order. 10-day return privilege with money refunded.)



# *The LAST*



With kill-lust glowering in his eyes, the wounded buff thundered toward me like a runaway juggernaut. I held my fire until the last split-second hoping I would stop him with a well-placed brain-shot.



# BULLET!

There was just one way to prove that Stanberry was wrong about guns, about hunting—about the jungle. Only trouble was that if my plan back-fired, he'd be too damn dead to make use of the lesson!

by T. RICHARD YOUNG

■ WHEN Fred Stanberry first came to Indo-China, he was a self-appointed authority on the merits of the high-velocity, smaller-caliber rifle for all big game under all conditions. And nothing could shake his confidence that he could clobber anything that walked the earth with his high-powered .270 magazine piece. Nothing, that is, until Southeast Asia's most awesome animal came boiling out of the jungle like something from the corals of Hell. . . .

Stanberry had contacted me in Saigon through mutual friends and I had agreed to take him into some of my favorite hunting country deep in the jungled foothills of northwestern Cochinchina. Elephant, bison and sambar (Asian deer) were on his licensed list of trophies. I tried to talk him into exchanging the .270 for the special insurance of a big-caliber double for the large stuff. It was wasted effort.

But Stanberry's obsession for the little magazine rifle gave me the cold shivers when I thought of the dense vegetation that blanketed most of the area we would be hunting.

Sure, Stanberry had bagged an Indian tiger from a *machan* and a water buff in the open forest country. *But what happens when he's in thick cover and misses a vital spot with that first shot and finds himself with a wounded animal charging him from 10 yards away?*

"Maybe you have to work a bit faster in dense jungle," the big American sportsman said as we sat talking on the verandah of a Saigon club. His bulldog face twisted into a patronizing, one-sided grin as he added, "But in whatever kind of (Please turn to page 49)



The bullet just shattered against the buff's horns, and his charge carried him right between us.

The Moi tried to run, but it was too late. After it was all over, we left his body inside the hut.











# SEX TRAP ON SAN ITO

We had our orders—clobber the radio station and get back. It sounded easy, and everything was going like clockwork. Then we spotted those naked geishas—and all kinds of Hell broke loose.

■ FROM a purely military standpoint San Ito—a few twisted palms, a jade lagoon and an isolated Jap radio station—wasn't worth an invasion. Dai Nippon apparently thought as much, because even after they occupied the Sunda Islands, San Ito remained basically unfortified.

But from the human standpoint, this two mile jagged lump of coral west of Baewan, in the Arends Islands, Java Seas, was, for a small segment of the Australian Navy, a paradise discovered. That is, discovered at long range by seamen who hadn't seen a woman in many months. There were several on San Ito, and they were *not*—even through binoculars—unattractive.

Unfortunately, circumstances conspired to keep the corvette, *H.M.A.S. Doane*, in the Indian Ocean until mid 1943. It was then, instead of returning to Perth for an overhaul, that she was ordered to the Java Seas along with several other expendables, to harry the enemy whenever and wherever possible. This meant, to hit and run *but under no circumstances invade*.

Taking into consideration the dozen nude bathing girls and their availability, the last part of our orders drove brave men to distraction, to say the very (Please turn to page 57)

by A. J. MacDOWELL





The men desperately worked the lifeboat winches in a race against time. They expected the boilers to blow any minute.



# Sixteen Against the Sea





By all the odds we know, the men of the *San Demetrio* should have joined their comrades in a screaming death. But Fate makes its own rules—especially where men of courage are concerned . . .

■ THE lifeboat lay in the water as dawn broke with a cold light rain that dotted the sea and brought even more discomfort to the men. They were bent over their oars, their bodies cramped with fatigue.

"If they had waited for dawn," Hawkins, the 2nd Officer, said, "they could have got the whole convoy. His eyes were bloodshot. Fatigue had knotted his hand like a claw around the tiller. His was the job of keeping the lifeboat facing into the rough seas and preventing her from being swamped. "They could have picked off one ship after the other with those big guns of hers."

"Bloody Jerry bastards," said Fletcher, the Bo'sun.

Quiet settled on the boat and each of the men receded within himself, trying to mentally calculate his chances of ever seeing land again.

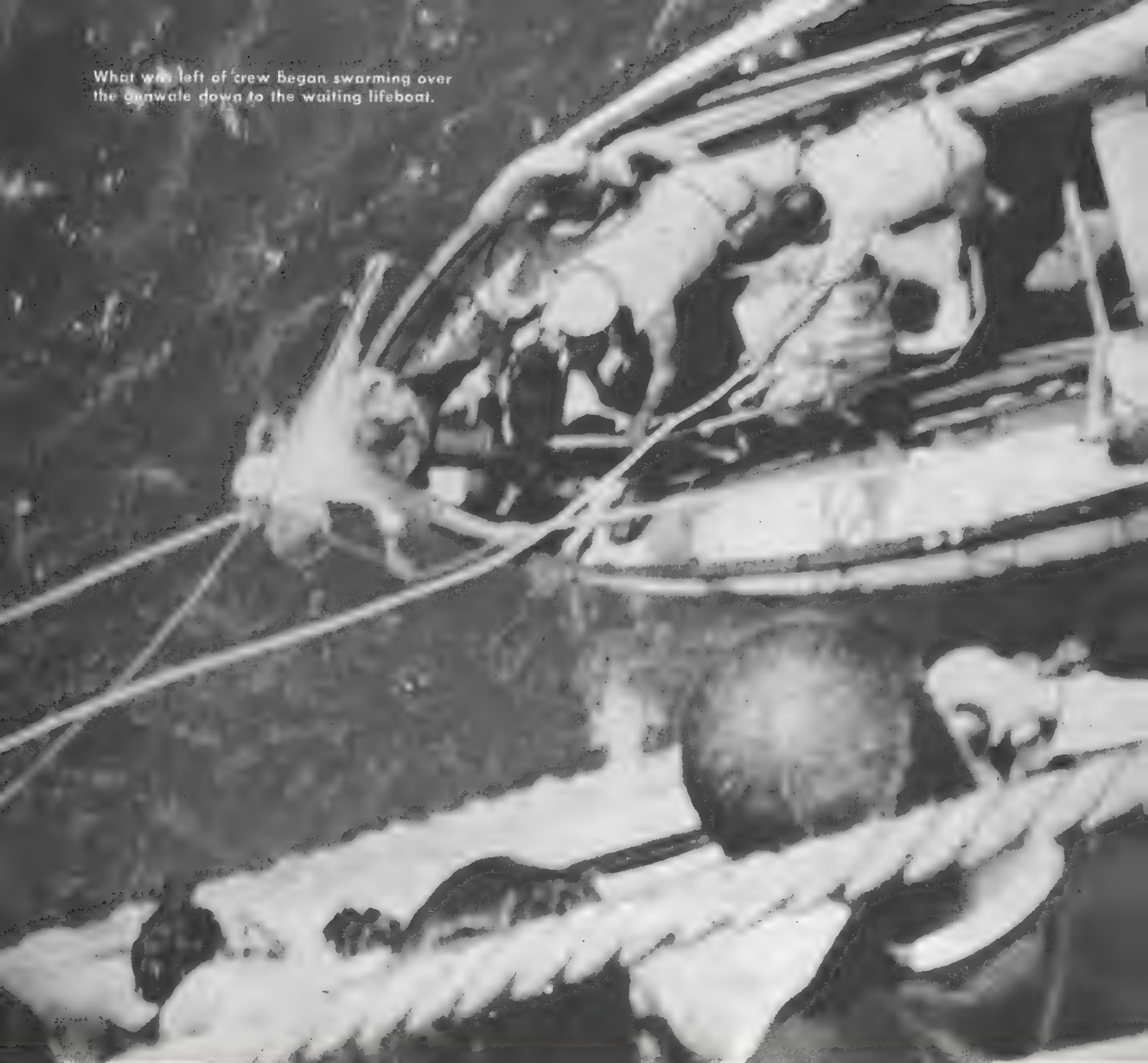
Towards the stern, a young, red-haired Welsh boy felt his stomach churning. Young

MORE

by JAMES FINNEGAN



What was left of crew began swarming over the gunwale down to the waiting lifeboat.



## SIXTEEN AGAINST THE SEA

Jones, the apprentice, could feel the boat pushing up under the seat of his pants and then falling away. The kid leaned forward, choking back the vomit that was fighting to climb up and out of his throat.

"You all right, Boyle?" he asked the man on the oar ahead of him.

The pint-sized greaser nodded his head, and that was all the boy could see. He was reassured. But he wouldn't have been, if he had seen Boyle's face twisted in pain. In the rush from their stricken tanker, Boyle had slipped from a rope and dropped twenty feet into the lifeboat.

Now he was retching and vomiting blood. He had closed his mind to the pain of the ripped-up guts inside of his body, pushing himself to haul on the oars.

Boyle's body convulsed again. He couldn't control it. A spray of yellow-green vomit, tinged red with blood, gushed out of his throat, was caught by the wind, and carried back to settle like a film on young Jones' face, filling his nostrils, his mouth, clogging his eyes.

"Sorry, kid," Boyle said. "Couldn't help it."

The boy didn't say anything. He wiped his face with his bare hands, and then splashed sea water on his mouth.

"Get on the oars!" Hawkins yelled. "Or we'll turn and get  
(Please turn to page 66)





The tankers in convoy—loaded with precious oil—were like sitting ducks for the German pocket battleship. One by one the ships went to bottom. Now only the *Demetrio* remained afloat.



Racked with pain, Boyle collapsed in engine room, had to be carried on deck on a stretcher.





# Snakepit

Told in the words of a man who  
watched them go raving mad, here is the  
harrowing, true story of what happened  
to 146 civilized young men and women who  
were packed together inside a tiny room.

by **CHARLES ELLIOTT**

As compiled by Len Hawthorne

## ■ JUNE, 1756

Bulletin: Reliable sources have reported that after more than 70 years of peace, the entire British garrison at Fort William, Calcutta, has been overwhelmed in an attack by the forces of Suraj-ud-Daula, the Nawab of Bengal. Fighting began on June 18. Part of the garrison escaped to a ship and fled down river, but the remaining defenders surrendered June 20. With a force of less than 180 European and native Sepoy troops, the garrison had, for two days, withstood a siege by the Nawab's army of 10,000 men.

The night of the surrender, the Nawab ordered the 146 survivors, including fifty wounded, to be confined. His troops followed that order to the letter, and the entire group was placed in Fort William's single guard-room. Only 25 persons survived the night. The entire civilized world regards this as the most shocking treatment of prisoners ever recorded. (Please turn to page 47)









# The More Moods the Merrier

And all of them together, mixed with just  
the right amount of spice will give you Sara Aman.

■ **SULTRY**, sad, serious, sexy or gay—all these moods make up just one gal: She's the vivacious and lovely Sara Aman—singer, artist, actress, dancer.

But why should she, we asked her, be so moody?

Not a difficult question for Sara to answer: She stretched out on her couch, went into her sad-and-sexy mood and said, "I honestly feel that having a many-sided personality, filled with plenty of different moods, can make me a much more interesting and desirable person. A guy easily gets bored with a girl who doesn't make it her business to keep him interested in her from every angle."

**MORE**





Since her arrival in the states, Sara has appeared in singing and dancing roles in three Broadway musicals. Her ambition is to do a serious play.





## THE MORE MOODS THE MERRIER

The scintillating Miss Aman draws on her theatrical background and training to keep herself most interesting—and in just the right mood to fit any situation.

It was one of these moods—the serious one for acting—that brought Sara to our shores in 1952. Born in Israel 25 years ago, Sara was brought up in Singapore. Amid those exotic surroundings, she was bitten by the acting bug and, naturally, headed for New York.

But instead of the “serious” brand of emoting she had planned, Sara landed in Broadway musicals, and in rapid succession she had singing and dancing roles in “The King and I,” “Flahooley” and “Plain and Fancy.” And there’s plenty more yet to come from this moody Miss.

She works hard studying drama, dancing and singing. In her spare time, she paints, reads and dates “straightforward” men.

Her two-room Greenwich Village apartment is a studio, a home, and a try-out spot for the many moods of Sara Aman. ●



The scintillating Sara lives alone in a two-room apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. Her hobbies are painting, reading and “straightforward” men.

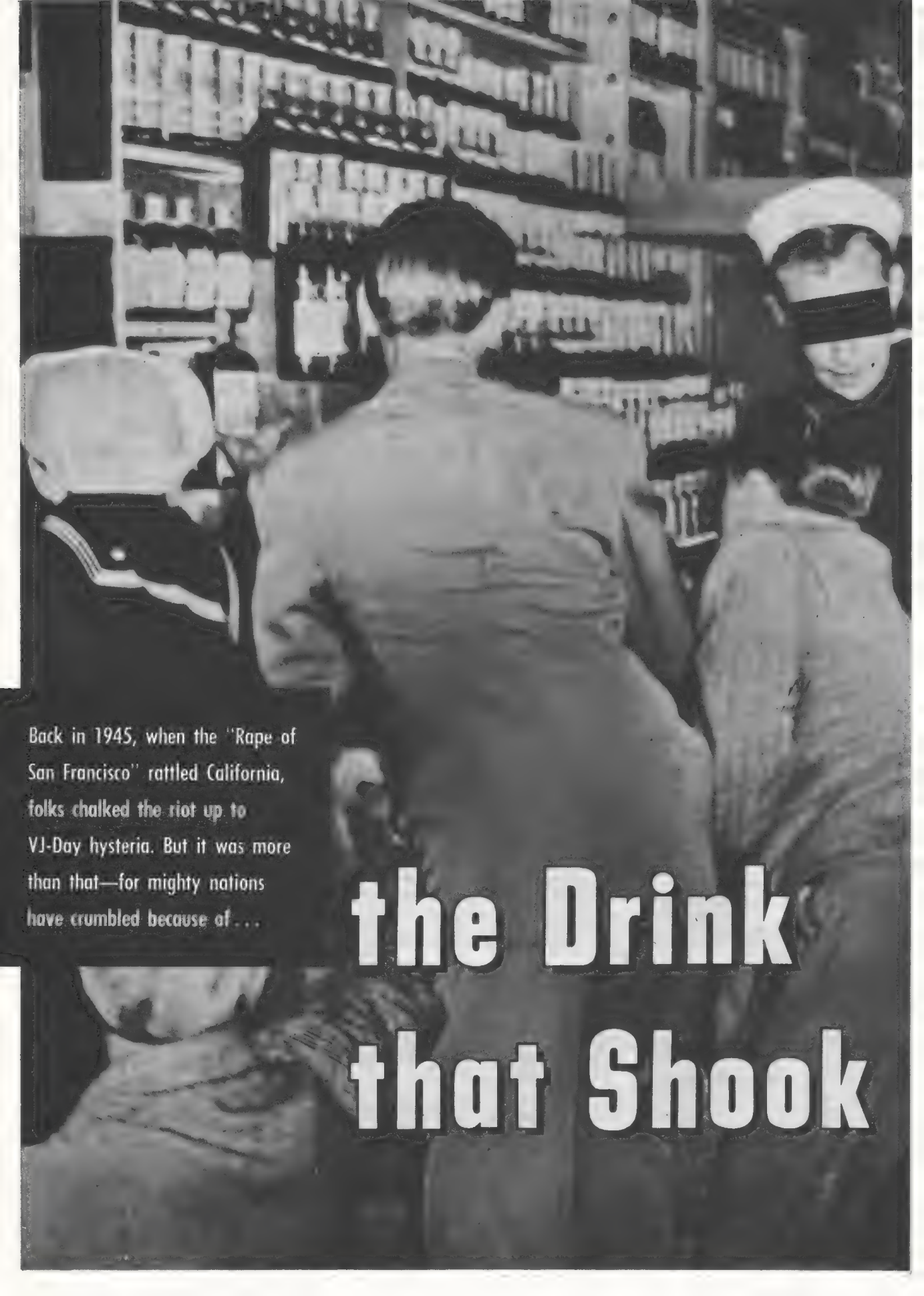






The significant statistics dealing with the sultry charms of Sara Aman are 5'2", 110 pounds and a rounded 35-23-35.





Back in 1945, when the "Rape of San Francisco" rattled California, folks chalked the riot up to VJ-Day hysteria. But it was more than that—for mighty nations have crumbled because of ...

# the Drink that Shook





V-J Day, San Francisco. End-of-war celebrators cool off in Civic Center outdoor pool.



Civilians and Navy personnel celebrate by singing and snake-dancing around open-air bonfire.

by JACKSON BURKE

■ TEN thousand Swedes ran through the streets of Stockholm one afternoon in 1955, shouting gibberish, screaming hysterically, pummeling each other, tearing one another's clothing off, women clawing frantically at men, husky blond males wrestling with girls on the sidewalks—and why? AKVAVIT! Plus spring madness.

Akvavit is to the people of Sweden what scotch is to the British, what sake is to the Japanese, or what bourbon is to our own people—namely the staff of life. But stronger, more potent. It speaks with absolute authority. It drives women wild and makes strong men gasp for breath.

Akvavit was the fuel that powered the ancient Vikings when they swept down from the frozen north, overran old England, invaded Denmark, and raped Brittany.

That riotous afternoon in the streets of Stockholm was not unheard-of, for it had happened before, from time to time. When the long dark days of the six-months winter pass, when the bleak sun climbs above the building tops in Stockholm, extra cops are added to the police, for the population is liable to run amok at any moment. Like the lemmings, which annually migrate across the land and on into the sea, where they drown by the thousands, the Swedes at winter's end load up on their national beverage, akvavit, and cut loose. This annual celebration resembles the wild and sexy carnivals (Please turn to page 52)

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Somebody once proved that the dominance of any one nation over another depended on the quantity and quality of that nation's fighting men. In short, the formula was this: The larger and more technically advanced a nation's armed forces, the greater was such a nation's role as leader in world affairs assured.

Jackson Burke challenges that formula: He says, instead, that it is the quality and quantity of a country's national drink that makes or breaks it as a world power. And he proves it!

# the World



# First Blood



**OPPOSING COMMANDERS AT BATTLE OF KASSERINE PASS**

Above: General Rommel, second from left, and his Afrika Korps staff study Kasserine battle maps. Right: Maj. Gen. Lloyd Fredendall, seated at table, gets reports from American and French officers.





We were green and concussion-punchy, and retreated for ten days, the Afrika Korps chewing us up. When our ballyhooed "tank-destroyers" fizzled out, we gave up hope—until a fuzz-faced kid yelled, "The Hell with these machines! Let's be men!"

by CHARLES MARION CUSHING

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The Allied brass called the place the gateway to Tunis, but to the troops of Maj. Gen. Lloyd Fredendall's Second Army Corps it was the gateway to Hell.*

The place was a muddy gorge through the jagged Tebessa Mountains of Tunisia, known as Kasserine Pass, and what happened there on Washington's Birthday in 1943 was that an American army of dejected, defeat-shocked, comparatively green soldiers ended a retreat. The German General Erwin Rommel had clobbered them at Faid with his 10th Armored Division, chased them out of Sidi Bou Zid, and driven them back to Sbeitla. With all the murderous fury his Tiger tanks could muster, he won Gafsa. The Americans fell back to Kasserine and Thala. If Rommel could deliver the knockout punch there, he might still save North Africa for the Nazis. He might thwart an Allied invasion of Europe for years to come.

For ten days the Americans and British had retreated. They'd fought like tigers, they'd died courageously—but the hard-bitten, desert-experienced Afrika Korps had licked them. They were definitely punchy, and Rommel knew it. He swung the haymaker with all the fury of his armor, artillery, and Panzer grenadiers. But what he didn't know was that "those green Americans" would get up off the canvas, shake off the punches, and come roaring back with a slugging counter-attack that helped drive him out of Kasserine and, ultimately, out of Africa.

This we offer as a preface to the following account of what happened to one small unit, and one man, in this historic action at Kasserine Pass.

■ WHEN the lieutenant commanding a platoon of tank destroyers briefs you before an action, you listen to him with a special kind of respect. You know he's not going to be around  
MORE



Our American tank destroyers, mounting 75 mm. artillery pieces, were badly outgunned by German panzer tanks.



Afrika Korps anti-aircraft units helped keep the Allies from gaining air supremacy over the battlefield.



Many of our halftracks, like the one above, were knocked out by the German tanks with their 88 mm. cannon.



## FIRST BLOOD



We positioned and camouflaged our anti-tank guns and waited for Rommel to launch his panzer attack.

much longer. He's the spearhead of the attack, or tail-end Charlie in a rear-guard action, and you're respectful even though he's green at the job.

What I mean by that is the chances are if he has the job today, or had it yesterday even, he probably didn't have it the day before. Maybe 48 hours ago he got pushed up from buck sergeant to lieutenant to replace the last platoon leader, and tomorrow the job will be up for grabs again.

Lieut. Bill Simmons was the one who gave me my first briefing when I joined the 805th Tank Destroyer Battalion as a replacement in Tunisia. This was just before the Battle of Faid Pass. I'd been slightly wounded in the Battle for Oran when we fought the French in the invasion of North Africa, but after a spell in a hospital in Algiers I was ready to go again. At least, that's what I thought.

So when I reached the outfit the early part of February, 1943, all I knew about the Germans was what I'd been reading in the news bulletins. They were tough, sure, but the British had chased this Rommel back from El Alamein to Tripoli and on into Tunisia and most of us figured the fight was out of him. With green troops we'd done pretty well against the Germans at Medjez and Tabarka and Tamera in the first American offensive the past November, but this, I (Please turn to page 74)



Losses during the battle for Kasserine Pass were heavy on both sides. Above, left, American Army medics remove wounded driver from smashed truck. Above right, three German tanks which were knocked out during battle.



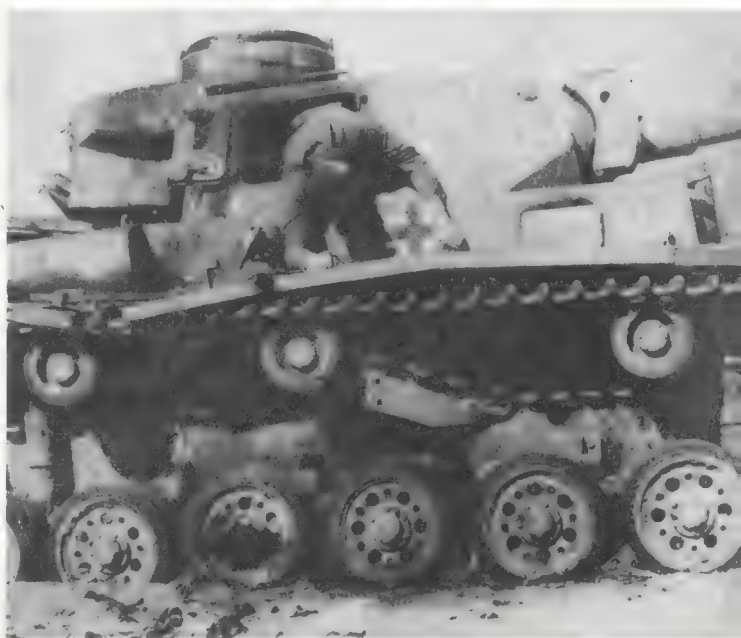


With fixed bayonets, a squad of British infantrymen follows its sergeant through break in German defenses.

An Italian soldier, captured during battle for Kasserine Pass, makes V for victory sign.



Our tank destroyers scored a direct hit on this German tank. Crew was machine gunned when they tried to bail out.







Above, Robert Irwin, often called the Mad Sculptor, was recognized as a dangerous mental case several years before he murdered model Veronica Gedeon, below.



Six of every ten men between the ages of 17 and 70 are potential "sex fiends."

But science tells us that the line which separates natural desire from the unnatural can now be recognized in time.

# What Makes a Man a SEX-

by DR. GEORGE S. HATTOCK

*EDITOR'S NOTE: "The potential sex maniac," says a noted psychiatrist, "is a person who suffers from a mental illness understood least of all by himself." In an effort to throw some light on this lack of understanding, we asked Dr. George S. Hattock, outstanding New York physician, to give our readers some of the basic causes responsible for the sex-fiends among us.*

## ■ WHO is a potential sex maniac?

If what psychiatrists tell us is correct, 90 percent of all males between the ages of 15 and 70 come under that category. The percentage is based on the theory that 90 percent of all humans are subject to emotional and mental disturbances and, in males, such a disturbance can take the form of a sex mania.

Psychiatrists also tell us that the greatest fear among their male patients is that they will suddenly go berserk and kill in a fury of mad sex passion. Mass psychology (Please turn to page 44)



# FIEND?



Lee Parker, above, screams after being shown photo of Corrine Baldwin, left. Youth, who had blood spots on lapel of his jacket, admitted sex-killing of pretty art student.





The author, Captain Ed Smith, points to map which he calls his "morgue-board." Each pin means another accident on the highway.

# I BOSS the HIGHWAY TO HELL

Sometimes I'd swear that the Devil himself is a hitchhiker on Five Mile Grade—because it seems that no matter what the driver does, no matter what modern engineering does, Satan alone is the killer.

by CAPTAIN ED SMITH  
California Highway Patrol

■ COME off that 2594-foot summit, your brakes afire, your 20-ton load gaining momentum, and there's nothing to slow or stop you for five terror-stricken downgrade miles. *Nothing.*

Nothing, that is, but big-rigs grinding uphill... nothing but thin-skinned passenger cars, their drivers straining to reach the summit. Your brakes gone, your spotlight washing the black highway ahead, you roar downhill at 100, maybe 110 mph... toward a swarm of uprushing headlights. Maybe, with luck and inbred skill, you get past them. Even if you're that lucky—and not many are—the worst lies ahead: that S curve at the grade's bottom, just before you roll into the town of Castaic, California.

They call it Five Mile Grade—that treacherous 7 per cent segment of highway along California's notorious Ridge Route. On busy days, 20,000 trucks and cars wheel over the Ridge, streaming along Highway 99, the asphalt life-line linking Los Angeles and *San Francisco*. (Please turn to page 62)



When the brakes burned out on this cross-country trailer truck, Five Mile Grade claimed another victim.





This couple never lived to tell about  
"the most dangerous five miles in America."



A



World War II spy is shot by Free French underground. Photo was taken instant bullets from firing squad guns hit him.

## DEATH OF A HUNGARIAN WAR CRIMINAL

Andor Jarosz, one of the top Nazis in Hungary, was found guilty as a war criminal and sentenced to be shot. At the right is the pictorial record of his execution. In first photo, as he is being tied to stake, he presents a wan smile. Instant after firing squad shoots, he clutches his chest and sags on the ropes — a dead traitor.





# Scream Before DYING

In the Middle Ages, the trick was to kill a man so that he'd die by agonizing inches. Today, executions are much more "civilized"—but the victim is just as dead.



Chinese soldier takes careful aim as he prepares to shoot a Japanese officer who was found guilty of murdering civilians.

■ "LET'S hear you gurgle for us, matey," the crowd chanted. The man standing on the scaffold, about to be hanged, just grinned at his audience. Then the hangman slipped the black sack over his head, adjusted the noose and triggered the trapdoor. With a quick scream and sickening snap that was heard to the outer fringes of the crowd, the highwayman's neck was broken.

The hanging described above was a fairly common occurrence during 18th century England. But by no means was it the only way of executing criminals. History tells us that our ancestors were extremely creative in devising methods with which to torture and kill prisoners. Many kings in ancient Europe thought that boiling in oil was the thing to loosen a man's tongue. Burying a man alive was a popular form of punishment that lasted until 1460 in France.

MORE







**During World War II, Japanese officers often used the ceremonial samurai sword to behead captured prisoners.**



**These three German spies were shot by a firing squad. They had been captured while wearing American uniforms.**



## A SCREAM BEFORE DYING

During the Middle Ages and the Holy Inquisition, burning at the stake was the vogue. The practice of drawing and quartering was reserved for those who were guilty of high treason. Then there was the wheel and the rack which prolonged the agonies of the condemned men. Decapitation, which is still practiced today, was refined in revolutionary France when they used the guillotine.

But through the centuries man has gradually realized that, although punishment and execution is necessary, something had to be done to make it more civilized. It wasn't until the 20th century that science entered the picture. After years of study and experimentation, the scientist invented what is regarded as the two most practical and humane means of execution—the electric chair and the gas chamber. With both these instruments the time lapse between life and death is a matter of a few seconds.

But science hasn't stopped studying the problem. Someday in the future, the perfect executioner will be perfected; one which at the same time satisfies our need for such an instrument and yet is the most humane possible. ●

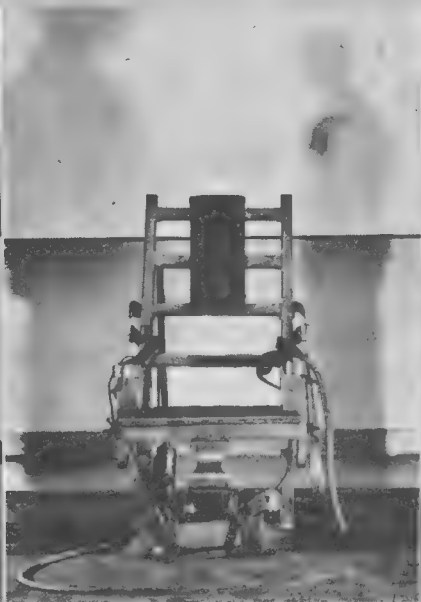


While recruits stand above watching, Japanese instructors use Chinese prisoners as targets during bayonet drill.

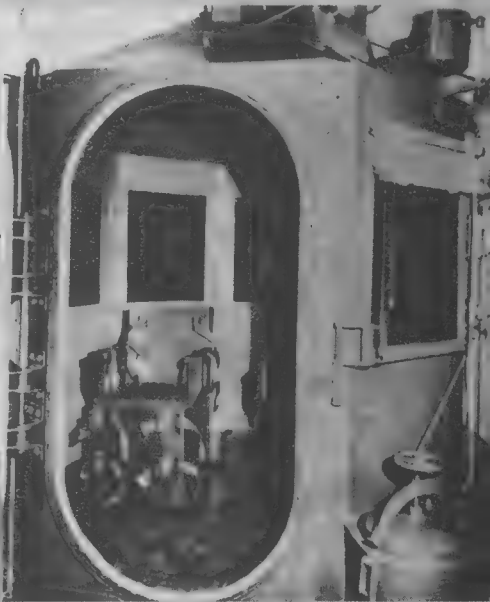
## MODERN MAN'S INSTRUMENTS OF EXECUTION



Many states still prefer the old but extremely effective method of "hanging by the neck until dead."



The electric chair is considered by many to be most humane method yet devised to execute prisoners.



After being strapped in gas chamber, the time lapse between life and death is usually a matter of a few seconds.





# "You'll

Sentenced to 24 years at Canon City, Daniels swore to escape. Below, two prison guards inspect the aftermath of the attempted escape.





# Never Take Me *Alive!*"

by HUGH LAYNE

■ HIS name was Danny Daniels. He wore glasses and looked like a small town school teacher or a bank clerk. But he was hand-cuffed and had an Oregon boot locked to his leg when Colorado Springs Police Chief Hugh Harper delivered him to Warden Francis Crawford at Canon City Penitentiary. The book had been thrown at him: 24 years for armed robbery and assault with intent to kill. When he heard his sentence, he bellowed at the judge, "*No prison can hold me. I'll never serve a year of it.*"

After guards led him away Harper said, "Daniels is the toughest man I've ever seen. He's a savage out of Oklahoma. Worked with the Kimes gang. We caught him red-handed one night trying to crack a  
MORE

October 3, 1929—Canon City, Colorado. In the midst of one of the most explosive prison riots in all of American history, Danny Daniels spat out these savage words and then turned the state pen into a slaughter house.



Dramatic aerial view shows the state penitentiary blazing at the height of the riot which took the lives of seven guards and five convicts.



Guardsmen Patrick O'Neil (left) and Marion Keating played heroic parts in blocking break.



safe. Had to gas him out. He tried to slash a jailer's throat—so watch him! He'll kill somebody if you give him half a chance."

Daniels became Convict 14,277. That was in September. By March, when a governor who'd campaigned on a no paroles and no pardons platform took office, the cons were restless and sullen. Knives disappeared from the kitchen. Guns smuggled in from outside. Escape plans whispered.

Warden Crawford searched every cell, shifted prisoners around daily. He couldn't find a thing. Summer came and with it an ominous calm.

Four desperate men were biding their time. Danny Daniels. James Pardue, four-time loser and one-time member of St. Louis' notorious "Egan Rat" mob. Al Davis, killer. He'd tried to break out of Canon City twice. Melvin "Red" Majors, stick-up artist. He had a successful break from a California prison to his credit. They had three revolvers stashed away.

"All we need now is a good rifle and we'll be set," Daniels told his cronies.

Warden Crawford made a trip to Colorado Springs on October 3rd. He left Deputy Warden John Green in charge.

Daniels, Pardue, Davis and Majors loaded coal that day. Guard Myron Goodwin walked the post near a turret overlooking the cars. Elmer "Shorty" Erwin was stationed in the mess hall crow's nest when the noon whistle blasted. He had a high powered rifle crooked in his arm. That would solve Daniels' problem.

The four tough guys dropped their shovels and got in line for the mess call. 1200 cons marched through the yard and stood at attention in the hall until ordered to sit down. Two men were missing—Daniels and Pardue. But that wouldn't be known until it was too late.

Mess was over and the last of the cons were filing out when a single shot resounded in the hall. Blood spurted from a hole in Shorty Erwin's neck. His rifle dropped to the concrete floor below. Pardue ran over and picked it up.

Guard Goodwin heard the shot from his turret on the wall. He saw two cons run from the mess hall. One of them stopped and aimed a rifle at him. Goodwin and the con fired simultaneously. The guard's knees buckled, he clutched his stomach and fell face forward from the wall onto the pile of coal.

James Pardue was down, wounded by Goodwin's bullet. The rifle was beside him. Danny Daniels grabbed the gun and pulled Pardue to his feet.

There was a short silence, but it didn't last. Terror-stricken convicts ran across the yard to their cells. Sirens screamed. Deputy Warden Green got the alarm from guards on the walls. He shouted orders, but nobody heard anything in the pandemonium.

Daniels' well laid plans were click-

ing almost perfectly. All but Pardue. They hadn't figured on him getting it so fast. 15 hostages were being held in Cell House 3. Convicts had stripped them, taken their guard uniforms, and made them put on prison gray. Then four cons dressed as guards dashed out and got Pardue. Four others brought Shorty Erwin into Cell House 3 from the mess hall. Danny Daniels was in complete charge of that armed fortress. He had hostages, revolvers, a high powered rifle and plenty of ammunition.

Deputy Warden Green contacted Crawford in Chief Harper's office in Colorado City. "Get back here as quickly as you can," he exclaimed. "All hell's broken loose. Two guards have been shot. A lot more are being held in Cell House 3. The cons have taken over there and they're armed to the teeth."

Green looked out the window and saw the chapel and mess hall in flames. "They're setting buildings afire," he said. "I can't talk any more."

Crawford said, "I'll have the governor notified from here. And I'll be in Canon City as fast as I can get there."

The warden hung up and told Chief Harper what was going on. "Call the governor," he said. "Tell him we need help. The penitentiary is going up in flames."

Colonel Paul P. Newlon, head of the National Guard, was dispatched to the scene with 40 men of a Howitzer company.

By the time Warden Crawford's car arrived, the penitentiary looked like a blazing inferno. "We managed to get Goodwin's body off the coal car," Deputy Green told him, "but it's impossible to tell what's going on in Cell House 3. Goodwin thinks he got the con who shot him. There must be at least 15 guards being held hostage."

"Daniels had just as soon kill every one of them," Crawford said. "How many guns has he got?"

Green couldn't be sure. "Erwin's rifle," he said, "and maybe six or seven revolvers."

Cell House 3 was directly opposite the administration building and separated from it by a wide expanse of prison yard. Smoke and flames were everywhere.

Warden Crawford was trying to figure out his next move when a guard ran in and said somebody was coming out of Cell House 3 with their hands up.

The prison officials went to the window and waited anxiously until the figure emerged from the smoke and stood directly beneath the warden's office. It was Dell Hanlon, a Denver gunman who was serving life.

The convict looked up at Crawford's window. "I've been instructed to tell you it's exactly 3:30," he said. "They want two cars at the West Gate by sundown. They've got a rifle trained on my back right now. I'm no part of this break, but they'd have killed me if I didn't carry out orders. They want the cars in good shape and

the tanks full of gas and some food."

Crawford asked who "they" were.

"Daniels, Majors, Pardue and Davis," Hanlon told him. "Pardue is wounded."

The grim-faced warden turned from the window. "If I comply," he told others in the room, "the whole countryside will be in danger. They'll kill anybody who gets in their way."

Crawford returned to the window. "And if I don't come through?" he asked Hanlon.

"They'll kill those guards two at a time until you do," the messenger said. "Daniels means business."

"Tell him I can't do business with killers," Crawford said.

Hanlon did an about-face and marched back to Cell House 3. Two shots rang out from within.

A method of putting out the fire was discussed, but no apparatus could be brought in without endangering the firemen's lives.

Father Patrick O'Neil, prison chaplain, suggested they plant a hundred pounds of dynamite against the west wall of Cell House 3. "That would expose them to our guns," he said.

"But who'd take the dynamite across that no-man's-land?" the warden asked. "It would be suicide."

"I would," Father O'Neil said. "I've no wife, no children. There are guards and other prisoners like Hanlon who want no part of this break. They've got to be saved."

Warden Crawford shook his head.

Deputy Green, standing at the window, said somebody else was coming out of Cell House 3. "It's Guard Joe Schillo," I think.

This man didn't stop beneath the window. He continued on inside the building to Crawford's office. Two more shots were heard in Cell House 3 before Schillo could tell his story.

"They must have thought I wasn't coming back," the guard said. "That was Jack Eels and Bob Wiggins. Daniels killed them because he thought I wasn't coming back. That makes four dead. Shorty Erwin and R. P. Brown were killed when Hanlon came back. Daniels said Shorty didn't matter anyway. He was already wounded."

Schillo said Davis and Majors both had gats. "Daniels has Erwin's rifle. They're desperate," he pleaded. "Every guard in there will die if you don't come through."

Crawford explained how impossible it would be to meet the jail-breakers' demands. "They'd have a car and guns," he said. "The manhunt that would follow would be a battle to the finish. There's no telling how many innocent people would be killed."

A guard ran in to tell the warden the bodies of Jack Eels and Bob Wiggins had just been thrown from the cell house out in the prison yard near the West Wall.

Father O'Neil listened and then stepped closer to Crawford. "Frank," he said, "this can't go on. It'll soon be sundown. I can plant that dynamite against the wall in the dark."



The warden finally gave his consent. "We'll place machine guns all along the wall and rake the cell house," he said. "You've got to have all the protection possible."

While the dynamite was being rigged with battery connections for the explosion, giant floodlights were taken to strategic spots along the outside walls where they could be put into operation quickly. National Guardsmen, manning machine guns, and armed with tear gas bombs took up positions along the same wall.

Word came in that another messenger from Cell House 3 was approaching across the yard. This one had first gone to the West Wall and picked up the dead body of either Jack Eels or Bob Wiggins, thrown it over his shoulder and was bringing it with him. The messenger was Guard John Pease.

"Daniels is tired of waiting for those cars," Pease called up to the warden. "He made me bring this corpse to show what he's going to do."

Then, dumping the body to the ground, he said, "This is Bob Wiggins. Daniels has John McClelland and Charlie Shepherd down on their knees praying. He told them that if I don't come back with the right answer, they die."

Crawford told Pease to go back and tell Daniels he'd have his answer in five minutes. "You're to come back for it," the warden said. "Keep your eyes on the West Wall. We're going to open fire from there. So when the shooting starts, run for the West gate."

Guard Pease did as he was told but Daniels didn't like the sound of it. "Go back for the answer," the des-

perado said, "but keep away from the administration building wall. I'll drill you if you do."

Warden Crawford was puzzled when Guard Pease came up to about 20 feet of the building and stopped. "Daniels is suspicious," the warden said. "We'll have to move fast."

At a given signal the machine guns opened fire, searchlights were beamed into the cell windows and tear gas bombs thrown. Guard Pease dashed for the West Gate with bullets hitting the ground all around him. The prison enclosure became a battlefield as the rat-a-tat of slashing bullets echoed in the hills.

Father O'Neil clutched 100 pounds of dynamite tightly in his arms. Somebody opened the West Gate for him. And under the cover of darkness and the heaviest barrage of machine gun fire ever laid down inside prison walls, the chaplain staggered across the yard toward Cell House 3.

The powerful searchlights beamed into the barred windows and National Guardsmen's bullets made it impossible for Daniels to see the priest until it was too late. Father O'Neil knelt at the base of the wall out of range of the guns above, piled the explosives there and adjusted the wires.

Then he turned and ran back across the no-man's-land amidst a hail of lead. Moments later Father O'Neil was safe outside the West Gate, exhausted, but unhurt.

Warden Crawford gave the order for the plunger to be pressed. He hoped the explosion would tear out the front part of Cell House 3 exposing the desperate cons to a hail of machine gun bullets.

A gigantic roar went up. The whole of Cell House 3 shook with the explosion. Glass from the windows and concrete from the walls flew everywhere. Black smoke rolled skyward. But the front wall failed to crumble. There was a huge hole where Father O'Neil had planted the dynamite. That was all. The priest's brave effort had failed.

Inside the cell house Danny Daniels was raving like a wild man. "Crawford's not going to give us those cars," he stormed, "but I'm not through yet. We've got to get out of here somehow."

Pardue was so weak from loss of blood he could hardly speak. "Danny," he managed, "nobody's going to win. Put a bullet through my head."

But Daniels insisted he wasn't finished yet. "We've still got some live guards," he said. "They'll pay before we do."

George Morgaridge, a bank robber who'd gone along with the jailbreak, told Daniels he was licked. "You've tried everything," he said. "Why don't you give up? Crawford is as tough as you are."

The rebel leader didn't flinch. He raised his rifle and shot Morgaridge on the spot. The close-range bullet went through the con's skull before he knew what hit him.

"Anybody else?" Daniels snarled.

Nobody spoke. But every one of the rioters knew Daniels was through.

Around midnight the tough guy played his last card. After telling Pardue, Davis and Majors that they'd either leave Canon City in fast cars or a hearse, he called in Guard Jack Shea.

"Tell the warden this is it," he said. "Either we get the cars within the hour or I'm going to blast every guard in here to hell. Tell him there won't be any more messengers. I'll show him who's tough."

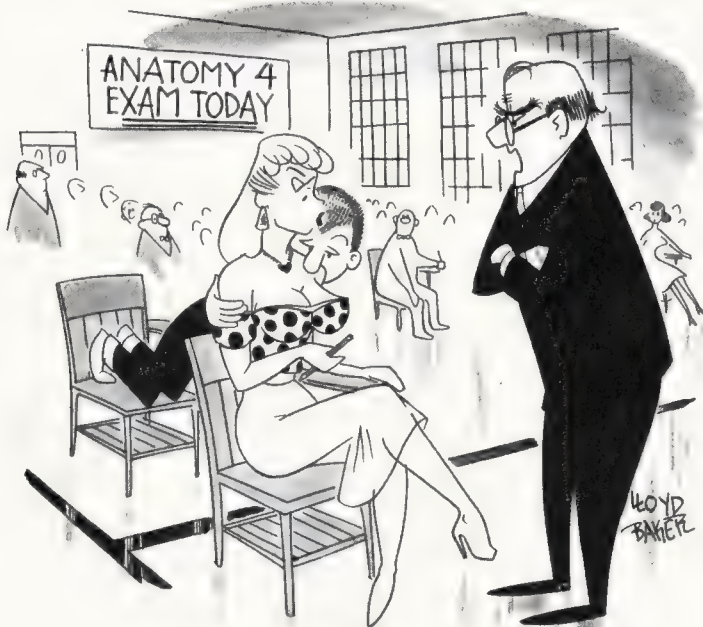
Shea walked across the yard in the darkness. Nobody in the administration building saw him until he was almost there. The rebels waited for their answer to this final ultimatum. Warden Crawford listened to Shea, but sent back no reply. He had talked with the governor several times. Both men agreed that to supply four desperate men with cars would be inviting multiple murder.

When an hour passed Daniels knew Crawford wasn't going to compromise. He was standing beside a bunk where Pardue lay wounded. Davis and Majors were there, too.

"Time's up," the leader said. "We're not going to get those cars. I told Crawford I'd kill every guard in here. Let's do it."

The three desperadoes went to the cell holding the guards. Daniels opened the door and said, "Let them have it!"

Blood spurted against the walls as bullets tore into the huddled group of hostages. Some of the terrified guards clutched their stomachs. Others were knocked backwards by the im-



"Garver! This is my last warning about using reference material!"



pect of lead. When the firing stopped, all were sprawled on the bloodied floor.

Daniels went back to Pardue's cell with Davis and Majors. The wounded man looked up at the tough guy who'd planned this night of terror.

"Give it to me, Danny," he said. "I don't want the screws to get me." Daniels looked at Davis and Majors. They nodded.

A moment later Pardue was dead.

Majors said, "I'll take the same."

Daniels squeezed the trigger. Majors staggered backward and fell sideways to the concrete floor.

Davis didn't say anything. Daniels killed him with one bullet.

The man who'd sworn he'd never serve a year of his sentence paced up and down the blood stained corridor. He believed all of the guards were dead. He knew his cohorts were.

Then Danny Daniels put a bullet through his head.

The Canon City prison break was over. But it hadn't ended exactly as the rebel leader thought. Guards Hollister and Osborn staggered out of Cell House 3 later. Their faces were covered with blood and they wore no clothing except crimson splotted underwear.

"We're alive," Osborn mumbled, "and so are Roche and Earl. They're wounded. Go in and get them. Every-

body else is dead. Daniels, Pardue, Davis and Majors. All dead."

Later, at the hospital, Hollister explained how he and Osborn had dropped to the floor and played dead when the massacre started. Roche and Earl were wounded, but quick hospitalization saved their lives.

The dead guards numbered seven. Shorty Erwin, Jack Eels, Rinker, Shepherd, McClellan, Wiggins and Brown. Goodwin's death brought the total to eight. He died in a hospital.

With the death of George Morgaridge, the convict dead numbered five. Danny Daniels had carried out his threat. He never did serve a single year of his sentence. **END**



## WHAT MAKES A MAN A SEX-FIEND?

*(Continued from page 33)*

has much to do with this condition. Let a sex killer commit a brutal crime and the newspapers will report all the gruesome details on the front pages. So, it is only natural that men reading ing about these things begin to wonder if such a thing could happen to them, especially the highly sexed and nervous types.

What causes a man to become a sex maniac and what are the symptoms of such a mental breakdown? You will be surprised, and relieved, to learn that the symptoms are far removed from what you may have been worrying about.

Take the case of Franklin Click. We have a complete psychiatric report on him, giving us each step in the mental process that changed him into one of the most brutal and terrifying sex maniacs of the century. He was 28, a husband and father, living in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Outwardly, he was normal in every way, well-liked by all and the owner of a celery farm. He was careful with money, owned a nice home, had no bad habits, was an active member of the church and deeply religious.

On February 3, 1945, Fort Wayne was stunned by the sex murder of Billy Haaga. Billy was 38, but still had the beauty of her youth when she was an actress on the vaudeville circuit. She had given up the theater and was working in a local factory. At five o'clock in the evening, she left her work, met a friend in a downtown

store, and at seven she was at the Knights of Columbus Ball. Billy was due home at nine o'clock, but she never got there.

The next morning, Arno Riddell and his family were sitting down to breakfast in their farm home four miles north of Fort Wayne. There was a scratching at the door. Arno Riddell said, "Let the dog in, Freddie." His son got up and opened the kitchen door. There was no dog there. Billy Haaga, clothes torn from her body and her a mass of bruises and blood, staggered inside the kitchen door and fell to the floor unconscious.

She was taken to the Fort Wayne Hospital where she never gained full consciousness again. She mumbled a few incoherent words and from these the police officers got the picture of a sex attack. A few hours later, Billy Haaga died.

This was the beginning of a reign of terror in Fort Wayne. Even as Billy Haaga lay dying, two other women were attacked by a sex maniac and left unconscious. When they recovered consciousness, they could give only a vague description of their attacker.

Anna Kuzeff was the next girl to die at the hands of this mad sex killer. Then the naked bodies of Phyllis Conine and Dorothea Howard were found. In each case, there had been attempts at sexual intercourse which was never fully completed. Each girl had had her clothes torn from her body, the mad killer apparently being satisfied with the thrill of looking at their nude bodies.

Three months after the sex murders started, they came to a sudden and startling end. A Fort Wayne housewife, whose name the police have withheld, was attacked by this sex maniac and left for dead. She didn't die and was smart enough to get the license number of the attacker's car.

The license number led to the home of young Franklin Click. He was arrested, confessed to the mad killings, and died in the electric chair for his crimes.

What caused this apparently normal husband and father, and intensely religious man, to go suddenly berserk as a sex killer? When the psychiatrists

examined Click, they first subjected him to the Rorschach ink-blot test. He was asked to look at ten ink-blot and tell what he saw. A normal person would see only ten ink blots, or if his imagination got to work, he might see images, but always stationary ones.

Click saw many women, all naked and moving and twisting about, laughing and talking to him. This was the clue to his mental illness. It showed that he was suffering from hallucinations and delusions. The layman might think it would be easy for a demented person to hide them from a doctor. It isn't, for the simple reason that these hallucinations are perfectly normal to the psychotic person once the transition from reality to unreality has been completed. To the psychotic, anybody who can't see them is crazy.

Click's transition from reality to unreality was abrupt and without any period of doubt or confusion. The symptoms he showed as he began to break mentally would have been obvious to a psychiatrist. To his family and friends they appeared unimportant, and nobody gave them a second thought.

At first he began to show an irritability over small details. This is one of the most common signs of a changing personality. To a psychotic, small and unimportant details often become greatly magnified.

Then his friends began to notice that Click would stare at them when they asked him questions. He acted as if he didn't hear. It was believed that he was having trouble with his hearing. He did hear, but by this time he was hearing strange voices, and these were more important to him than what his friends were saying.

As this change came over him, his sex power decreased; and, as it did, he adopted an arrogant attitude toward sex and told smutty stories, something he had never done before. But none of these symptoms alarmed his family or friends, so Click progressed to his brutal sex murders without anybody remotely suspecting what was happening to him.

While Click was found to be mentally ill, the court ruled that he knew the difference between right and



wrong and was judged sane. As a result, he died in the electric chair.

In the psychiatrists' report we find at no time was sex an important factor in his mental break. What causes a man or woman to change from a normal to a psychotic personality still remains a mystery to medical science. As Click's personality underwent this transition, the feeling of sexual inadequacy, which in his normal state had not bothered him, became the predominant thought in his psychotic personality. His sex murders were not committed from any wild and uncontrollable sexual desire, but from a demented attempt to prove to himself that he possessed any sexual power at all.

There are cases where the transition to unreality has not been completed and the patient has a feeling of confusion and a sense of impending danger. Robert Irwin, the mad killer of Veronica Gedeon, her mother, and their roomer, on that Easter morning in New York City, must have sensed this imminent danger. Several years before these murders, he appeared at a New York hospital, having attempted to emasculate himself. He pleaded with the hospital to complete the operation. They had to refuse; and although it was obvious he was a dangerous mental case, they could not hold him, because under the law he had committed no crime.

The case of Roman Lee Hughes gives us an interesting example of how the urge of a sex maniac can be far removed from sexual desires. Hughes was born in poverty, a child of a broken home. He worked as a laborer and then became a seaman. The only education that he received, beyond

grade school, was gotten through his own efforts. As a boy, and a young man, he had dreams of grandeur, lived in an imaginary world wherein he was rich, wore expensive clothes, was admired and irresistible to women.

On August 16, 1937, Roman Lee Hughes registered at a waterfront hotel in San Francisco with a woman, obviously of the demimonde. Hughes was wearing an expensively tailored suit, a homburg hat and carried a cane. Sometime during the night, he walked out of the hotel and never returned.

When the maid unlocked the room Hughes had rented, she saw the woman on the bed, naked and her left breast cut off and lying on the floor. The maid left the room screaming. San Francisco detectives arrived, identified the dead woman as a waterfront character.

A week later, the same detectives were looking at the naked body of another woman of the waterfront. As in the first case, her breast had been cut off and lay on the floor. This second victim had been subjected to abnormal attempts at sexual relations which had never been consummated.

Also, like the first victim, her male companion had been a well-dressed man in his mid-thirties, who carried a cane and flashed money as if he was wealthy. For two years the sex murders continued, timed always with the arrival of Hughes' ship in San Francisco harbor. The police turned the city upside down hunting for the wealthy killer, never suspecting they were looking for a common seaman.

Hughes finally made his big mistake. In fact, he made three serious ones all in one night. He raised his standard

of victims, picked pretty Jean Montgomery, a secretary, courted her for several weeks, convinced her he was a man of standing and wealth, and then one night proceeded to kill her in her apartment. But instead of letting her severed breast fall to the floor, he slipped it into his coat pocket. Then he made his third error. He went to a bar and got drunk. During his mood, the bloody mess of what had been Jean Montgomery's breast fell to the floor.

He was arrested and taken to headquarters, where he readily confessed to the murders, expressing surprise that anybody thought they were unusual. "You see," he said, "I had to kill them because they would have learned I was not a rich man."

Psychiatrists never got a chance to give Hughes a thorough examination. The next night he committed suicide in his cell, leaving the following note: "Now I am in Hell."

Unfortunately, the psychiatrists were only able to question Hughes briefly. In this examination, Hughes was pronounced a schizophrenic, a person with a dual personality, one sane, the other insane. While on the ship, he was a quiet, retiring type, having little to do with his shipmates. Once ashore, his imaginary world of riches and power took over.

In this world, a product of a distorted mind, he sought the admiration of women, not so much for love and sex as to be accepted by them as a man of great wealth. The fear that they might learn the truth about him, and in so doing shatter the imaginary world he lived in was the basic cause for his murders. His practice of cutting off the breast of each victim was just one of those strange quirks a demented mind sometimes produces.

As we know little about Hughes' background, we can't pin down the symptoms that led to his final mental break. His poverty and his imaginary world of riches were not the cause. Many people have known poverty and lived in a dream world of wealth without suffering a breakdown. But the poverty and his dream world became driving urges to his distorted mind and they were magnified into reality. We do know from his shipmates that sex was never important to him; and, unlike other sailors, he never visited houses of prostitution when ashore in the Orient. It is safe to assume his symptoms followed the same pattern as Click and other psychotics.

The most terrifying and ghastly of all sex maniacs are the ones with cannibalistic complexes. Psychologists are in wide disagreement on the basic cause of this form of insanity. Some contend that humans are not far removed, emotionally, from the beast, and you don't have to scratch deep under the skin to find these primitive traits in all of us. Other authorities believe that this form of sex maniac results from imaginary hallucinations that are part of a psychotic personality, and has nothing to do with our cavemen ancestors.





Police files have many of these cases with their psychiatric findings. They do not confirm the causes of the illnesses, but give an interesting picture of the symptoms and the development of this form of sexual mania.

The one case studied by hundreds of psychiatrists is Otto Steve Wilson. Not only do we have the reports from police psychiatrists, but the Navy went deep into the background of Wilson, which offers some interesting facts on how a man becomes such a creature.

Wilson spent his early life in an orphanage in Shelbyville, Indiana. Nothing is known about his parents, which leaves us without knowledge of any inherited weakness. In the orphanage, he was an average child who didn't rebel against the rules. Leaving the home, he entered high school, was a banner student and was well-liked, although he was shy and took little interest in a social life.

There were oddities in his personality which might indicate a latent homosexual. His sex powers were low, and this fact seemed to cause him to retire into his shell. After high school, he enlisted in the Navy, received rapid promotions, and became a laboratory technician, handling the testing of blood specimens.

In 1937, he met and married an ex-army nurse. This was his first regular experience with sex. Some time after his marriage, his wife was taking a bath while he was shaving in the bathroom. As she stepped out of the tub, naked, he made a quick movement with his right hand and sliced the flesh on her bare hip.

Blood spurted and he went on his hands and knees, his mouth against the wound. His wife jumped back, demanded to know what he was doing. He answered: "I like to kiss your blood. I like to drink it . . . I can't help it . . . something funny is happening to me."

His wife was also convinced something strange was happening. She reported the incident to the Naval authorities. They watched Wilson, saw that he began drinking the blood specimens from the vials he was testing. He was placed in confinement in a hospital. The Naval psychiatrists delved deeply into his background and subjected him to sanity tests. They found that he had a sexual psychosis, with a cannibalistic complex. He was given a medical discharge from the Navy.

One year later, Los Angeles was to have two of the most shocking murders in the history of the city. The bodies of two women, identified as Virgie Griffin and Lillian Johnson, were found in two different hotels, murdered on the same day and only a few hours apart. There wasn't much left of their corpses. They had been the victims of a cannibalistic attack.

Wilson made no attempt to hide his two crimes. He had registered at the hotels under his real name and left fingerprints everywhere. He seemed unmoved when picked up and he quickly confessed. After many legal

delays, he died in the gas chamber June 18, 1945.

Wilson's own description, as told to the Naval psychiatrists, of the processes of his mental break gives a clear picture of what happens when a man develops a cannibalistic sex psychosis. From early childhood, blood had always fascinated him. When he was 10 he had his first drink of it. He was at a farm where they were butchering hogs by slitting their throats. He was so thrilled at the sight of the blood that he let it run over his hands and he drank some of it.

All this is not abnormal. Blood fascinates many people who are not mentally ill. The difference between Wilson and a normal person takes us back to the ink blot test for sanity. When Wilson saw blood, he saw other things—animals twisting and leaping and calling to him. A normal man can look at blood, and be fascinated, but he doesn't see images in it.

When Wilson drank blood, it did strange things to him; it gave him a feeling of elation and erotic sexual stimulation. Those feelings continued through his youth, never becoming overpowering, and so he thought little about them. In high school he had tried sex with a girl his own age but wasn't successful. Boys interested him more, yet at no time did he practice any overt homosexuality.

A year before his marriage, he began to have hallucinations and heard voices. He was in the Navy, and several times he thought he would go to a doctor, but he didn't. His marital sex life was never fully complete, but his wife was patient and his sexual rela-

tions improved. Yet each act left him confused. His hallucinations became more pronounced and the voices he heard were more distinct. He became possessed with a desire to drink blood. He did—his wife's in the bathroom. The taste so thrilled him that in the laboratory he could no longer resist drinking the blood specimens he was examining.

The Navy psychiatrists took charge of him. They found he was a definite psychotic personality. They learned about his mad passion for human blood and all the facts of his youth. Yet, knowing all this, they turned him loose on society to commit his two ghastly murders.

Sex-twists in the insane are many. It would take a large book to cover all the different types of sex maniacs. But the important thing to you, however, is whether there is any danger of you becoming one.

To answer this question, we interviewed Doctor Edmund Shafer, psychiatrist and well-known authority on sex crimes.

"The sex maniac is a person suffering from a mental illness not well understood by the public," says Dr. Shafer. "The prevailing picture is of a man driven to his wild and insane acts by an over-powering sex lust. In many cases, sex has nothing to do with such acts. They are merely an expression of a more deeply seated psychotic disturbance. The number of male patients that come to me with the fear that they might become a sex maniac is surprising, but more surprising is their idea of the symptoms that lead up to such a condition."



"Now stick out ten dollars and say goodbye."



"It is always the patient who is highly sexed that has the feeling he will go crazy if he doesn't get sex. This condition, if very serious, should be corrected, but it is nothing to worry about, as any healthy and normal man feels such sex urges.

"Sex images seem to worry many men. If these are natural and in no way distorted, they are nothing to be

concerned about. They are not symptoms of a mental break. All men have them from time to time, either in their dreams or in their waking hours.

"A sex maniac is a man with a psychosis. The symptoms of a psychosis are seldom connected directly with sex. In most cases, they are so vague that for years they are hidden to all but a psychiatrist. It is difficult to give any

set rules for these symptoms because they vary in each case.

"One consoling thought I give to all my patients, though, is that their chance of a serious mental break is so remote that the odds are well over 2,000 to one in their favor."

These odds should relieve any of your worries, too, of becoming a sex maniac. **END**



## SNAKEPIT

(Continued from page 21)

**(EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following account of what happened in the guard room of Fort William the night the siege ended, is taken from the memoirs of Charles Elliott. A factor of the East India Company, Elliott himself survived that night and the three weeks of incredibly brutal treatment that followed the fall of Fort William, before being released by the Nawab's forces. Elliott returned to England and died peacefully more than 20 years after this event, which proved to be the turning point in British-Indian history.)

"Dusk was falling fast as we were marched in single file into the barracks. The wounded, who had been tormented with insects all afternoon while we were in the shadier parts of the courtyard, were glad to at last be getting indoors. Like the rest of us, they imagined that with the shelter would come the common decencies of life as prisoners. I helped one trooper with a leg wound that had stiffened up badly. He hobbled along while leaning on my shoulder. He kept repeating, 'Mr. Elliott, it's good of you. Truly good, Sir.'

"I had no more idea of what was coming than did the others. The line ahead simply turned into the barracks, and the Nawab's guards stood with spears on either side of the doorway. We expected to be confined to the barracks for the night, and counted on the big water jars at the end for washing and dressing wounds.

"When I reached the entrance with this trooper, I saw that the line turned an abrupt left into the small guard room that was in front of the barracks. There was no need for the room to be big for there was seldom more than one man confined at a time. Its chief advantage was that the windows were barred.

"'Halloa, we're going into the guard room first. Ever been in here, trooper?'

"'Not once, Mr. Elliott, but I guess there has to be a first time,' he said.

When we entered I was surprised to find that there was no officer inside. I had thought there might be someone there to search us, for we hadn't been searched while standing out in the square. It didn't seem that the guard room would hold more than forty or fifty prisoners, not being more than twenty feet by fifteen."

**(EDITOR'S NOTE:** It was later measured and found to be eighteen feet by fourteen feet ten inches.)

"There was a table and a cot. Also some earthenware utensils on the table. They might have been used for food and drink, but were more likely there to be used if a prisoner had to relieve himself. There was neither water nor sanitary arrangements.

"Someone behind me observed: 'They'll likely put the rest of us in the main barracks. This heat is oppressive. We must get some water from the guards.' It was Mr. J. Z. Holwell. He had been marched in right after me. I was very glad to see him, for he was the Company's zamindar (revenue collector), and would mostly likely be well-treated by the Nawab. To be in here with him was very fortunate, I thought.

"So those of us who had entered the guard-room first, clustered around the windows savoring what little evening breeze there was in the growing darkness. There were two windows, and scarcely room for four heads at either one of them. As the room began to fill up, the wounded who had lain down began getting to their feet again.

"'Tell the guards there's no more room in here, and to get us some water,' Mr. Holwell said. But the guards ignored him. The prisoners kept streaming in, two-by-two. Each new pair seemed dazed when they saw the small room, which was getting well packed. If they hesitated at the doorway they were shoved in by the Nawab's spearmen.

"'There's a woman,' someone cried, and another voice said, 'Mrs. Beemish!' in great surprise. I concluded that the guards outside were driving everyone who had survived the defense of the Fort into the line that led to the guard room. Now the guards, probably fearing a rush at the entrance, had taken to shutting the guard-room door after shoving in each new pair of prisoners.

"The crowding became more in-

tense, and an angry buzz of talk developed, for everyone in the room, whether Sepoy, Officer, or India Company employee had something on his mind and meant to talk freely, now that we were no longer under the eyes of the Nawab's guards. Kelly, another of the Company's employees, spoke above the murmur. 'Mr. Holwell,' he called, 'is it true that the Nawab said we would be given protection as prisoners?'

"'That was the substance of his discussion this afternoon,' Holwell told him. 'We must keep our spirits up. His highness, though young, sounded to be a man of honor. Perhaps this crowding is just a test of strength.'

"The men on the far side of the room began to complain, quite loudly, that they were not getting enough air. 'Guard, guard!' other prisoners were calling from the windows. But no guard came. The spearmen at the door were still busily shoving additional members of our British community in among us.

"It was then full dark and the heat, stored up by walls, floor and ceiling, seemed to grow thicker and staler every moment. It was probably the heat of our bodies more than anything else. But the heat in that one small room had grown intense. Mr. Holwell himself complained that it was intolerable. But that early in the night, he little knew of what was yet to come.

"I was sweating to the point where my body was completely wet, yet the man next to me, a sergeant, had his arm bandaged and insisted on holding it straight against his side. At my back were two large native Sepoy soldiers from the ranks. One of them had a very low wrapping on his turban. I asked Mr. Holwell if this was a new style, perhaps for prisoners. He spoke kindly to the man in his native tongue and then answered me.

"'He says that he didn't lose much blood, but that he has a gaping head-wound under the wrapping and that he can put two fingers into it. That's a very serious wound if his description is accurate. I spent some years as surgeon on an Indiaman that traveled between here and London, you know.'

"All of us were getting pretty tense after about an hour of periodic unbolting of the door, and jamming two more forms in from the dim-lit hallway, and slamming of the door again, and hearing it re-barred. There was a great deal of shoving on the far side of the room. Something was going on over there that we didn't want to even guess



at. Finally there came a shout, 'Put them both under the table,' and then a rejoinder, 'No, raise the table, and put it down on them! It was a plain case of mob rule, and it was the most tightly-packed mob in history.

"Within an hour after dark, the door was bolted for the last time. No matter how much the men nearest it pounded, there was no response and we all felt the dreadful certainty that the guards had gone away. We started to shout at the open windows. It caused us to sweat more freely. Eventually one guard came by. He thrust his spear along the bars and shouted something guttural that Mr. Holwell interpreted as 'Shut up, you swine.'

"Mr. Holwell called out to him, 'Get us water. If you do not, you will lose prisoners and be punished.'

"Noisy English dog, you bark but have no teeth. My officer is at his evening meal. Should I disturb him, he would be displeased and cut off my hands.' Then he walked away. Only when our shouting grew louder did he return. He used his spear point to poke a bit at our hands, which were clenching the window bars.

"The uproar on the far side of the room grew. Suddenly there was a crunching sound, and the wooden table collapsed. It didn't just fall to the floor. Individual pieces were soon in the hands of men who used them to club a little room around them. Then the pots that had been on the table were smashed against the upper walls, and slivers of these were used to gouge and scratch everyone in the dark nearby. In return, the elbowing and shoving and pressure became intense as people tried to get out of the way, and others tried to do them in, unable to see clearly just whom they were fighting. Soon I felt a body slip down under my feet, and knew several of the people behind me must be stepping on the person, whoever he might be. But the body was soft and pliable. I thought, without even striking a blow, that if anyone tried to shove me down like that, I'd battle him to the death.

"Outside in the courtyard, fireflies danced and there came a distant wailing of some instrument.

"The gunner at our window peered out. 'There's somebody standing beside that guard. Call out to him in Bengali language, Mr. Holwell. We may yet get water and aid.' So Mr. Holwell called, and the second figure came over to our stinking, fetid window, and said the equivalent of 'What do you want?'

"Save yourself while there is still time,' Mr. Holwell told him. 'Your exalted highness, the Nawab, promised me protection for my fellow prisoners today. He promised this in person. You must enter the stockade and restore order, or you will be punished. Also the prisoners must have water to survive the night.'

"The shouting at that time was deafening. Some of the prisoners at the far window were in a frenzy, and nothing could quiet them. The Nawab's officer stood quietly, thinking out his answer.

Then he spoke to Holwell, who seemed crushed by his reply. We begged for a translation, no one there knowing Bengali as Holwell did with his twenty years in India.

"He told me the Nawab has retired for the night, leaving orders not to be disturbed. He also says he can take no action without a direct order or he will be drawn and pulled apart in quarters, so severe is his highness's discipline. There's no help here, lads. We must make the best of it!

"With that, the fighting broke out with added fury. Word seemed to have spread by magic through the miniature bedlam. People who could not possibly have heard what was said began crying, singing, or laying about them with pieces of the table.

"The air grew more oppressive. I received a sharp blow on the back of the head, but on turning I could see no one trying for a second attack. The sergeant beside me slumped a little, but then came up again. Blood was trickling down along his cheek and jaw. 'Someone trying to make space for himself near the window,' was all he said. A few feet away, absolute pandemonium reigned.

"Toward midnight things began to quiet down. There was less wildness in the scuffling. But there was also more labored breathing. Without realizing it, I hope, a great many of the prisoners in that little guard-room had suffered blows and slumped to the floor, never to wake again. Although the air at a lower level is more fresh, the packed humanity above was sufficient to actually press and squeeze the very breath of life from these seriously injured Sepoys and Europeans.

"There were half a dozen of us, the hard-core of the window-position prisoners. But back beyond us, we later observed by moonlight, were bodies of both dead and living prisoners. Clambering all over these, were squirming and fighting armed men. They had somehow managed to survive the terrible blows of the table-boards. They had probably given a good many of those blows themselves, in order to be up, stomping, on the still-warm, wet corpses under their feet. Groans were everywhere. Those who did not groan, whispered to each other in hoarse, tongue-swollen tones.

"At no time during the entire night did I so much as close an eye, much less sleep. Nor did any of the other survivors. We simply breathed deeply, moved as little as possible, unless to sway or change our grip on those window bars.

"Slowly, the hours of the night passed. There were further shovings, assaults, trappings, and short catches of breath as men took and delivered deadly assaults at short range, against assailants they could feel but scarcely see in the darkness.

"When the first light of morning came, it was like the resurrection. We were almost motionless with wonder at having lived through the night. Early morning is the coolest time of day

in eastern India and conversation picked up as the temperature dropped. Even the light breeze that forced its way past our sweat-stained bodies, was not sufficient to take the heat from the mass of trampled humanity that lay all around us and even under our very own feet. Everyone who survived, felt inextricably involved in murder. Because we had breathed the air that, had it reached some of our comrades farther back, would undoubtedly have sustained them.

"At full light an officer and two guards opened the door and bade us come out. The officer knew some English and, upon looking in, was amazed.

"Out, out,' he ordered. But fewer than one-sixth of us were alive. I counted all who staggered or were helped out onto the parade ground. Including myself, Mrs. Beemish, the sergeant, one of the tall Sepoys, and Mr. Holwell, there were but 23. Of the bodies that had ceased to know this world there were more than 100."

*(EDITOR'S NOTE: That is how Charles Elliott ended his account of the terrors that filled the historic Black Hole of Calcutta. Yet other tortures were to come. The Nawab was convinced the East India Company had a treasure hidden somewhere about the fort or in Calcutta. He ordered Holwell and three others to be heavily chained. Elliott and several others immediately came down with fever. They all were soon covered with boils, and were given only muddy water and rice for sustenance. After more than three weeks, the Nawab, having found no treasure, relented. The remaining prisoners, most of whom were within a week of death, were released.*

*News of the tragedy finally reached Madras, and the incident of the Black Hole had its sequel. Colonel Clive of the Company's army came back from England with reinforcements. He raised a native army of 2,000 men, and with 900 regular British troops and eight six-pounder cannon, chased the Nawab and his followers for about a year.*

*It was June 23, 1757, when Clive met the enemy at Plassey. The Nawab's army numbered 68,000 men with 50 larger cannon. The weather was gloomy, and a heavy mist kept Clive from seeing all that went on. But by attacking fiercely and with the rallying cry of "remember the Black Hole," his small force performed amazingly. The Nawab's Bengalis "failed to display courage or any other soldierly quality," and Colonel Clive defeated a force more than 20 times his own strength. The victory cost Clive 22 men killed and 50 wounded. With this victory Clive destroyed the Nawab's position of strength, and won political and trade control over India for England for the next two centuries. But like most victories, it was spurred by a tragic defeat.)* **END**



# MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • **PEOPLE MUST EAT!**

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

## LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

## PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 35th YEAR!

## FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big new illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. No salesman will call. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card. Get all the facts NOW! G. I. APPROVED.

**National School Of Meat Cutting, Inc.**  
Dept. Y-17 Toledo 4, Ohio



NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC., Dept. Y-17 Toledo 4, Ohio  
Send me FREE 52-page school catalog on LEARN-BY-DOING training in PROFITABLE MEAT CUTTING. SUCCESSFUL MEAT MERCHANDISING and SELF-SERVICE MEATS at Toledo. No obligation. No salesman will call.  
(Approved for Training Korean Veterans)

Name.....Age.....  
Address.....  
City.....Zone.....State.....



## THE LAST BULLET!

(Continued from page 13)

cover, it's placing your shot that counts, Young. And any man who can't hold steady and shoot where he aims has no business facing the rough ones."

To make matters worse, on our first morning in the jungle, our Moi scouts put us on to a good-sized bull elephant and Stanberry squeezed a bullet into his ear gusset as the tusker leisurely followed his herd across an open table of *trahh* grass.

Nine feet of elephant toppled like a felled tree.

It was an easy kill. Too easy. It made Stanberry cockier than ever.

"You've got an old-fashioned mental block about needing an artillery-caliber gun for the big fellows," he chided, glancing at my big .465 double.

He slapped his .270. "Who the hell needs a cannon... even for elephant?"

I tried a chuckle that didn't quite come off. "Famous last words," I warned.

Back in camp in late afternoon, we found that two water-carriers had spotted several sambar moving through a nearby pass toward the river that lay a short distance to the west. When the natives assured us there was a prize set of antlers in the group, Stanberry got the trigger fever with an eager impatience to get a shot at the buck when he came to water at sundown.

I grabbed my .30-'06 deer rifle and stuffed some extra cartridges into my pocket. Stanberry insisted on sticking with his .270.

"I want to show you what this baby will do to a buck's anatomy," he said.

He had a one-track mind. He was determined to shove his high-velocity, small-caliber philosophy down my throat and make me eat it. With the sun already behind the distant peaks, I didn't bother arguing.

Jok, my head tracker, and a local Moi guide led us across the hills and we came out along a brushy terrace that belted the west slope of a timbered hill above the river flats. It was a perfect spot from where to watch the shallow ford below.

On the river side, a rocky, brush-rimmed ravine dropped away in front

of us to a depth of some 15 feet; the opposite bank, five or six feet below the level of the terrace. We could peer out through the scrub and survey the whole flat below. The belling of a sambar in the middle distance told us our quarry was already moving down to the river.

In back of us, a small, crescent-shaped burn, stippled with charred saplings and brush, scored the hillside for some 40 yards up the slope. Above that, the forest began again, dense with undergrowth. We settled down to wait. The light faded as three muntjac deer, a binturong and lesser game came to the river and drank, then drifted back to the jungle. A slight curl of warm air was floating up the ravine and across the terrace...

I heard brush rattle far up in the woods behind us. I came to my feet instinctively, half-expecting to see a deer or wild pig crossing the slope on his way to water. But before I could scan the brushy cover beyond the burn, Jok's voice brought me swinging back toward the river.

A half-dozen deer were moving across the grassy river bottom. And one of them was a big sambar buck with a set of three-pointed antlers fit for a maharajah's trophy wall. Stanberry was there beside me, a hoarse squeal of pleasure bubbling from his throat.



"Watch me clobber that beauty," he said confidently.

He brought his rifle up, arm laced through the sling, and canted his cheek against the gunstock. I waited as the sambar stopped at water's edge, head lifted high for a moment. Stanberry started his squeeze . . .

Then three things happened in rapid succession.

Stanberry fired. The buck slammed over sideways as if struck by lightning. And a whooshing snort like the blast of an engine exhaust ripped the air from upslope.

Whirling, I heard brush crashing above the burn, saw foliage moving. Stanberry had turned, too, jacking a fresh cartridge forward. The rattle of brush moved toward us. I caught a vague black shadow, the sound of heavy feet moving a ponderous weight down the hill.

A massive black form bulged from the bushes and stopped. My stomach muscles crawled and tightened.

"My God!" I gasped, bringing my rifle up. "A seladang!"

The huge hump-shouldered bison stood watching us, half in and half out of the brush, his spreading black-tipped horns glistening like sword points. I cursed my failure to bring a big-caliber for just such emergencies. You go hunting for one thing and you run into the unexpected. That's the jungle. I still didn't trust Stanberry's .270 on such dangerous game, and my own .30-'06 with its standard load felt like a pop-gun in my hands. I had the Springfield shouldered, but I held fire, hoping the giant beast would turn back into the jungle and leave us alone.

"Wait," I whispered, holding my gun steady.

I watched the bulking wild ox there in the growing dusk, his white-capped head swinging slowly back and forth. The biggest horned animal on earth, topping the Cape buff by a full foot, the seladang, especially the solitary jungle bull, is my nomination for the world's most dangerous big game. And this tremendous bull was as tall as a tall man at the great humped shoulders. My pulses were beating like *Moi* tom-toms as I watched the hate-filled blue eyes studying us, muffled snorts erupting from the whitish muzzle.

But Fred Stanberry wasn't the waiting kind. He was the one-shot king of the Great White *Shikaris*, and seladang was on his trophy list. His gun roared.

I saw the huge gaur rock backward with a deep-throated bellow. He bucked once, then whirled with the speed of a polo pony, scrabbling on the slope for footing.

I fired as he pivoted on a dime, hoping to break a leg with my deer load, and heard Stanberry shoot again. Both bullets whumped solidly into shoulder and flank, but the seladang was already plunging back into high brush, venting his rage and pain with an ear-splitting roar.

A second later, there was the thud of a heavy body going down, followed

by a wild thrashing in the undergrowth. Stanberry gave an excited yelp.

"He's down!" he blurted and started up the slope.

"Goddammit, wait!" I grabbed him by the jacket and pulled him back. He scalded me with a hot glare.

"I tell you I clobbered him, Dick. You heard him go down!"

"You don't take chances with this devil," I growled. "He makes an Indian water buff look like a domestic cow."

The kicking noises in the brush stopped. I stood peering toward the spot where the seladang had disappeared.

Silence. Eerie and unnerving.

The *Moi* guides slid up to either side of us, their hunting spears thrust forward, and I could sense the tautness in their reddish-brown bodies. We waited for several minutes and there was only the trilling of a bird, the faint rustling of foliage which might have been made by the wind or jungle rodents.

Maybe Stanberry had killed the giant bull and, again, maybe he had only stunned him. I had to be sure.

More than once I had faced the incredible fury and cunning of a wounded seladang—but on those occasions I had held a double-barreled elephant rifle in my hands. Normally I would have waited a half-hour to make certain of the kill. But the light was fading fast and the thought of being caught out there in darkness with a wounded seladang on our hands gave me cold chills. I decided to compromise.

"We'll wait 10 minutes," I said, "and then—"

The silence erupted into thundering fury—but not from above us.

Straight across to the right less than 60 yards along the terrace, something came bulldozing through the scrub like a red-ball express behind schedule. I chilled inwardly at the flicking realization of how the wounded beast had come to his feet and circled clear around the burn and down the hill to flank us. But there was no time for thought.

I was trying frantically to find a shot, but I could not make out a clear outline as the black monster boiled through the man-high cover. In desperation, I pulled on to what I guessed was the shoulder—and stopped.

Stanberry had moved forward between me and the rocketing shadow. He fired.

The seladang shuddered as he broke into thinning brush less than 50 yards away. He stumbled against bushes, recovered and came rolling and rocking with a raging bellow that sent the *Mois* bolting to the lip of the ravine. I leaped to the left and blasted the animal in the shoulder.

He didn't even waver. He seemed to bulge larger with each rocking jump. Stanberry fired again.

The bull stumbled, not 20 yards away, and skidded into the scrub, his

muzzle digging into turf. I fired at the massive chest and heard Stanberry's gun speak again. The kill-hungry animal fought his way to his feet and rushed forward with the awesome power of a tidal wave.

And then it was too late to stand our ground.

"The gully!" I yelled. "Run!"

I half-grabbed Stanberry and shoved him ahead of me through the thorny scrub and down the almost-sheer side of the ravine. The *Mois* were already sliding ahead of us, clinging to rocky outcrops to break their descent.

The next moments are like snapshots from a madman's nightmare.

As I hit the bottom of the gully, I heard the *Mois* upslope scream a warning. I looked up and froze.

The enormous bull was coming over the bush-rimmed top of the ravine on his haunches, huge hoofs digging into the rocky earth.

"God Almighty, Stanberry!" I screamed, jerking my own gun up. "Shoot!"

Stanberry shot from the right of me. Over my sights, I saw the bullet send blood spurting from the broad chest. But it was like throwing rocks at a landslide. The bull was hurtling down the steep slope with the ragged speed of a driverless truck. I fired once for the white-capped forehead as the great form loomed, broad as a house, above me.

Then I whirled downslope between the enclosing walls.

"Run, Fred, run!" I roared, waving him ahead of me.

We were stumbling down the rocky cut when I heard the seladang hit the bottom of the depression. I turned in panic, working the bolt as the black brute slammed into the opposite wall. I aimed hurriedly, still trying to break a leg with my last shot.

Things were happening in shattered split-seconds. The bull wheeled with the blast, taking the bullet in the flank. But instead of charging me, he turned up the ravine after the *Mois*.

I watched in horror as the last *Moi* ran a dozen feet, then spun around, his lance lifted high. With a muscle-bulging heave, he sent his spear thrusting into the rib-cage behind the animal's shoulder.

He might as well have been flicking darts at him.

The *Moi* tried to run, but the head of the onrushing bull had already bobbed low. It came upward in a thrusting sweep of horns.

The *Moi*'s terror-racked scream broke off as if his windpipe had been slashed. I saw him go up and over. He hit the rocky left wall and his guts were already spilling from a gash that opened from groin almost to his chin.

I turned to see Stanberry working his bolt, another clip already shoved in. I grabbed the gun from his hands and thrust my Springfield at him.

"Get out of here!" I ordered and swung the gun around and fired for the rump end of the seladang's spine.

The bull's rear quarters sagged to



the ground. With a hoarse rumble, the bison spun toward me. His hindquarters suddenly straightened and then he charged.

I moved with the bobbing head and pulled the trigger. The seladang bulked before me like a black juggernaut that seemed to fill the whole world. There was no time to work the bolt again.

I turned and ran for my life, looking wildly for a footing in the steep walls.

Stanberry was racing down the cut beyond me. The thud of hoofs was closing from behind. I could almost feel those massive horns stabbing like twin swords into my back. Then I heard a crash of sound close behind me, a deep-throated, raging bellow. Jok's voice from somewhere up the ravine brought me up short.

"He is dead," he said in Moi. "You have killed him."

I looked back in disbelief to see the great bull lying on his right side, kicking feebly, his huge body almost filling the bottom of the ravine. Stanberry and I found a broken slant in the side of the depression and laboriously pulled ourselves up to the rim. We walked up through the brush and met the ashen-faced Moi. The three of us stood on the edge of the ravine and watched the last spark of life running slowly out of the downed seladang.

Even then, in one last effort to get up and kill us, the amazing beast scabbled wildly with his white-stockinged legs. And, miraculously, the frontquarters came up, the hawser-like muscles bulging with strain.

But it was too much. Blood bubbled from the bull's froth-coated muzzle. He fell over sideways, kicking spasmodically for a moment, then gave a mournful bellow and lay still at last. I felt as if I had just had a glimpse of the whites of Saint Peter's eyes.

The dead Moi lay some 20 yards from the seladang, his entrails strewn over the ground like red ribbons. I looked at Stanberry.

He was like a man in a trance. He hunched there over the lip of the depression, face white with shock, his eyes pinned to the dead hulk of the seladang.

So sure, I thought angrily. You were so damned sure of your high-powered pea-shooter. But the anger subsided when I found myself silently thanking the big brash American for sticking with his .270 instead of bringing his deer rifle. Still, I couldn't resist taunting him a little.

"What about your small-caliber magazine piece now, Fred?" I said, edging it with a sharp touch of sarcasm.

He shook his head several times. "My God!" he said over and over. "My God, Young! It happened so fast. All that lead and he still kept coming!"

I looked back at the sprawled animal, and the knowledge that pure, unadulterated luck had kept Stanberry and me from being down there with

# Don't be SKINNY

## AMAZING NEW EASY WAY CAN QUICKLY PUT POUNDS AND INCHES FIRM SOLID FLESH ON SKINNY FOLKS

### Who Are Underweight Due to Poor Appetite or Poor Eating Habits

### NEW HOSPITAL TESTED EASY WAY



DISCOVERED! THE ALL-IN-ONE CONCENTRATED

MEAL OF EASIER DIGESTED, BODY BUILDING

CALORIES YOU'VE LONG HEARD WAS COMING

If you are skinny, thin and underweight because of poor appetite or poor eating habits, try this latest discovery of modern medical science. It's called WATE-ON and anyone in normal health may quickly gain 2...5... then 10 pounds, 20 pounds and more so fast it's amazing! Not a medicine, not intended to cure anything. Instead, WATE-ON is a new HO-MOGENIZED liquid that's pleasant to take as directed and is loaded with concentrated calories so prepared as to be far easier to be used by the system in building wonderful body weight, actually fortified with Vitamin D, plus blood-building Vitamin B-12 and other important body nutrients. Cheeks fill out, neck and chest, arms, legs, thighs, ankles, skinny underweight figures fill out all over body. WATE-ON also improves the appetite, gives quick energy, guards against fatigue, sleepless nights, poor endurance, low resistance. Also makes for better digestion of fats that put on weight naturally. Try WATE-ON today.



More Than Many a Skinny Person's Regular Meal in Daily Dosage

**Easy Weight Gains of 5...10...20 Pounds Reported  
NO CRAMMING WITH SUGARY MIXTURES,  
NO FISHY OILS, NO DRUGS, NO OVER-EATING**

Tired of being Skinny? Then simply fortify weight-maintaining meals with WATE-ON. Why let life slip by without trying WATE-ON. If underweight is caused by disease, take WATE-ON only under direction of your doctor. AT BETTER DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE

STARTS  
BUILDING  
WEIGHT  
FIRST  
DAY



DOCTORS: Your recommendation and approval is invited!

Write for professional samples



"I'm an ex-prisoner of war. I've been skinny and rundown. With first bottle of WATE-ON I feel good again... sleep better, enjoy my meals."

R.W.F., Marysville, Pa.

**HAPPY CUSTOMER!**

"My weight was 140 pounds, but now I weigh 156 POUNDS thanks to WATE-ON."

Mr. G.Y., Greenville, Wash.

**17 POUNDS ALREADY!**

"I am very glad I heard of WATE-ON. I have gained 17 POUNDS already."

T.H.C., Memphis, Tenn.

**HAS MORE ENERGY!**

"Since taking WATE-ON I feel much better. I also eat and sleep better and have more energy."

Mr. H.T., St. Martinville, La.

**CLOTHES FIT BETTER!**

"I have gained weight all over. My clothes fit better and I feel like a new person."

W.W., Clarendon, Ark.

Full name and address of above WATE-ON users are on file for your inspection at any time. Your own experience may vary, but WATE-ON's record of success certainly merits your own trial and approval.

**WATE-ON'S SENSATIONAL  
HOME TRIAL FREE OFFER!**

Try WATE-ON Tonic, Tablets or Emulsion AT OUR RISK! Yes, go to your drug store, get any of the famous WATE-ON gaining products... USE AS DIRECTED. Then, if the very first bottle or package doesn't increase your weight to your entire satisfaction, RETURN FOR FULL \$3.00 REFUND! You get to try it FREE... it must do as you expect or it costs you nothing.



BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



the dead Moi made me tremble slightly. With that massive head bobbing at me from five yards away, I had sent my last bullet blasting into the brain. Only I knew what a fluke of a shot it had been.

I could see the jarring surprise in Stanberry's face when, later, the Moie skinned the seladang and found a big chunk of the forest giant's heart shattered. And it could not have come from either of those last two desperate bullets!

The last I heard of Fred Stanberry, he was still using the .270—on medium game and for open, long-range shots at the bigger stuff where he could use a scope. But for hunting the real giants in deep jungle, he had switched to a .600 double-barreled Cordite Express, with a .500 double for a second gun. Seems he learned something.

And me... I don't even go shooting jungle fowl for the camp pot without my big .465 double-barrel along—just in case... END





## THE DRINK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

(Continued from page 27)

of tropical countries—or perhaps our own riotous street celebrations on “VJ Day.”

The history of mankind could very well be told through the drinks that have shaken the world, changed the destinies of nations, altered national boundaries, brought about the deaths of millions of men on the battlefields and millions of women and children in ravished cities, and created vast fortunes in the hands of professional distillers and vendors of bottled madness.

Take *mead*. Mead is practically non-existent nowadays, but time was when no Anglo-Saxon would attempt to storm a castle or raid a village without a bellyful of the stuff. It was a brew made from honey, eggs, malt, and as little water as possible. Actually the Saxons brought it with them when they crossed the English Channel and invaded Britain, conquering and then interbreeding with the Angles. It was mead that inspired the ancient bards who sang of deeds of valor at night around the Anglo-Saxons’ campfires, thus giving the first shot in the arm, so to speak, to what was to become English literature.

And the Great Crusades. When the knights swarmed out of France and England, Germany and Italy, to cross the Mediterranean Sea and take the Holy Land back from the Saracen, each army of knights brought along its favorite beverage—the French their red wine, the English their mead, the Germans their *schnapps*, and the Italians their *grappa*. Thus fueled, they smashed the scimitar-wielding heathen-like battalions of General Sherman tanks rolling across a wheatfield. *It is significant that the Saracen did not take alcoholic drinks!*

And when the English buccaneers overran the Spanish and the French in the Caribbean Sea, wresting their gold-laden ships from them, raiding and burning their colonies, and in general having their own high-handed way, how did they do this? *Rum!* The English navy and merchant marine, which manned those pirate ships, have always had their daily ration of rum. With rum the English carved out an empire on which even today the sun never sets.

Think of our Indian Wars. French

and English saboteurs, with the help of our own Indian traders, slipped firewater to the redskins, and thus inspired, these aborigines painted their faces, feathered their heads, poisoned their arrows, and went dancing along the warpath, ambushing unwary hunters and trappers, scalping women and children, and setting fire to crops. Without firewater (an early form of bourbon, similar to the bootleg you can buy today in any big-city saloon) the Caughnawaugha Mohawks and the peaceful Choctaw would doubtless never have been so foolish as to start tossing tomahawks and yodeling warcries in a war that meant only their own eventual extinction. No one can fight effectively on another man’s booze.

It has been said that the zeal which inspired the Old Benedictine monks to build 30,000 monasteries in France during the Middle Ages came from the famous beverage that takes their name. When St. Benedict developed the formula and brewed his first liter of the liqueur we know now as benedictine, he tested it on some pious friends and found that they were strongly inspired to go forth and perform prodigious deeds like building towers, forging church bells and converting the heathen.

The formula for making benedic-

tine was always a closely guarded secret among the monks of St. Benedict until a latter-day brother deserted the order and took the secret formula with him. This is it:

| Benedictine                |           |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Melisa .....               | 50 grains |
| Alpine genepi .....        | 50 "      |
| Root of the esmirnio ..... | 50 "      |
| Leaves of the mint .....   | 50 "      |
| Aromatic calamus .....     | 30 "      |
| Caramon seed .....         | 100 "     |
| Small cloves .....         | 4 "       |
| Moscada nuts .....         | 4 "       |
| Cinnamon .....             | 6 "       |
| Flower of the arnica ..... | 16 "      |

(Finely grind all these substances and then let them set 12 days in 4 liters of 190 proof grain alcohol. Distill this mixture after adding 6 liters of pure water. This will yield 8 liters of liquor. Now you add to this distillation a syrup prepared from 8 kilograms of refined cane sugar and 4 liters of pure water. Filter this. It can then be cut to whatever strength is desired, but it is most effective when left at full strength.)

Benedictine, it must be remembered, tends to inspire the user to perform strenuous acts of piety, such as build-





ing stone monasteries, chanting all night, illuminating manuscripts, and ringing two-ton iron bells. In the 12th century, there was no place in all of France where the traveler was out of sound of benedictine bells at matins or at vespers.

The conquering of the savage Sandwich Islands was accomplished by means of a drink that was concocted by the famous explorer, Captain Cook. The Sandwich Islanders, now called Hawaiians, were a tribe of headhunting cannibals. They had effectively caused to disappear from the face of the earth many shiploads of strong seamen. They were the terror of the far from pacific Pacific Ocean.

*Okolehao* was the answer. Now, Captain Cook and his men fortified themselves on rum, as was traditional among England's seafaring men. But the Hawaiians fortified themselves on *kava*, which is non-alcoholic; it is an alkaloid that has a very beneficial effect. Cook tried to get these cannibals to try rum, but they were suspicious, and rightly, for if they had given themselves over to the white man's drink they would have fallen under his magic. They were correct in fearing this, for had they not conquered the entire Hawaiian archipelago on *kava*? Never play another man's game nor drink another man's drink.

Here is where Cook's cleverness and guile showed themselves. He would brew them something alcoholic out of the islands' own foodstuffs. This would give them confidence. Accordingly he had them bring him some roots of the *ki* plant, a small palm-like tree which grows bulbous roots that resemble yams. These the Hawaiians roasted, and when they were succulent and ready to be eaten like the yams they resembled, Captain Cook had his sailors make mash. Into this mash he cleverly slipped some small particles of yeast.

Fermentation works rapidly in the tropics, and by the next day the mash was doing nicely. This the Hawaiians were not afraid to drink. Was it not their own *ki* root? They very rapidly got falling-down drunk on the unfamiliar stuff, whereupon Captain Cook and his men took control of all weapons and held all the women as hostages until agreements were signed in blood—Hawaiian blood, that is.

And that's how *okolehao* (meaning root-of-plant) won the Sandwich Islands for England. They later came into American hands, as we know, which possibly demonstrates the superiority of American bourbon over British rum.

Aside from our own pioneers' winning of the West by feeding firewater to the Indians, thus severely shaking the world of the red man, drink profoundly shook the American world of the 1920's. When the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, possession, or use of spirituous beverages was made a part of our Constitution at the ratification by  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the states, the life of our nation underwent a profound change, dating from January 16, 1920,

# Do You Laugh Your Greatest Powers Away?

## THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

## This FREE BOOK will prove what your mind can do!

Here is how I got started right. I had heard about hypnosis revealing past lives. I began to think there must be some inner intelligence with which we were born. In fact, I often heard it said there was; but how could I use it, how could I make it work for me daily? That was my problem. I wanted to



learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide fraternity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life*.

That book opened a new world to me. I advise *you* to write today and ask for your copy. *It will prove to you* what your mind can demonstrate. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away. Use the coupon below or write: Scribe Z.J.X.

### — USE THIS GIFT COUPON —

SCRIBE Z.J.X.  
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)  
San Jose, California

Please send free copy of *The Mastery of Life*, which I shall read as directed.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

## The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA • NOT A RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION



to Repeal under President Roosevelt in December 1933.

That prohibition was perpetrated upon the people by a gang of one-track-minded party-poopers was clearly demonstrated by the rapid growth of a great new industry: bootlegging.

Al Capone organized the bootlegging industry so thoroughly that by 1927 Scarface Al's gang had an annual income of \$60,000,000 from wholesaling illicit beer and booze, not to mention another \$25,000,000 from gambling establishments (where he pushed his hooch) and some \$10,000,000 from speakeasies and roadhouses, where liquid gas was the specialty of the house.

The prohibition against liquor, in this case, might be said to have rocked and shocked our world as profoundly as any war has ever done. But it was actually not prohibition that did this, rather the people's irresistible desire for their favorite anesthesia.

Gin was the most popular illegal drink during prohibition. It was made every which way. Most commonly, one simply bought some straight alcohol from the bootlegger, who also handled items like essence of juniper berries for flavoring. To a gallon of straight alky, you add one pint of glycerine (for smoothness), three ounces of essence of juniper, and then cut to desired strength, usually by adding an amount of water almost equal to the mixture at hand.

But that is the formula for common run-of-the-mill gin. If you want *good* gin, that takes a little doing. Here's how it is done:

#### STRONG GIN

|                            |            |
|----------------------------|------------|
| 190 proof of grain alcohol | 320 liters |
| Refined turpentine         | ¼ liters   |
| Essence of juniper         | 90 grams   |
| Creosote                   | 3½ grams   |
| Juice oranges              | 9 big ones |
| Persian limes              | 9 big ones |
| Distilled water            | 140 liters |

(Mash all solids and mix with the liquids, then allow to set about 8 days, after which distill until you obtain about 400 liters. The turpentine and creosote must be of highest quality as used by pharmacists in preparing medicines.)

Historians have often remarked on Hannibal's elephants, which he took with him when he set out to cross the Alps and invade Rome from the north, thus making a surprise sneak attack. But no historian to date has ever paused to wonder why Hannibal took elephants with him. As engines of war they were of little use against the giant catapults of the Roman legions. The fact is that these great beasts were used to carry burdens—but what burdens did Hannibal have to carry with him that necessitated the use of elephants? There were no cannon in those times. His troops were all foot soldiers. He was certainly not bearing gifts to Rome. What then?

Those elephants bore giant casks of a special brew without which his troops would not have taken one step Rome-wards. The formula was lost when the Romans destroyed Carthage. It is said that the basic ingredient of this beverage was fermented blood; the Romans claimed it was human blood.

When Attila, the Hun, rose out of the steppes of Asia and overran half the known world with his hordes of hard-riding swordsmen and bowmen, he shook the world from the Gobi Desert to the gates of Vienna. He did it on *Kvass*, fermented mare's milk. It's a nasty drink and tastes rather like vomit, but the Huns loved it.

Each Hun carried two goatskin bags slung over his back. In one he had a supply of mare's milk fermenting; in the other he carried the already fermented stuff, from which he drank from time to time as he rode across the plains, forded rivers, smashed cities, slaughtered men and animals right and left.

These Huns were always loaded on the stuff, and all you had to do to prod them to insane fury was puncture their bags of *kvass* with a well placed arrow. Few men ever did that and lived to tell about it.

There are two drinks in Mexico that have made history: *pulque* and *mezcal* (tequila being a recent innovation). *Pulque* is a slight fermentation of the thick, milky juice of the *maguey*, which is a cactus-like plant that looks something like a giant artichoke. *Mezcal* is a high-potency distillation of a mash that is made from the heart of the *mezcal*, a plant which resembles the *maguey*.

*Mezcal* might be said to have conquered Mexico for the Aztecs, a tribe of Indians from the south who subdued all the other tribes of the central plateau of Mexico and enslaved them. The Aztecs were shrewd. They knew about *pulque*, and they gave this knowledge to their subject peoples. Why? Well, *pulque* has a horrible effect on its user. The *pulquero* grows weak and sick, his hands and legs tremble, his stomach cannot hold food unless he has had his *pulque*. His eyes become bleary, his lips thicken and drool, and he stinks so much that only other *pulqueros* can tolerate him. But he will work for any man who pays him enough money to buy *pulque* at the end of the day. It is an addiction worse than morphinism. A *pulquero* must take several quarts of the brew to kill his pain. The more he takes, the worse his hangover next day.

At the end of each day's work, the Aztec masters doled out the *pulque* to their slaves while the Aztecs themselves relaxed of an evening with a gourd of *mezcal*, a high-powered drink that can be taken in moderate quantities and still give you a boot.

And so by the sagacious use of *pulque* the Aztecs conquered and enslaved the Toltecs, Chichimecs, Jarochos, Tarascans, and many other tribes. *Pulque* is still the national

drink of the Mexican peon, and the *pulque* manufacturers are still getting rich off this brand of rotgut.

The word assassin comes from the Arabic word *hashasheem*, which means people who use *hasheesh*. Now *hash-eesh* is derived from a weed-like plant whose scientific name is *cannabis indica sativa*. It can be smoked, eaten in confections such as *majoon* (an Oriental candy) or drunk as an infusion, a tea.

As a drink it was first prepared by an old scoundrel who was known as the Old Man of the Mountain, a contemporary of the famous Persian poet-astronomer Omar Khayyam. The Old Man was politically ambitious, and his political weapon was assassination. For this purpose he employed a number of cut-throats, whom he rewarded for their gory services with an infusion, or tea, made from *hasheesh*—which is how his paid killers came to be known as *hashasheem*: assassins. Thus by the ingenious use of this drink, the Old Man of the Mountain profoundly shook the Persian world and affected the course of history.

It is significant that the Old Man of the Mountain did not feed the tea to his assassins *before* sending them out on their night's grisly work, for he knew well that no man will commit murder while under the influence of *hasheesh*, provided he has not also been drinking alcoholic brews. No, the Old Man fed the tea to his cutthroats *after* they had done their work, and the effect of the tea was so delightful that these ignorant and superstitious fellows thought he had by some magical means transported them directly into the Mohammedan Paradise while still alive and kicking.

When they were *hasheesh bezef*, meaning "real gone," he brought lovely girls to them, and then they learned why Moslems believe that in Paradise they will experience the 1,000 year orgasm. The time-sense is profoundly altered through the gentle influence of *cannabis*.

A drink that once shook the literary world was *laudanum*—a tincture of opium. (This is a narcotic and can be very harmful if used unwisely.) Thomas De Quincey used it, as did Charles Baudelaire. In America the most noteworthy literary user of *laudanum* was Edgar Allen Poe, and some of his best loved poetry was inspired by the spirit of opium; his effect on subsequent literature was admittedly tremendous.

A drink that shook the old world of the American South was bourbon—not as drunk by General Robert E. Lee, however, or by Jeff Davis, but by General Ulysses S. Grant. Grant was a popular and successful military leader, and therefore he had many envious detractors. When some of his jealous enemies attacked his character one evening at a White House supper, informing President Lincoln that his chief general kept a barrel of bourbon in his tent, Honest Abe looked with scathing contempt upon these small-



mindful persons, and turning to his secretary, said, "Please remind me in the morning to have a hoghead of the best bourbon sent to each of my generals." Grant had that very day taken the City of Richmond.

During the last century, rum played a powerful role in shaping the destinies of millions of men in the Americas and in Africa. Old Cape Cod captains sailed their barkentines and schooners out of Boston with shiploads of manufactured products for the African coast, where they traded these items (mostly gun) to Arab chieftains in exchange for Negro slaves. Now, slaves were no longer being imported to the U.S., and slavery itself was shortly to be abolished—at least on the statute books—so these proper Bostonians shipped their black cargoes to the West Indies, where human flesh was bartered for rum at an exchange rate of about one pound of Negro for one quart of the West Indies' best brand of rum, made by a man named McCoy. (There were many imitators of this famous old rum, which is how we get the expression "the real McCoy.") The rum was then brought back to Boston, where it was sold at a handsome profit, with which the old skippers bought more guns to trade with the Arabs. Thus rum played a major role in the prosperity of the Carib islands and the rising fortunes of some of Boston's solidest old families.

Whenever one of the aforementioned Cape Cod skippers was called to account by some moralizing mossback who demanded to know by what right he traded in human flesh—and for rum, mind you!—the Bostonian somewhat replied: "Sir, have you ever tasted the real McCoy?"

This was indeed a drink that shook the world, or at any rate a large portion of it, and the recipe for the McCoy—the real McCoy—is worth knowing. (The author got this one from a Jamaican cane planter named McCoy.)

#### The REAL McCoy

|                           |          |
|---------------------------|----------|
| Purple figs, dried.....   | 90 parts |
| Black raisins .....       | 30 "     |
| Dried peppercorns .....   | 1 "      |
| Dried saffron .....       | 1/4 "    |
| 190 proof cane alcohol .. | 1,000 "  |

(First wash the figs and raisins in water, then grind them into a paste. Add the other solids, mixing well into the paste. Put the paste into a large wineskin, of calf leather, that has been very recently cured and has never been used; add the 190 proof cane sugar alcohol and agitate until contents of the skin are well mixed. Continue to agitate twice weekly, a few minutes at a time, for one month. The temperature of the room should run between 80 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit; the humidity should be high. Meanwhile marinate 30 parts of dried laurel leaves in 50 parts of ether. At the end of the month, add the ether-laurel mixture to

#### ZEBRA-SNAKE DESIGN & LEOPARD-COWHIDE DESIGN.

##### TWO-TONE

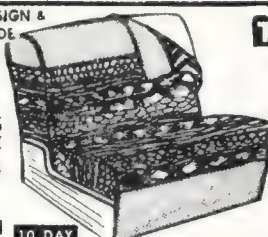
STYLE 2400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives money distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat \$298

##### TWO-TONE

STYLE 2500

Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seat. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whip of a damp cloth. Front or Rear \$298



10 DAY

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

ORDER TODAY!

CRYDER SALES

Dept. CR-12 WHITESTONE 57, N. Y.

## TWO-TONE REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — SERVICE GAUGE PLASTIC FOR LONG WEAR

• Waterproof. Easy to attach to seats for good fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure over-all seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with nylon thread for long wear and durability.

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Only \$2.98 each for front split, or front or back solid. Set \$5.00. Add 25¢ postage or send COD.

#### PORTABLE CAR COVER

Protect Against RAIN • SUN • DUST

\$6.95 formerly \$8.95

Don't risk damage to your car finish when this low-cost car cover protects against weather elements. Long-lasting durable plastic, folds compactly, off and on in a jiffy, sturdy elastic binding gives extra security. State make, model and year—buy direct from mfg. Send \$6.95 plus 35¢ postage, or sent C.O.D.

BEA SALES, Extra Heavy Plastic Gauge \$6.95 + 45¢ postage—formerly \$10.95 Dept. 849, Rm 927 125 E. 46, New York 17



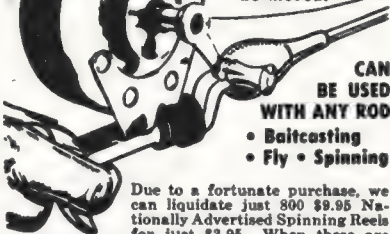
LONELY? Let America's friendly club arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Members in every state, Canada, & many foreign countries. Picture album given. Photos furnished to special members.

AMERICAN FRIENDLY CIRCLE 454 No 22nd St. E. St. Louis, Ill. Dept. SMG

## CLOSE-OUT \$3.95

\$9.95 Famous Make SPINNING REEL Only

Just 800 Left! Hurry! First Come, First Served Completely Automatic No catches or releases to be moved.



CAN BE USED WITH ANY ROD • Baitcasting • Fly • Spinning

Due to a fortunate purchase, we can liquidate just 800 \$9.95 Nationally Advertised Spinning Reels for just \$3.95. When these are gone there will be no more available at this price. Here are the high price features you'll get:

- 1—Completely Automatic—no catches or releases to be moved before reeling in.
- 2—The reel that absolutely cannot backlash.
- 3—You can fish with Monofilament Nylon "invisible" type line.
- 4—This reel works with any rod—fly, baitcasting or spinning.
- 5—Corrosion-proofed, streamlined case. Hardened and ground shaft with two bronze bearings.
- 6—Preloaded spools available for quick changeover to other weight lines. An exclusive feature.
- 7—Smooth action clutch permits playing the "big ones" without regard for strength of line.

Don't delay if you want to save \$6.00. Return this ad with your name and address and your check or money order for \$3.95. We'll ship your Spinning Reel all postage charges prepaid on a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. Limit ONE to a CUSTOMER.

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 53-J 1227 Loyola, Chicago 26, Ill.



## MILE-O-GRAPH MEASURES MILEAGE IN A MOMENT!

New, precision patented Mile-O-Graph figures exact mileage on any scaled map.

1. Set to map scale by turning knob.
2. Run wheel along map route.
3. Mileage registers instantly! No computing! Fits in pocket or purse. Money back guarantee.

MILE-O-GRAPH, Inc.

Dept. 1006, 228 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



ONLY \$1.98

EVERY DETAIL PICTURE-CLEAR

Lay questions, doubts and fears to rest. Get straightened out and "cued up" with the best-selling FROM FREUD TO KINSEY, now in its ninth large printing. All the answers you need in plain man-and-woman talk—every detail picture-clear! Exciting entertainment from cover to cover!

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Order FROM FREUD TO KINSEY in plain wrapper now. If not pleased, return it for refund of purchase price. Don't go another night without it!

10 DAY TRIAL • MAIL COUPON NOW

PLAZA BOOK CO., Dept. K-646, 109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.  
Rush FROM FREUD TO KINSEY in plain wrapper for 10 DAY FREE TRIAL. If not satisfied, I get my purchase price refunded at once.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.  
☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay all postage.  
Name..... Age.....  
Address.....  
City..... Zone..... State.....  
Canada & Foreign—No C.O.D.—Send \$2.50



**LIFT THE HOOD TO  
A BRIGHT FUTURE**



**Do You Want a Better Job or a Shop of Your Own?**

**LEARN AUTO MECHANICS**

**Easy to Train at Home in Spare Time**

## Earn Spare Time Cash Soon After You Start

Like many other CTI students, you may want to earn money in spare time as you train. CTI lessons are so practical you'll soon be eager to do repair work for friends and neighbors, perhaps in the local garage, or in your back yard. It's entirely possible you will earn yourself a reputation for doing good work and build up a list of customers who'll put you in business. Many CTI graduates got their start that way. Remember, with spare time earnings, you can pay all or part of your tuition.

## Training Pays Off



"Have bettered myself nearly 100%. Am in partnership with another fellow and we have 24 cars of our own."—A. H. CATES, MAINE.

"After my completion of training in auto mechanics, I started as a full-fledged mechanic in a Buick garage."—W. CARTWRIGHT, IND.



"I'm a student. Walked into a Cadillac-Oldsmobile garage and showed the owner my student identification card. He offered me a job as an apprentice mechanic. Said he would pay for my training."—CORLISS DARNSTAEDT, WYO.

"On completion of my course, I went to work in a garage repairing generators, starters and other electrical equipment. Training is complete and thorough."—J. EDWARDS, ILL.

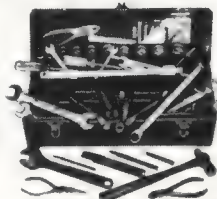
"I have made good progress and have had 3 pay raises in 8 months. Before I took course, I knew very little about a car engine. But now I can step up and do most any job."—W. LONG, PA.

That better job you've always wanted is waiting for you. It's waiting in the automotive industry, where more than 50,000 mechanics are needed. They're needed because there are over 60 million cars and trucks on the road, and about two-thirds of them are in the "heavy repair" classification. That spells OPPORTUNITY for you—opportunity for interesting work, wages that rank with America's highest, and lifetime security. Yes, you can earn top pay and work steady—even go into business for yourself—when you are qualified!

And how do you qualify? A proven and time-saving way is to let CTI bring its original Shop-Method training to you at home. Based on resident-school experience, this method trains you in every phase of mechanics, including: tune-up; overhaul; automatic transmission; power systems; electric and cooling systems; everything you need to know. You can have additional training, without extra cost, in Diesel Mechanics or Body & Fender Rebuilding, if desired. But get the full story: Mail coupon below for two new books—BOTH FREE. Act today.

## Learn by Practicing with Kits MECHANIC'S TOOLS—

In addition to easy-to-understand picture lessons, you get this valuable set of fine quality mechanic's tools. It's yours to use and keep. Tools increase your interest, help you get practical experience.



## TUNE-UP KIT—

Only CTI sends you this kit of essential tune-up instruments. You get a Compression Tester, a Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester, an Ignition Timing Light, and a portable steel case. Each instrument is the product of a famous manufacturer—helps you do professional work.



## COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE

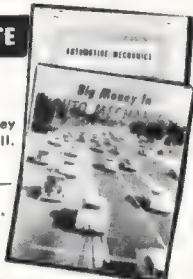
1400 Greenleaf Ave., Dept. A-480  
Chicago 26, Ill.

Mail me Sample Lesson and new 28-page book, "Big Money in Auto Mechanics." Both free. No salesman will call.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**MAIL  
TODAY  
FOR  
FREE BOOK  
AND  
SAMPLE  
LESSON**

the contents of the skin, mixing well. Then filter. To the filtrate, add caramel syrup (burnt cane sugar) to color. Wash wineskin. Return filtrate to skin and let it lay another month. Now it's ready.

Every step in that process is important to the making of the real McCoy. The freshly cured leather is perhaps most important of all. It was rumored by his competitors that the original McCoy (the real one) used the hides of Negro slaves for this purpose, but that is doubtful, as they would probably not give the rum the distinctive flavor which you get from freshly cured calf leather.

A harmless and rather insipid drink that shook the world back in 1776 was of course, tea. When gangs of toughs, hired by Boston tea importers, dumped shiploads of the stuff into the harbor—because the Boston businessmen didn't like His Majesty's tax and wanted to do their own independent importing—the Seven Years' War was started, and this shook the private worlds of thousands of colonials.

Volumes could be written on the many ways in which certain commoner beverages have shaken their share of the world at one time or another. Red wine is part of the French workingman's breakfast, lunch, and supper; it is his refreshment between meals. If he doesn't get it, he will raise hell. When a recent French premier, name of Mendes-France, undertook to cut back the supply of red wine (*nom d'un chien!*), take it away from the army altogether (*salaud!*) and, *s'il vou plait*, substitute milk (*espece de putain!*), the French very quickly gave that premier his walking papers. It is hard to say how much world-shaking wine did on that occasion, but probably quite a lot, seeing that aside from being a milk-man, Mendes-France was a pretty liberal sort of fellow and might have done France a lot of good otherwise.

At least one battle of the South Pacific campaigns was won because of sake, which is the Japanese equivalent of gin. During that island-hopping war, Marine Corps Combat Intelligence reported that at a certain point behind Jap lines there was a cache of sake—maybe 100 cases of the stuff. Those Nips never knew what hit them. Their lines were breached within 20 minutes; they were routed. A whole battalion of Marines got swacked on warm sake and proceeded to mop up the rest of the island before hitting the sack for the night. Only the top brass knew how deeply the world of the last war was shaken by this incident on a little atoll out in the middle of nowhere.

A certain brand of cognac is advertised as "The Brandy of Napoleon." If it is true that Old Boney actually drank this stuff, he showed good taste. But one can only speculate on what the outcome of Waterloo might have



been had he been a teetotaler instead. If Grant won battles on bourbon, did the Corsican lose wars on cognac?

Without a bellyful of that fine Muenchener beer, Hitler's Brown Shirt bullyboys would never have had the guts to storm out into the streets and murder innocent bystanders. One hell of a lot of world-shaking was done on the world's best malt beverage.

Now, the basis of most of the many drinks that have shaken the world is alcohol. With a little alcohol to start with, you can make quite a lot of different beverages. Alcohol is easy to make. You need a big crockery jar. A mixture of corn (fresh corn chopped up) and sugar with pure water will work up into a ferment, and after about a month of fermentation, you can distill it. (Proportions: 1 part fresh chopped corn, 1 part sugar, 10 parts pure water.) Glass or copper are best for making distilling apparatus; other materials might harm the alcohol. With this alcohol you can start making any number of liqueurs and liquors.

Of course, in all these matters you have to stay on the right side of the law; just make sure it ain't illegal. The fact that your corner saloon is selling you bootleg liquor, according to U.S. official reports, doesn't justify you in playing fast and loose with the boys in blue. Just remember: they outnumber you.

And don't attempt drinking straight alky unless you're prepared to have your own world severely shaken. **END**



## SEX TRAP ON

## SAN ITO

(Continued from page 15)

least. I know. I was the Doane's gunnery officer and I always wore binoculars in those days.

The Doane, in company with five Dutch, Australian, British and Free French auxiliaries, operated in a large, well concealed harbor east of Sarawak. Here we fueled, took on ammunition and returned with Allied survivors of torpedoings whenever we found them. It was like Midway and a lot of other all-male hells. Nothing; a real nothing place—palms, working parties and an occasional warm beer. So, any time our orders read steam by Ito and clobber "point this," we did it willingly, happily, because even at long range it was paradise discovered. After all, starving men will eat crumbs.

On the third of March, 1944, some-

# Get GENUINE DIAMONDS

## from New York's Leading Diamond Specialist

# SAVE up to 50% And More

LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS TOO! 12 FULL MONTHS TO PAY... ONLY 10% DOWN  
FREE CATALOG WITH YOUR BONDED GUARANTEE  
VALUABLE ADVICE AND 10 DAY APPROVAL OFFER!

● NOW enjoy the thrilling excitement of owning genuine diamonds you have been waiting for at a bargain price. Kaskel's, New York's leading diamond

## DIAMOND BARGAINS

### in Brand New 14 Kt. Gold Settings Like These Are Included!



These pictures give you an idea of the beautiful, brand new, 14 Kt. gold and platinum mountings for the first grade genuine diamonds Kaskel's offers you. Hundreds of diamond bargains to select from... they include diamond rings, diamond pins, diamond watches, diamond earrings, diamond bracelets... can be yours for \$25. up to \$5,000. **CASH or CREDIT... as you prefer**



specialist established in 1882, wants you to see his offers before you buy. You save up to 50% and more with this direct plan. You don't risk a single penny. You take no risk whatsoever because Kaskel's money-back guarantee, if not satisfied, protects you 100%. You are furnished with a written, sworn bond that is actually notarized and sent to you with your selection. Here you have unmatched bargains that defy competition. Here you have a choice of many types of brand new, artistic mountings in 14 Kt. gold or platinum. Kaskel's lay-away plan permits you to secure any size genuine diamond regardless of your income. Diamonds are acknowledged to be as good as money in the bank and when you buy them at Kaskel's low, low prices you have rich enjoyment, pleasure and protection all in one.

## Send for FREE CATALOG of Bargains... NO OBLIGATION

Send today for our big illustrated catalog just off the press. It is yours just for the asking and without obligation. It is not only crammed from cover to cover with the most exquisite and exciting settings you ever laid your eyes on... but it also contains important advice about diamonds that is priceless. You are also told about Kaskel's special lay-away plan and full details about the 100% protective money back guarantee and sworn written bond. Get these facts. They are free! Just sign your name to the coupon below and receive the most surprising catalog of diamonds you ever saw by return postpaid mail.



Our references: Your own bank or any mercantile agency.

KASKEL'S, Dept. 701-F

41 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Send me absolutely free, by return postpaid mail and without obligation, a copy of your big free catalog of genuine diamond bargains. Also send me the free advice about diamonds and the Kaskel plan. (No salesman will call.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## "PSYCHIC DOMINANCE

How to RULE OTHERS with your THOUGHTS." Telepathy being controversial, no promises. For adults. \$2. Satisf. or refund. Delmar, 846-G5 Sannyside, Chicago 40.



## MOVIES

An Adventure in Beauty for adults. Brand new series of exclusive films. Really beautiful motion studies of Hollywood's loveliest cuties featuring many close-ups. Packed with alluring routines; the kind you will like. A different model featured in each exciting film. For a treasure chest of eye-dilling beauty, send your order now!

NEW LOW PRICES!  
THREE 3mm. B&W 50 ft. reels \$4.95  
THREE 16mm. B&W 100 ft. Silent or Sound films (state choice) \$9.95

Shipped prepaid in plain, sealed package. No C.O.D.'s. NATIONAL, Dept. 21-F, Box 5, Sts. E, TOLEDO 9, OHIO

## LOOK! Electric Greyhound Bus

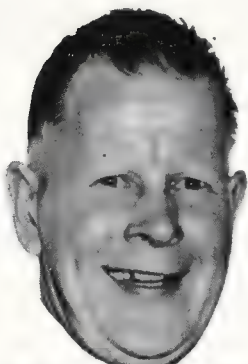
### NEW 1958



Here is the seasonally new 1958 scale model Electric Greyhound Bus that captivates every child (and mommy and daddy, too). One flick of the magic lever and off it goes—forward or reverse. Runs for hours. Driven by an electric motor, powered by flashlight battery—safe, economical—easily replaced. Comes completely assembled with headlights, balloon-type rubber tires—durable metal body. **SEND NO MONEY.** Rush your order today. Remit with your order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

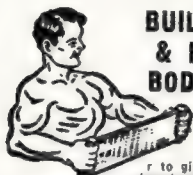
Medford Products, Inc. Dept. SM-8, Box 39, Bethpage, New York





## WHICH HEAD WAS ONCE BALD?

(SEE PAGE 69)



### BUILD MUSCLES & Health with BODY BUILDER

This new Chest Pull Body Builder develops powerful human muscles F-A-S-T. Ideal for the beginner to give him a real start in championship muscularity and perfect for the more advanced bodybuilder to combine with his regular weight training for faster, all around muscle growth. Body Builder is wonderful for developing massive arms, shoulder, chest and back. Mail your order today. Only \$1.00 postpaid.

**Only \$1.00**  
postpaid  
no C.O.D.'s

**Medford Products, Inc. Dept. SMG-7**  
Box 39, Bethpage, New York, N. Y.

### ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

The kind YOU will enjoy. Each one of these booklets is size 3 1/2 by 4 1/2 and is ILLUSTRATED with 8 page cartoon ILLUSTRATIONS of COMIC CHARACTERS and is full of fun and entertainment. 20 of these booklets ALL DIFFERENT sent prepaid in a plain envelope upon receipt of \$1.00. No checks or C.O.D. orders accepted.

**TREASURE NOVELTY CO. Dept. 38-F**  
182 Knickerbocker Station New York 2, N. Y.

### 40 ACRE GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES—\$100

You do no drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Free map and booklet. Write to  
**AMERICAN OIL SCOUTS, Dept. 5G,**  
7321 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles 36, Calif.



### DEVELOP A STRONG HE-MAN VOICE

STRENGTHEN your voice the tested scientific way. Yes—you may now be able to improve the POWER of your speaking and singing voices—and in the privacy of your own room! Self-training lessons, mostly silent. No music required.

**WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOK**  
Eugene Fenchinger's great booklet "How to Develop a Successful Voice." It's absolutely FREE! You must state your age. Booklet mailed postpaid in plain wrapper. No salesman will call. Send your name, age now!

**PREFECT VOICE INSTITUTE**  
210 S. Clinton St., Studio FT-79 Chicago 6, Ill.

## Arthritis

I suffered agonizing attacks for over 20 years, including sciatica. I used at least five doctors and tried everything. Nothing really helped very much. Then a friend, acquainted in scientific medical circles, told me about a wonderful new kind of medicine for the awful pains of arthritis, rheumatism, lumbago and neuritis.

I am so grateful that I feel duty bound to share my new-found secret of comfort and happiness with others. Please write me today. No obligation whatsoever. I just want to do for others what I'd want done for me. Please write now.

**Paul McCoy, Apt. 3706 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y.**

thing happened that disturbed the Allied High Command. There was a sudden movement of occupation troops on the outer Arends Islands, and it was feared that Nippon would then pour in a contingent of troops to thwart U.S. strikes. Sitting in the wardroom with the rest of the Doane's off-duty officers, we were told, grinningly, that at last we'd have a chance to see our geisha girls at arm's length. Closer, in fact, if time permitted. The Doane fairly rolled over on her ends from the hullabaloo.

"But it's not as simple as it sounds—" Captain Louis Redmond stared around the table. "In the month or so that we've been back, San Ito has been very much in the Japanese limelight—"

"Meaning?" I said.

"Meaning, Mr. MacDowell and the rest of you frustrated lovers," Redmond squinted, "that it's entirely conceivable that our banished ladies now have company. Intelligence suspects there are troops—construction troops setting down a small strip."

"What?" John Bates, the Doane's exec gasped incredulously. "On that splinter of coral!"

"The same," Redmond nodded. "Anyway, let me give you the rest of the picture..."

So it was with far less misgivings than Redmond imagined we'd have, that the Doane's wardroom briefing broke up and the Corvette prepared to get underway. As ships went, the Doane was something of a relic among corvettes. In her five years of existence, the auxiliary had seen duty everywhere, and she looked it. We made a reasonable effort to keep her steel chipped and painted, but being almost constantly at sea our efforts gave her something less than beauty. She was, in fact, 293 feet of saggy bucket with a washboard bow and a stack about 12 degrees out of line. We called her *The Desperate "D,"* and that was no misnomer, either. She was truly an aging lady except for her guns (four 6 inch turrets and three 40MM quads) and her crew, both of which functioned properly when called upon.

On the second of April, the Doane, running down the southeast coast of Borneo—hiding by day and running by night—ducked into a small bay off Pelathari, 24 hours from our destination. It was then that Captain Redmond broke open a second sealed envelope and detailed our mission.

"Sorry, gents," Redmond said briskly. "It doesn't work out so well after all. Only 10 men to go ashore. Says here—" he tapped the envelope. "That means it's up to Guns. Your baby, MacDowell—you pick the men—"

"Don't we shoot up the strip?" Bates queried. "And what about the geishas?"

Redmond shrugged. "Nothing about shooting up the strip. MacDowell goes in, secures the radio station and returns in 40 minutes."

**TELL FORTUNES**  
Your own... Your friends  
With your playing cards. The fortune teller's secret meanings. Printed on stickers for each card with layout chart.

Only \$1.00, U.S. or Can. — No C.O.D.  
**BOX 697, Dept. A-1**  
**NEWARK, N. J.**

**JATCHA**

**\$1.18 PAID FOR 59 LINCOLN PENNIES**

**PAID FOR 59 LINCOLN PENNIES**

**PAID FOR 59 LINCOLN PENNIES**

Your pennies can turn into dollars! Here's a fascinating hobby that pays off! Send \$1 for the coin album, (there's space for 59 Lincoln cents). When it's full, return COMPLETE album and receive \$16 by return air mail PLUS \$1 refund for the album (total: \$17). Save either sets worth hundreds of dollars! All information sent with 1st album Send \$1 to: **BYMAIL, Box 67,** Dept. E-49 Oakland Gardens Stat. Flushing, NY

**SAVE GAS! "GAS-SAVER" FREE!**

**I'LL SEND YOU THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL! SEND NO MONEY! I'LL PAY POSTMAN NOTHING!**

Users Report 4, 5, 6 Extra Miles per Gallon with New Miracle Gane Air-flow Needle. (\$1.50 Each)

Up to 25% MORE MILEAGE, FASTER PICK-UP, QUICKER STARTING reported. Phenomenal money-saving results coming from 1/2 MILLION USERS. Carburetor Engineering Co. reports SAVING OF 72c PER DAY. YELLOW CAB CO., FLEET OWNERS, POLICE, EMERGENCY vehicle users. Outstanding performance "approved." FITS ALL CARS AND TRUCKS. INSTALL YOURSELF IN 2 MINUTES with simple twist-of-the-wrist. (Replaces present idle adjustment screw in your carburetor.) AMAZINGLY EASY TO DO!

**TRY IT FREE! JUST SEND NAME AND ADDRESS! PAY NOTHING!** Test this revolutionary new automotive discovery in your car AT OUR EXPENSE! Check mileage. (Some users report no improvement — so TRY BEFORE YOU BUY.) If amazed at increased mileage PAY WITHOUT MONEY. Otherwise, just return the "little stinkers" and you owe us nothing. Fair enough? Specify make of car, = cyl., and year (8 cyl. cars use 2). RUSH YOUR FREE TRIAL REQUEST TODAY!

**GANE ECONOMY CLUB, Dept. 606**  
114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.



"Lucky bastard!" Elmont Crisp, Engineering Officer snorted. "All those gorgeous naked—"

"Mr. Crisp!" Redmond said softly. "Forty minutes isn't much time even for an officer—"

Morale took a nosedive aboard the *Doane*, understandably. Other than a radioman and quartermaster, I required only seven men, and these, necessarily, would be men of my own immediate province. Gunners. I went around the ship consoling the heart broken—and that's all I did there for a while.

"Mr. MacDowall," one of the crew grabbed me. "Pu-lease, sir! If you could possibly bring back a few souvenirs! Puh-lease, sir, Mac! Just a handful. We'll stow 'em down here in the crew quarters..."

On the morning of the third, the *Doane* made a fast swing of the atoll, guns manned, ready to fire, but as before we saw only the geishas and a couple of radiomen from the tower. The men fled upbeach but the girls remained prancing on the sand, yelling and waving to us. The *Doane* headed off for the safety of the islands, while the Jap radiomen hit for their transmitters to crackle an alert.

"If there's a strip there," I told the Captain, "it's not made of concrete—"

"That," he grinned, "is something you'll have to find out for yourself!"

By 1600 we were tucked under camouflage, several islands away, having deftly eluded three land based bombers from the Nip installation at Djakarta. At that time I and the rest of my chosen people were ordered to sack out. Six hours worth. We did but it wasn't easy, for deep down there wasn't one of us that felt San Ito was pure gravy. There were men, too—enough men to kill a few of us on that tempting lump of coral. Maybe all of us...

"Y'know," Robby Phelps, our master gunner, yawned. "Maybe them geishas are there for a reason. A trap, maybe—"

"Naw! You've got it wrong Phelps—" Bill Leighton, the SM grinned. "They've either got a social disease or leprosy!"

The banter kept us a while until the pharmacist's sleeping pills put us all under. After that it didn't matter whether it was a trap, a Nip bordello or a picnic. We all slept like the dead.

At 0005, the *Doane's* position was one half mile below the San Ito lagoon. She was blacked out, wallowing in the long, slow rollers off the lagoon. Two rubber rafts were launched and my men, not in black-face, dumped in some incendiaries, two machine guns and a walkie-talkie. Then I got my last minute instructions from the Captain.

"You've got 40 minutes, Mac," he nodded. "That's not much time, admitted. But as intelligence sees it, it's enough time to check on the strip, silence that radio station and squeeze a few fannies. If you're not back on the beach working that blinker tube,

## WOULD YOU LIKE TO RECEIVE STACKS OF LETTERS LIKE THESE EACH WITH MONEY FOR YOU?

I have found a proven formula for quick success in making money. Others I've shared it with also have been successful. Would you like to know about it?

It's simpler than you might think — just buying good imports at next-to-nothing foreign prices and selling them in the U.S. by mail order or at wholesale to stores.

To most people, importing smacks of mystery, romance — and "costly" things for collectors. Actually, any capable and ambitious man or woman should learn import-export quickly. And, there are thousands of beautifully made imports obtainable at trifling cost abroad to sell in the U.S. by mail order. There are also great opportunities in exporting U.S. products.

Native villages in Africa, romantic Vienna, bustling Copenhagen, mysterious Hong Kong — yes, countryside hamlets and great cities all over the world produce fascinating products.

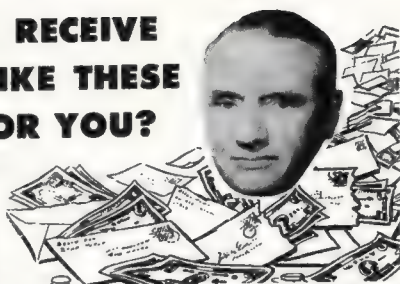
Using my plan, you don't have to travel abroad unless you want to. You don't even have to know a foreign language. And, there is no face-to-face selling in mail order.

I have proven this plan with 103 imports — and the opportunities for the sale by mail of thousands more are breathtaking in their possibilities. Hunting knives and binoculars from Germany, silverware from Sheffield, England — hand-carved art objects from Africa — all costing less than \$1 abroad have values up to \$5 or more here and are big sellers by mail order.

Monthly bulletins sent free to those who follow my plan show suppliers of new and desirable imports.

As I write this, I am receiving as many as 1,000 cash orders a day for imported clocks — all by mail order. They cost me only 63¢ and I sell them far below the U.S. market — a terrific bargain and a wonderful seller. And, I don't stock them as they are shipped direct to the buyers from abroad, after I receive the cash.

So you see, it is even possible to conduct a business of this kind without investing in merchandise.



Mrs. McGinn, one of my students in Illinois, operates a gift shop and sells Arabian perfume by mail order. F. Basler, N. J., sells Aztec bird feather pictures from Mexico to stores and by mail order.

You might ask, "Why do you let others in on your plan? Why don't you keep it all for yourself?" The answer is that items for import are countless. No one person could possibly handle even a small proportion of them. There's plenty of business in import-export for you and me and many others.

If you are sincere and really open-minded to a new and different opportunity — one which may change your whole idea of the kind of money you can make in your own full or part time business — write today for full details. Air mail reaches me overnight.

B. L. Mellinger, Director, Dept. G1287  
1717 Westwood, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

AIR MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

B. L. Mellinger, The Mellinger Co., Dept. G1287  
1717 Westwood, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Mr. Mellinger: Without obligation, show me the big profits to be made through World Trade, especially in mail order from my own home.

Print Name.....

Address.....

Town & Zone..... State.....

### LUGER AUTOMATIC Wholesale \$2.98



6.50 MM. 10 SHOT MAGAZINE

Designed by Master Craftsman from the famous German Fast Shooting Automatic Luger!

Be the proud owner of this Exciting Automatic and the envy of your friends! Finished in sleek blue-black of high impact #475 Styron with fancy polished-chromium-type steel trigger!

Sharp looking—simulated knurled Ivory Grips! Not an air or CO2 gun. Fires 10 slugs in rapid succession! FREE—Surprise Package! Plus 100 slugs with order of 2 Lugers at \$5.95.

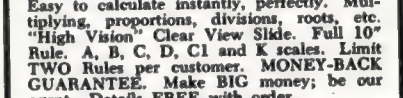
Order Now—while they last. Be a two-gun man! C.O.D. Krieger Labs, 56, 1708 N. McCadden Pl., Hollywood 28, Cal.

### ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

Sell our ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS and other NOVELTIES. Each booklet size 4 1/2 x 2 1/2 and is FULLY ILLUSTRATED. We will send 24 asst. booklets prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00 or 60 asst. booklets sent prepaid upon receipt of \$2.00. Wholesale novelty price list sent with order only. No orders sent C.O.D. SEND CASH OR M. O.

REPSAC SALES CO. Dept. 31-F  
6 Knickerbocker Station New York 2, N. Y.

### Regular Price of a Slide Rule \$4.00 and up



and this coupon add 8c postage  
**SLIDE RULE 92¢**  
If you can use a pencil, you can use THIS new simplified easy-to-understand Slide Rule! For bookkeepers, accountants, salesmen (figuring commissions, costs, etc.), farmers, housewives, etc. For Armed Forces highly important. Men's most useful tool. Easy to calculate instantly, perfectly. Multiplying, proportions, divisions, roots, etc. "High Vision" Clear View Slide. Full 10" Rule. A, B, C, D, CI and K scales. Limit TWO Rules per customer. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Make BIG money; be our agent. Details FREE with order.

FREE 28-page instruction book on how to get correct answers instantly, perfectly without pencil or paper.  
**SLIDE RULE CO.**  
Dept. 606, 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

## BLACKSTONE LAW

Earn the Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree and enhance your earning power through study at home of the original Blackstone Law Course. All necessary books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; convenient monthly terms. Write today for valuable FREE illustrated law catalog, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN." No obligation.  
**BLACKSTONE LAW SCHOOL**  
225 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. 610A Chicago 1, Ill.  
A Home-Study Institute, Founded in 1890

## Party Records FOR ADULTS ONLY

THEY'RE TERRIFIC! Brand new series of exclusive records. Racy ditties and gay parodies about those spicy, intimate moments. Really shocking, but so much fun for you and your guests. Complete set of EIGHT DIFFERENT SELECTIONS of finest quality 78 or 45 r.p.m. records (state choice), sent prepaid in plain, sealed package for \$4.95 (no c.o.d.'s). SPECIAL OFFER: Two Different Sets of 16 Records for only \$8.95. For a thrilling adventure in adult entertainment, order yours today!

NATIONAL, Dept. 21-F Box 5, Sta. E, TOLEDO 9, OHIO

## STIMULATE YOUR SCALP, RELAX TIRED MUSCLES

New ELECTRIC VIBRATOR-HEALTH MASSAGER

Only \$2.98 postpaid.  
Never before at this AMAZING low price! Economical to own, wonderfully refreshing to use! Slip this efficient vibrator-health massager on your hand and rub over area to be treated. Gives a vigorous or gentle massage depending upon pressure you apply. Use on any part of body. Soothes sore, tired muscles; relaxes tense nerves. Wonderful for spot reducing, scalp massage, tired muscles, eases pain of bumps and bruises. Helps stimulate circulation. Sensational value! SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$2.98 plus postage or remit with order, we pay postage.

**MEDFORD PRODUCTS, INC.**  
Dept. SMG-6, Box 39, Bethpage, N. Y.



"Keep  
it  
well-fed,  
young  
and healthy"



## BETTER HAIR THRU BODY CHEMISTRY

... a completely different plan of hair stimulation

Every hair that ever grew on the head of any man or woman, got every particle of its substance in only one way — from the blood stream. Massage of the scalp will usually increase the circulation of blood there. But this means more hair **only if the blood stream is carrying the right hair-building materials.**

Two kinds of hair-building materials are now known:

(1) **Hair foods**, such as cysteine, and (2) **Controllers of the hair foods** — organic catalysts, formed from certain vitamins, iodine, etc.

The CY-BEX formula contains both kinds; in fact it has almost the entire list (except sex hormones)

of the most important hair-building substances known today.

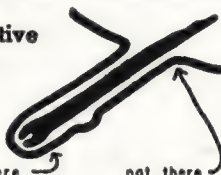
Research scientists have proved that these substances can stimulate the growth of hair even when

used separately.\*

Combined in the CY-BEX formula, they have consistently benefitted nearly 70 per cent of all known users — some slightly, some markedly, some really spectacularly.

Inactive  
Hair

needs  
help here



not there

Users of this natural method of hair improvement, **both men and women**, have reported one or more of these benefits:

- (1) New hair on bald or thin areas.
- (2) More "life" (slight coarsening) in hair that had become too fine.
- (3) Prompt reduction of falling hair.
- (4) Increased waviness for those who already had some tendency toward a wave.
- (5) Feeling of well-being, livelier health and energy.

**NO TROUBLESOME, TIME-CONSUMING ROUTINE. NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS.** Your own family need not know the special potency of your vitamin-plus capsules, unless you tell them. **STOP THAT BALDING TREND NOW BEFORE IT GETS MORE SERIOUS!**

Dr. E. F. Barrows, member of the science staff at one of the Oregon state colleges, is the originator of the CY-BEX formula. A feature article on his early research work appeared in the Oregon Journal of October 19, 1952, under the headline "Professor's Project Uncovers Hair Aid". Now his improved and carefully tested product is ready for nation-wide use.

\*References: Taken from the published research papers on the growth of hair caused by these ingredients—quotations with exact page references from *Physiological Reviews*, *Science*, *Journal of Biological Chemistry* and other scientific publications will be sent free if requested, along with further suggestions for care of hair. Or if you prefer that all mention of the hair-stimulating qualities of these vitamin-plus capsules be omitted from the package, please so indicate.

BASIC REMEDIES, 140 N. Echols St., Dept. SM-6, Monmouth, Oregon

Rush me postpaid 150 CY-BEX capsules (5 months' supply).

☐ I enclose \$4.50 in full payment. . . Or

☐ I enclose 30c (stamps or coin)—send C.O.D.

☐ Send free other suggestions for care of hair, which vitamins to avoid, and quotations from the technical journals.

Name.....

Address.....

**Guarantee.** Altho we cannot yet promise greater hair growth to every user of CY-BEX, we do guarantee that if for any reason you are not fully satisfied with your very first bottle-full, you may, within one year of purchase, return the empty bottle and we will promptly refund your money. We have great confidence in our product.

we shove off! No return. Not until feasible, understand?"

"Precisely."

"Shove off," he said curtly, flashing a grin. "Squeeze one for me, Mac—"

"Souvenirs permitted, Captain?"

"Only for purposes of interrogation," he chuckled. "God help the poor girl!"

We made the beach quickly, hunched down, paddling evenly. A half mile in 10 minutes, going with the tide. Then, beaching the boats, I posted one sailor with a Sten to guard them and the balance of the landing party surged ahead. It was a clear, warm night, and after all our previous trips around San Ito, finding the tower and several small hatches was really like walking in our own backyards.

Previously rehearsed, each man knew exactly where to go and what to do. Five would take the tower; four would invade the "barracks," and on the swing back we'd have a whack at the airstrip—presuming there was actually something to whack.

Silently, we cut through the fringing palms and up a shell trail inland. The tower was directly ahead, framed in silver moonlight. I kept staring at the moon, wondering why they picked a clear night for this sortie. And I suppose every other man wondered the same thing. We nudged up as far as an outhouse 200 feet below the settlement and stopped. There I split the party, the invading quintet under Master Gunner Phelps, the radio station quartet under me. I had the SM, Leighton, Rooster Jansen, a petty officer and Jake O'Rourke, the demmo expert.

"Phelps," I whispered, "take out that barracks when you hear me whistle. Not before. No shooting unless necessary, check?"

"Roger!" the Gunner grinned. "Do I look like the kind who'd murder a woman?"

"Let's go!" I hissed. My deadline was 0045; it was then 0022. "Ten minutes should do it—let's go!"

The five under Phelps snaked left, through the underbrush toward three lamp-lighted frond hatches. I moved my men right, ahead, to the base of the tower. I was sweating down to my toes, the .45 clammy in my fist, my throat dry as a salt biscuit.

O'Rourke's 20 pound package was concentrated torpex, plus a booster. Concentrated hell, specially prepared for fast moving landing parties! He held it in both arms like a frightened mother holding an infant. He was only a kid—this O'Rourke—but a better demmo man than the Anzacs never had.

"Mac!" Jansen tapped my arm. "Business!"

The Jap was sitting in the open doorway, smoking a cigarette. Below, electric lights played on four people sitting at a table. Two men, two women. Then coming up behind the man in the door was the silhouetted figure of a nude. She squatted behind the doorman, clapping both hands to his



eyes, in a playful "guess-who" style. "That's for me!" Leighton moaned. "I'll kill her with kindness—"

We inched up to within five yards, and fanned out. The girl retreated, and Leighton moved left while I moved right. I could practically touch the Jap then. He was a short, squat man about 30, powerfully built. I wondered how powerfully. I crouched in the blackness two arm-lengths from him and when Leighton chucked a pebble on his side the Jap turned his head.

Instantly, I rammed up my right hand, cupping his mouth, the gun hot and hard against the base of his skull. Soundlessly, he slumped in my arms. I felt my men behind me. Then with the doorway free, I whistled. Once. Low and long, and the Nip defenders never really knew what hit them.

"Banzai!" Jansen roared, bringing down his piece, ploughing in behind me as the three of us rushed in. At the table the quartet broke up, shrieking, the defenders stabbing at stacked rifles. My .45 whipsawed orange between the two men, dropping one, Jansen dropping the other. But it was the women who surprised us then. Instead of reception, three nude, fantastically built pleasure ladies churned across the floor firing .25s.

"Duck!" I screamed as bullets began thudding into the casement behind us. Jansen moaned, crashing down the steps, his lethal bundle bouncing crazily. I shot the nearest screaming nude without a twinge of conscience, grabbed the bouncing charge and streaked for the transmitter.

I didn't feel the bullet. It ploughed a furrow through the top of my scalp and I felt only a hot warmth seeping down the bridge of my nose.

Outside, in the living quarters, there was more gunfire. A lot of it, but I heard it only vaguely. Behind me, Jansen was stretched out blood pouring from his mouth, yelling for me to hold up.

"Let me, Mr. Mac!" he moaned, his voice a bare whisper under the shooting melee that was still going on. I twisted away, rolling over on my back, staring at the sole living defender of the tower. She was about 20, slim, wild-eyed and magnificently built. She leaped over the bodies of her playmates, shoved a .25 handgun under her chin and fired. The top of her head was plastered to the ceiling, a grotesque thing that dropped blood and chunks of hairy scalp as I crawled away.

"Get Jansen!" I moaned as Phelps and seaman Pritchie barged in. "I'm going to pass out—"

They hovered over me, two vague figures, staring at Jansen and at me. I heard the demmo man bawl something and felt my companions lifting me. Then, as abruptly, the vagueness cleared for a few minutes.

"My God!" Pritchie groaned. "The same here! We had to kill 'em, Mr. MacDowell. They got Blue, Edwards

# FREE MOVIES

## NEW MEMBERS ONLY

### ABSOLUTELY FREE,

with no strings attached, a sensational full-length movie feature in 8mm or 16mm! Just order your first two Titan Movie Club selections using the convenient order form below. Screen them in your home and, if you are not delighted, if you don't agree that they are the best movies offered anywhere, you can return them within five days for full refund, but you keep your free movie... it's our free gift to you!

### YOUR CHOICE OF MANY EXCITING FILMS!

Hollywood's best for your own private showing. You name it, we have it; the kind you like! Specify **ADULT** and the world's most beautiful women entertain you! Specify **FAMILY** or **CHILDREN'S** for a delightful new show selection!



**FULL LENGTH,  
NOT EDITED**

**NO MOVIE  
PROJECTOR?**

Enjoy Titan films with the recommended Titan 8mm Movie Viewer. Many regular projector owners prefer the Titan viewer for its bright, sharp picture and the fast, slow or stop motion feature. Club Members Only \$4.50

(reg. price, \$5.95)

### FREE MOVIE COUPON

**TITAN QUALITY FILMS**

Special Movie Club Division K-6

Box 46856, West Hollywood 46, California

2—8mm movies (50 ft. ea.) \$4.00

2—16mm movies (100 ft. ea.) \$8.00

Titan Movie Viewer (8mm only) \$4.50

Start my club membership with the films checked above and rush me my FREE MOVIE!

Please send my order C.O.D.

Enclosed is full amount. (Save C.O.D. and postage charges.)

I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I may return the films for full credit within five days and keep my free movie.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Send: ☐ Adult, ☐ Family, ☐ Children's films



## MONEY FOR SALE!

For only One Buck you receive almost \$3,000 in genuine reproductions of authentic Confederate currency. That's right—you get 95 bills in \$100-\$50-\$20-\$10-\$5 and \$1 denominations totaling \$2,976. Surprise your cotton-pickin' friends and party-goers with a roll big enough to choke a Southern Colonel! Supply limited so rush your dollar today.

**MONTGOMERY INDUSTRIES**

Department SM-67

Montgomery, New York

Money back if not delighted! No COD's.



## BIZARRE

**BOOK  
SERVICE**  
Dept. 148

40 E. 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.  
We secure rare, out-of-print esoterica, curiosa at premium prices. Give titles, authors or subjects desired. (We buy private libraries—send list). Be SURE to send self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

## HOW TO PERFORM STRONG MAN STUNTS

Make a hit!!! Tear a deck of cards in half... lift amazing weights with only a finger and other unusual tricks. Complete with illustrations.

FREE! If you act now with each order you'll receive the 128-page illustrated book "Health is Fun." Teaches self confidence, the key to success.



**BOTH  
Only  
1  
00**

Send check, cash or money order. Sorry no C.O.D.

ALADDIN BOOK CO., Dept. SM  
210 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

## SHINE WITHOUT 'POLISH'



### Cars Glean Like Mirror

MEN! WOMEN! So easy a child can do it! Amazing "Dry" Polisher puts mirror-like shine on car WITHOUT 'POLISH'. No messy pastes, liquids, greases. Simply glide over car. PRESTO! Leaves hard, lustrous, long-lasting protective Wax Coating. Value orders! Burn money!

### SAMPLES FOR TRIAL

Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. Just a postcard will do. SEND NO MONEY—just your name.

KRISTE CO. Dept. 2086 Akron 8, Ohio

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS & NOVELTIES

Our VEST POCKET series of ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS are the kind that are FULLY ILLUSTRATED with comic characters. The NOVELTIES are the kind you want for EXCITEMENT and AMUSEMENT. 16 DIFFERENT booklets and 4 DIFFERENT novelties sent prepaid in plain envelope on receipt of \$1.00. No C.O.D. orders or check accepted. WHOLESALE PRICE LIST included with orders only.

**LIVE WIRE NOVELTY CO.**

Box 6-33F

128 East Broadway

New York 2, N. Y.



**Troubled with GETTING UP NIGHTS, Pains in BACK, HIPS, LEGS, Tiredness Loss of Physical Vigor**

If you have these symptoms then your troubles may be traced to Glandular Dysfunction... a constitutional disease. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble. Neglect of Glandular Dysfunction often leads to premature old age and sometimes incurable malignancy.

The past few years men from over 3,000 communities have been successfully treated here at the Excelsior Institute. They have found soothing relief and new zest in life. The Excelsior Institute, devoted to the treatment of diseases peculiar to older men by NON-SURGICAL methods has a NEW FREE BOOK that tells how Glandular Dysfunction may be corrected by proven NON-SURGICAL treatments. This book may prove of utmost importance in your life. Write today. There is no obligation. Excelsior Institute, Dept. 7734, Excelsior Springs, Mo.



# "YOU ARE UNDER ARREST"



There's a Thrill  
in Bringing a  
Crook to Justice  
Through  
Scientific

## CRIME DETECTION

We have taught *thousands* this exciting, profitable, pleasant profession. We can teach YOU, too . . . in your spare time, through inexpensive, step-by-step home study lessons! Start NOW preparing for a responsible, steady, well-paid position in scientific crime detection or investigation.

Over  
**800**  
American  
Bureaus  
of  
Identification

Be A  
**FINGER  
PRINT  
Expert**

employ I. A. S. students or graduates, every one of whom learned FINGER PRINT IDENTIFICATION — FIRE-ARMS IDENTIFICATION, POLICE PHOTOGRAPHY, AND CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION—the economical I. A. S. home-study way!

The same opportunity is open to you. Just give us a chance—we'll train you for a good job in this fascinating work. It's neither expensive nor difficult to learn. Don't delay! Cash in on the constant need for finger print technicians and criminal investigators.

## FREE! "BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"

Packed with thrills! Reveals exciting, "behind the scenes" facts of actual criminal cases. Tells how scientific investigators solved them through the same methods you learn at I. A. S. Explains, too, how YOU can get started in this thrilling work at low cost! Don't wait—get your coupon in the mail NOW!

**INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE**  
(A Correspondence School Since 1916)

Dept. 346-A 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

### CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE  
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 346-A  
Chicago 40, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me the "Blue Book of Crime," and list of Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms Offer. (Literature will be sent ONLY to persons stating their age.) No salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....RFD or Zone....

City.....State.....Age....

and McPherson. *It was plain Hell.*

"Where's Jansen?" I groaned, feeling the air as they dragged me away. "Did you get Jansen?"

"No, sir. They did!" the gunner snarled. "He set the fuse. *Let's get the hell away—*"

I rubbed the blood from my eyes and, supported by the two, began stumbling toward the supposed strip. I got halfway there when I passed out. My head felt like layers of black quilting were being pressed into the wet hole along my right temple, and when I came to it felt worse. I was sitting up, vomiting my guts out, and three men were shoving off one rubber boat.

"You're okay now, Mr. Mac!" Phelps grunted, sitting me up. "You missed the best part of it. Take a look behind you—"

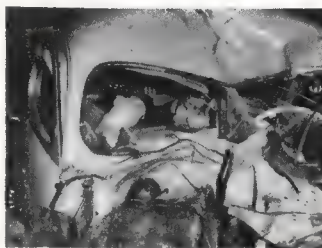
All I saw was a spiraling tongue of flame shooting into the mackerel sky. Jansen's work, the transmitter! I'd even missed the detonation! Franti-

cally, I pawed at my wrist watch.

"It's okay, Mr. Mac!" Phelps soothed. "We've still got four minutes. The *Doane's* right ahead—"

I lay back in my own blood and bile, too weak to think. Even after we bumped hard, even after they lifted me out, I still couldn't think. The whole San Ito operation made no sense but for that damned transmitter. Later I got the truth about that.

Much later, near the close of the war, a captured Japanese document told how the considerate Nips peopled certain "watchtower" islands with sirens and a few bogus radiomen. Suicide squads, landbound Kamikazes, as it were. And we of the *Doane* had gotten Kamikazied good! Four of ten had not returned. In self-defense, Phelps' party had machine gunned the girl fanatics of the barracks. *Strictly in self defense*, and I'll swear to it! War is hell like the man said. I ought to know. I got a haircut from the prettiest geisha on San Ito. **END**



## I BOSS THE HIGHWAY TO HELL

(Continued from page 35)

San Francisco. Many find death.

It's probably one of the best engineered highways in all America. And maybe that's the trouble. The average motorist—even an occasional old-hand trucker—misjudges the dangerous sweeping curves. Its wide shoulders, four lanes, asphalt divider and smooth surface often lull the unwary into a false security. Somehow that grade doesn't look like the 7 per cent downhill run it is.

In the old days, before the expressway was blasted and dozed through the Tehachapi mountains, the road was tortuous, its reputation justly infamous.

I know. As a kid I wrestled plenty of trucks Frisco to LA, nursed them the 32-miles upgrade from Bakersfield to Tejon Pass, then nudged into gear for the 30-mile descent to Castaic, where the road finally leveled out.

Cresting at Violin Summit—that's where Five Mile begins—I was doubly cautious. In those days you drove scared... plenty scared. Maybe that's why there were fewer accidents, fewer mangled bodies along the Ridge Route than nowadays.

There's more traffic now, of course.

But proportionally, more accidents too. Trouble is, not enough of us drive scared.

I boss that deadly five miles . . . and the road both above and below it. Sometimes, pulling pieces of people out from under crushed cars, prying a mass of gore from beneath a truck's cab or picking up what once was living flesh, I get to wondering: can engineering, good as it is, ever second-guess human and mechanical failure?

When I hear them call Five Mile Grade the "most dangerous five miles in America," I'm even more convinced that it takes more than engineers, more than the dozen men we've got patrolling that grade, to turn our highways safe and sane.

It's times like that—when I tire trying to figure why people die on the Grade—that I look at the big wall map hanging in my office. Along that five miles of sudden death are bunched pins—a harrowing cluster of them.

Black-headed pins along the 40 miles from Castaic to Tejon Pass, most of them concentrated along Five Mile Grade, mark the 237 accidents in 1954 . . . the 290 smash-ups in 1955. But the shocker comes when you notice the striped-headed "fatal" pins: the 15 in 1954, and 12 in 1955, the 11 during the first six months of 1956. And for every one there's a saga of terror . . . of brakes afire . . . of motorists spinning out of control . . . of big-rigs screaming thru the night.

I stand there counting the pins. I shake my head and turn away shuddering. By all odds it should be one of the "safest" stretches of expressway in America . . . its four lanes divided by a four-foot wide barrier of asphalt . . . its shoulders hard and treadable . . . its lanes striped white and clear . . . a dozen warning signs telling truckers to use low gear, cautioning motorists to watch for slow-moving trucks. Yet *death* rules that segment of down-



grade. She rules with a deadly power. And when Death strikes, it strikes with terrible suddenness.

It was just before dawn, July 18, 1956, when a trucker, grinding up-grade, saw the lethal sweep of a warning spotlight. Ahead, hurtling thru the night, a big-rig was loose, like a savage beast running amuck.

The northbound trucker braked hard, pulled his rig to the shoulder. Stunned, hands tight on the wheel, he braced himself, a prayer on his lips, "Make it, buddy, make it!"

Then, like something out of a horror movie, the runaway was upon him. The onrushing monster loomed out of the night, its spotlight glaring, the rig all but outracing its own warning light, thundering downhill at more than 100 mph. Its driver—in those last lethal moments—had climbed from the cab and was perched on the running board, guiding his truck with one hand.

"He's not trying to save himself. He's not trying to make the curve!" the watching trucker gasped.

No, 29-year old Herbert Francis Hayes wasn't figuring to save himself ... only to get his rig off the highway, out of the way, before it turned killer.

The rig leaped the divider. Shuddering, it bounced twice. Then, in a shredding crescendo of steel and glass, it plowed over the bank, hurtling 324 feet below. With grinding impact, the load of 40,000 pounds of rolled copper cable crushed forward, pancaking the cab.

We worked two hours with torch and shovel getting what was left of Herbert. Hayes out of the mangled heap.

Hayes was the fourth trucker to die on the Grade in six months. But before another 20 days passed, there were to be two more ... and two more striped-headed pins on my wall chart.

For Hayes it had begun uptop the grade—on the 2594 foot ridge the map-makers call Violin Summit. The grisly saga was written up near the summit, there in the tire-chewed embankment where he'd tried to slacken his speed; it was spelled out in the raw-rubber skid mark near the grade's bottom; it was etched in the expressionless eyes of a half dozen witnesses, their senses still numb from shock.

Hayes had crested the summit and started down. Maybe he'd geared into low. Maybe he didn't. There wasn't enough left of the rig to tell. Suddenly, feeling his rig gaining speed, he'd booted the brakes. Sure, he knew the danger; he knew the odds, too. With 20 tons riding behind him he had maybe 260 seconds of braking, a scant 4 1/3 minutes before the drums heated up and expanded away from the internal shoes. And after that?

After that the pedal slammed the floorboards, his air pressure went, and his rig was picking up speed.

Frantically, he'd tried wheeling into the embankment—an old trucker's trick for slowing up or stopping in the

## This CTI Student Is Training at Home in Spare Time for a Big-Pay Job



As a CTI student, you build a complete, heavy-duty, commercial-type refrigeration high-side. You get all parts and tools without extra cost. You build (and keep) an air conditioner, freezer, refrigerator or milk cooler. Only CTI sends 23 big kits—brings Shop-Method training right into your home!

## Be a Success—Be Secure in AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION

**23**  
BIG KITS  
to build  
AIR CONDITIONER  
REFRIGERATOR  
FREEZER or  
MILK COOLER

Do you really want to be a success? Then get into air conditioning and refrigeration! This old, established industry offers security. Because it's growing bigger every day, thousands of new jobs must be filled. They offer good pay and steady work. Most set the stage for you to open a shop. Find out how you can train at home in spare time. Just fill out and mail coupon for two new books that give the facts. Both are free.



R. C. Anderson  
President

## You Learn by Practicing

You learn by practicing with kits we send. You not only assemble a refrigeration high-side (see photo above)—you also do 10 complete trouble-shooting and service jobs. You get experience.

### YOU GET MECHANIC'S TOOLS

Here are tools included in just one kit. You get other tools, tubing, much quality equipment. Tools develop your interest and skill, speed up training. No extra charge for tools and parts.



### YOU LEARN IN EASY STAGES

Another kit, which includes motor, fan, pulley, service tools. Kits are sent on a planned schedule to help you learn in easy stages. You keep all kits. Only CTI includes these kits with training.



## YOUR OPPORTUNITY FOR INDEPENDENCE

Are you ambitious to go into business and be your own boss? Add CTI training to your ambition, and you've got a good formula for success.

CTI graduates often open repair shops. Some become dealers and add to their incomes.



## INSTALL AUTO AIR CONDITIONERS



It is estimated that this year, close to 400,000 new cars will have air conditioners. Tens of thousands of older models are also in the market. Already the auto industry is seeking trained men for this exacting work. So get in on the ground floor. Mail coupon for the facts.

## CTI Helped These Men

CTI graduates say: "I got 3 raises and a bonus. Have my own home."—Daniel Stevens, Ohio. "Have a small shop. Am financially independent."—K. Sellman, Ala. "Am earning good wages. Find my work interesting."—A. W. Heindrich, Ill. You can do as well as these men!

**GET FACTS NOW—DECIDE LATER**

## Over 150,000,000 Units Need Service and Repair

This is why the air conditioning and refrigeration industry needs trained technicians so badly: Over 150 million units are in use today. Each year, some 3 million refrigerators, 1 million freezers, and 2 million air conditioners are produced. Yet, experts say the surface has hardly been scratched. It takes tens of thousands of trained men to keep commercial and home units in working order!

## You Earn Cash as You Train

CTI training is so practical that soon after starting, many students do repair work in spare time for profit. It's not unusual for students to have a going business by the time they graduate. Assembling CTI kits, doing real repair jobs, you learn fast. No need to waste years in low-pay apprenticeship! Remember, CTI is a pioneer in this type of practical training—the first to offer fine kits of parts and tools.



## Training You Can Trust

CTI home training was developed in our own resident shop—thoroughly tested in the field. CTI was the only civilian school to train men in refrigeration for the U.S. Army during WWII. That CTI is way-ahead in home instruction is proved by the practical training kits that we provide. You can't get better or more complete training!

## MAIL TODAY FOR 2 FREE BOOKS

**COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE**  
1400 Greenleaf Ave. Dept. R-336  
Chicago 26, Ill.

Mail me new SUCCESS BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON. No cost or obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_







# FREE!

**Special Limited Time Offer  
From the Movie Club Guild  
TO NEW MEMBERS**

**CHOICE  
OF...**

**8MM MELTON VIEWER PROJECTOR**  
Handles any 50 ft. 8MM Film. Gives  
bright clear pictures. Slow or stop motion.

**OR**  
Three sparkling 50 Ft. 8MM films,  
OR Two 100 Ft. 16 MM Films.

Enjoy the finest home movies obtainable — get a  
wonderful gift absolutely **FREE!** The Guild makes  
this amazing "Get Acquainted" offer to **PROVE** that our  
films are vastly superior to those offered by other "clubs".  
**ADULT FILMS** feature Hollywood's most beautiful young  
starlets and models in exotic dances... in amusing plot  
situations. **FAMILY** and **KIDDIS** Films provide whole-  
some entertainment. Send no money!

**Compare These Other Guild Advantages**

- 1 "Try Before You Buy" Plan. You buy only after  
you've SEEN film, and decide you want to KEEP  
them.
- 2 Revolutionary "Trade-In" Film Plan. Trade old  
Films for new, at one third usual cost.
- 3 Guaranteed Lowest Prices. Save up to 50%  
on New Film.

**LIMITED  
TIME OFFER! ACT NOW!**

Movie Club Guild,  
1031 Magnolia Park Station  
Burbank 48, California

Please rush **FREE GIFTS** & Member-  
ship details, without obligation.

- ☐ I do not have a projector.  
☐ I have an 8MM.  
☐ 16MM. Projector.  
I prefer: ☐ Adult ☐ Family Films.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

You Must be 21 to order Adult Films.

**CLIP & MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

## LEARN WHILE ASLEEP!



Learn languages, vocabulary, facts, figures;  
break habits; improve mind and body  
with new university-tested method.  
\$2.00 rushes 52-page fact-filled  
illustrated instruction book: **Sleep-  
Learning: Its Theory, Application &  
Technique, Guaranteed.**  
Sleep-Learning Research Association,  
P. O. Box 610 SA Omaha, Nebraska

## ENJOY Rollicking BEDSIDE FUN



**ONLY  
98¢**

Here's entertainment for open minds and  
ticklish spines. Here's lusty, merry recreation  
for unsqueamish men and women.  
Here's life with apologies to none. Col-  
lected, selected from the best there is, this  
zestful Primer is an eye-opener for the in-  
experienced; wisdom for designing; merri-  
ment for all. You'll find it a blueprint for  
uninhibited living, an ideal bedside  
companion.

### TEN DAY TRIAL OFFER!

PLAZA BOOK CO. Dept. P-336  
109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.  
Send **THE PLEASURE PRIMER**  
in plain wrapper on Money-Back Offer. If  
not delighted, I may return in 10 days and  
price will be refunded.  
☐ I enclose \$5. Send prepaid.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman 98¢ plus postage.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Canada & Foreign—\$1.25 with order

**10 DIFFERENT  
CAR VISOR  
SIGNS \$1.00**  
Ppd

Realistic, impressive parking permits give you special  
privileges. Official looking. Makes a wonderful gag.  
Official Size 4 1/2" x 1 1/2". Send \$1.00.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 6-J Box 61, Baldwin, N. Y.

## You Can Play Any Musical Instrument IN A FEW WEEKS

**SEND  
FOR  
FREE  
BOOK**

Thousands now "short cut" the  
old fashioned way of playing  
music and with our famous quick  
way learn to play piano, guitar  
or any musical instrument in a few weeks.  
Simple as ABC. No previous musical training  
necessary. If you can read—you can play. Write  
now for valuable **FREE BOOK. STAFF SCHOOL OF  
MUSIC, 444 BRADLEY BEACH, N. J. Dept. 23025**



### YES, 100 TOY SOLDIERS FOR \$1

To introduce our line of molded plastic toys, we'll  
ship you 100 Toy Soldiers for only \$1. This big  
colorful assortment includes 4 Riflemen, 8 Machine-  
gunners, 8 Sharpshooters, 4 Infantrymen, 8 Officers,  
8 Cannon, 4 Bazookamen, 4 Marksman, 4 Tanks, 4  
Trucks, 4 Jeeps, 4 Battleships, 4 Cruisers, 4 Sallers,  
8 WAVES, 8 WACS, 4 Bombers and 8 Jet Planes.  
Each toy is completely assembled, designed to scale,  
and measures up to 4 1/2". Order several sets NOW!  
your kiddies will love them. Send \$1.00 plus 25¢  
for postage and handling for each set of 100 toys to:  
**MODERN TOY CO., DEPT. DB-2  
7015 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, California**

pinches. A front tire scraping along  
an embankment will often stop a heavy  
rig. Often—but not this time. He was  
going too fast. The rig slowed. But it  
didn't stop. At that instant—a split sec-  
ond before eternity—Hayes could have  
jumped; he could have turned loose  
the speeding monster and saved him-  
self. Other truckers before him on Five  
Mile had jumped free of their cabs,  
given their rigs free rein. But not  
Hayes. He chose to ride her out, to  
stick with her rather than to let her  
run wild.

He snapped on his spotlight, washed  
its beam across the road. A trucker,  
snailing downgrade just ahead, caught  
the warning in his mirror, pulled to the  
shoulder, gasped as the big rig roared  
by at an estimated 90 mph.

Just north of the curve, Hayes was  
making better than 100 mph. He might  
have tried snaking around that S curve.  
But what would have stopped him  
even if he did get clear? Ahead, Hayes  
knew, lay the little town of Castaic. So  
he stuck, rode her out... rode her  
clear to eternity.

We'd scarcely got that wreck cleared  
away (and put out the fire kindled by  
its exploding fuel tank), when the re-  
port came in that there was another  
runaway. Death harvests in season  
along the Grade. Maybe a month goes  
by with nothing more serious than a  
couple of cars slipping into a ravine,  
or a motorist plowing at 60 mph into  
a slow-moving load of steel pipe. Then  
all of a sudden, a half dozen rigs break  
loose.

It was nine days later that Leland  
James Stone, a 58-year-old trucker  
from Modesto, spilled his load of lum-  
ber—and himself—across the highway.  
He lost his air atop the grade. Roaring  
down at close to 95 mph, he kicked  
open the cab's door and huddled there  
on the running board. Just as his rig  
swerved crazily and headed across the  
divider—straight-aimed at an upcom-  
ing truck—he leaped.

Arms flailing, legs spread, he  
slammed across the highway... and  
was crushed beneath the northbound-  
er's drive wheels.

The other driver wasn't even aware  
his rig had killed a fellow trucker.

"I saw this thing in the air," he told  
one of my patrolmen later. "I thought  
it was a cardboard box that fell off a  
truck."

We hauled the busted rig out of a  
50-foot arroyo. It was a total loss. But  
not as bad as some I've seen. Couple  
years ago a rig broke up on the Grade,  
its chassis so mangled there wasn't a  
piece of that 30-ton monster big enough  
to put into a fair-sized suitcase.

Worse, I suppose, was the accident  
we had back during World War II. I  
wasn't bossing the summit then. But  
Sgt. Rex Servoss had a hand in it.  
That's one accident he doesn't like to  
remember. And you can't blame him.  
Doesn't matter how long you've been  
patrolling the highway, the gory ones  
leave you sick, wishing there was some-  
one else you could call to clean up the  
mess. But when you're on the Patrol,



it's up to you to handle the dirty jobs, the ones that send you home sick to your stomach . . . sick and tired from trying to shut the mess out of your mind.

The date was July, 1944, toward the end of the war. The Grade wasn't clean-curved and wide-shouldered like it is now. But it was still a good road . . . if you drove it carefully—like you were scared of it.

We'd got the report by radio. Three men in a Ford convertible were slamming downgrade, weaving cross lane. Apparently they were drunk. They bore down upon Castaic at better than 90 mph. Right in front of the Post Office they slammed into an upcoming car. Five people were riding in that car. Close as we could figure, they were coming up at about 40 mph. But when they hit—head-on—the impact was equivalent to 130 mph.

Sgt. Servoss still remembers racing toward the scene, when all at once another officer, already at the crash, gasped into the radio, *What a mess! . . . What a mess!*

A bolt, sheared off one of the cars, shot 40 feet, and slammed hard as a bullet through the Post Office window. And those unlucky eight? They were gelatin—nothing but a congealing pile of gore. There wasn't a bone left in any of them longer than your little finger. There have been other mass "fatals" along the Grade, but none as life-consuming as that. None that took eight lives in one shuddering instant of impact.

As I say, Death harvests in season. Ten days after Stone bailed out of his rig and under the wheels of that up-grading truck, a produce driver was found sprawled dead along the Grade.

The alert, as I remember, came in sometime toward midnight. That's when most rigs are on the Grade . . . especially the produce haulers. They load up in the San Joaquin valley toward evening, then head south for Los Angeles, figuring to make the produce market a few hours after midnight.

There weren't any witnesses to this one. Witnesses weren't really necessary. What happened was obvious enough.

The produce hauler had braked his rig seven miles north of Castaic, had climbed down to check his wheels. He'd pulled his hand brake . . . but he didn't set it tight enough. He crawled under the rig, was inspecting the drive-wheel drums, when the monster lurched . . . and started rolling. Those big tires, like a couple of rubberized tampers, mashed over him. That was another one my boys try to forget.

Far as we were concerned, 1956 started all wrong. The new year wasn't 48 hours old when we had our first bad one. It proved what I've always said—that old-hands can slip-up, too. Of course, it's the "first-time-over" guys—truckers and motorists alike—who most often get caught up in trouble. The Ridge Route, they say, is a "fatigue highway". A family, tired after vacationing, figure they're all but

in LA when they crest the Ridge. They're tired . . . groggy. And maybe they're driving at night. Or, take the truckers. It may take a heavy rig three hours to labor up the 32-miles upgrade from Bakersfield, in the San Joaquin valley. Elevation at Bakersfield is 421 feet. Atop Tejon Pass—the highest point along the Ridge Route—it's 4239 feet. It's a long climb, and for the most part, steep, though no steeper than sections of Five Mile.

Cresting Tejon, the truckers grind into low and start down. Actually, the grade roller-coasters. It descends in a series of lesser summits. Just above Violin Summit, truckers climb up Whit-taker hill . . . up to 2950 feet. Then they hit the Violin. Another five miles and they figure to be practically out of the mountains.

Maybe that's why they grow careless. Or, maybe it's because, having come that far, they're tired and blurry-eyed from staring into the oncoming headlights.

Fatigue saps their alertness; it puts them off guard. That's when, barreling down Five Mile, they plow into slower-moving trucks, tangle with an impatient car or plunge over the divider, shredding through the upbound lanes. With motorists, particularly the out-of-staters, it's almost always a matter of too much speed. They simply drive off the highway. Misjudge—and then go sailing end-over-end into space. Or they slam into a slow-going truck. Or maybe lose control and grind into a 30-ton monster coming from the other direction. We chalk accidents like that up to "driver error". But on my wall-board we don't discriminate. "Driver error" or "mechanical failure", it's all the same. Both are "fatal"—and I mark their final resting places with another striped-headed pin.

Take the last twelve runaway rigs. Eight were lumber trucks. And, while you can't draw any hard and fast conclusions from a guy's cargo, most lumber rigs are either from upstate or from out-of-state. Usually from Oregon. Their drivers? Many are "first-timers", hauling their first heavyweight load over the Ridge.

But like I was saying, 1956 started all wrong. It was along toward 8 p.m., January 2nd, when 26-year-old Albert Dale Neil, his two-axle semi-tractor pulling a trailer loaded with lumber, topped Violin summit . . . and started down. Riding with Neil was his wife, Marilyn. She was pregnant.

The emergency call came in at 8:55. By the time the patrols were at the scene, three were dead, two cars were strewn along the Grade, one of them burning, and the Neils' runaway rig had ground to a stop nearly 5 miles south of Castaic.

Neil had lost his brakes, he said, coming downgrade. For something like 10 murderous miles, he'd fought to hold the road, while his wife cringed beside him and his rig roared through Castaic. But it was rounding that S curve that Neil's rig hit the others—lashed first into a Buick and then into

Now the brightest gem ever seen by man—a major triumph of scientific research! Described in Reader's Digest and other national magazines.



MORE BRILLIANT THAN DIAMONDS .  
YET ONLY 1/30TH THE COST!

You can own a fabulous, brilliant ADURA GEM for only 1/30th the cost of a genuine diamond. Cut with 58 facets, polished by skilled hands, ADURA GEMS have a higher light refraction than diamonds. But compare the price! A perfect one-carat diamond, about \$1,000. A comparable one-carat ADURA GEM unset, only \$24, including Federal Tax. Every ADURA GEM is registered.

Can be bought on small easy payments.  
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.  
Send no money . . . Mail Today!

ADURA GEMS, Dept. B-3,  
P. O. Box 5210, Philadelphia 26, Penna.

Please send me ADURA GEM facts now. No obligation. I will receive big folder illustrating beautiful settings for women and men with prices and handy ring-sized card.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## STOP TOBACCO



Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909  
THE NEWELL COMPANY  
527 Brantwood St., St. Louis 17, Mo.

## JOBS ON SHIPS



MEN WANTED (16-65)  
HIGH PAY. Earn while you Travel to foreign lands.  
Experience not required.  
Choice jobs: merchants, yachts, luxury liners, freighters, etc. Adventure!

Write for FREE information.  
WORLD-WIDE SEAMEN'S SERVICE  
309 W. 42 St., New York 36, N.Y.

## NERVOUS

My name is John Winters and "nerves" made my life miserable—that simple, every-day kind of nervousness which can cause such untold anguish. So compare my suffering with yours and be prepared to hear the happiest news in years—for both women and men. I was jumpy, jittery, irritable, couldn't sleep, almost frantic at times. No one seemed to understand I was growing older, full of fears and anxieties about my job, family affairs, health. I read books on how to conquer "nerves". I took vitamins, tonics, even powerful sedatives which I hated. Then one day a famous doctor told me about the new discovery of a remarkable "safety factor", now compounded in a formula of highly approved medical value for both men and women. This new medicine calms and tranquilizes the nerves and is never habit-forming. I am so happy I want everyone who suffers to know about this wonderful way to help you feel calm all day, sleep well at night—to feel free from the fear of "nerves". But the story is too long to tell here. Please send your name and address and I'll send you the most welcome news in years. John Winters, 313 East 53rd St., Apt 3705 N. Y. 22, N. Y.

## FREE! GUNFIGHTERS BOOK!

A GALLERY OF WESTERN BADMEN is a factual book on James, Wyatt Earp, Blaine, the Kid, Halldor, Hickok—21 notorious gunfighters in all! THERE ARE 24 AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPHS!

SPECIAL! For a limited time, with every \$3.00 subscription to TRUE WEST (12 issues) this book goes as a premium—absolutely FREE!

TRUE WEST is a magazine crammed full of TRUE Old West articles on badmen, lost mines, buried treasures, range wars, Indian fights, outlaws, ghost towns, trail drives, gold rush, cowboys and ranch life—THE WAY IT REALLY WAS! Men, you ought to see these AUTHENTIC OLD PHOTOS!

URGENT! This is a double-barreled, get-acquainted offer. Act now while the iron's hot! Send \$3.00 to TRUE WEST, Box 6000-SG Austin 31, Texas





# SCANDALOUS CONFESSION

ONLY  
98¢



Scandalous confession rocked the marriage bed! A second husband, he was jealous of his predecessor and wanted to know what was none of his business. She, poor thing, desired only to please, and so made a natural mistake. . . . You must read this story for one of the intimate and exciting revelations in **MARRIAGE MISCHIEF**.

**SINGLE OR MARRIED**, you'll go for this saucy "undress" view of bride and groom. **MARRIAGE MISCHIEF** is brand new, devilishly indiscreet, with original full page cartoons. Featuring: What Every Bride Should Know . . . Counsel for the Bewildered Groom . . . The Wedding Daze . . . The Bachelor Dinner . . . Hazards of the First Night . . . Honeymoons, Conventional and Otherwise . . . From Smoker to Bedroom . . . The Truth About Trousseaux . . . And many more provoking topics to keep you gagging. An ideal wedding or anniversary gift.

**TRY MARRIAGE MISCHIEF 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Money back if not satisfied. C.O.D. pay postman 98¢ plus postage. If you send 98¢, we pay postage.

PLAZA BOOK CO. DEPT. A726  
109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

## A Way WITH Women



They seek you out, they come tearing down your doors, they won't let you go! They are yours, **YOURS ALONE**. In these confidential books you'll find ancient love magic and modern techniques . . . Don Juan and the Man-About-Town . . . And ways to make the male personality more potent and irresistible!

It's a double secret - Intimate Romance and social strategy. That's why **YOURS ALONE** offers in 2 complete books an *Art of Love* and a *Way of the World*. Single, engaged or married, you'll be thrilled with your new power. It's so easy when you know how! Only \$2. Money-back guarantee.

PLAZA BOOK CO., Dept. DT216  
109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

Send **YOURS ALONE** in plain wrapper. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days for refund.

☐ I enclose \$2. You pay all postage.

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$2 plus postal charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Canada & Foreign—\$2.50 with order

a Chevy hard-top convertible. The trailer tore loose, overturned in the northbound lane, scattering tons of 2x4's all along the highway. The Chevy's driver was pinned inside his car, smashed back into the seat by the engine. The sizzling thing was in his lap. The Buick's driver sprawled dead along the Grade's shoulder. His passenger lay nearby—just as lifeless. We put out the Buick's fire (its gas tank had exploded). Then we started picking up the corpses . . . what there was left of them.

Officially three had died . . . and that's how my pins landed it on the office "morgue board". Actually, the tragedy had a sequel. The father of one of the dead men ran amuck in his grief, shot himself and his wife.

Sometimes, of course, one of my patrol cars is up there when a rig runs away. More than once my guys have had to run escort for a brakeless truck. It's a pretty harrowing business, streaking just ahead of a monster rig, siren blowing, red light flashing—and hopping. Hoping the rig won't outrun you.

Once, back during the war, a flat-bed loaded with aircraft propellers shook itself loose and roared for Castaic. Ahead raced a California Highway Patrol car. Our car was doing its best—112 by the speedometer, when the hell-bent rig passed it. What was left of that trucker, you could have put in a coffee can.

But things are changing along Five Mile Grade. The Highway Department has just finished dozing a big level parking lot big enough for 50 rigs at the top of the summit. Now truckers can stop on the level to test their brakes and wheels and give the drums time to cool. And two-thirds of the way down, they've built an escape ramp. It's 1000-ft. long and steeply inclined at the end. There's a wide lead-in—*real* wide and gentle enough so a runaway can turn into the ramp. That escapeway, with its steep rising, loaded with loose sand, will stop anything on wheels. Even when it's a monster 30-tonner roaring downgrade at better than 100 mph.

I'm hopeful of course, that I can finally quit sticking striped-headed "fatal" pins into that morgue-board of mine. But you grow skeptical, bossing "America's most dangerous five miles." Engineered curves and treadable shoulders didn't slacken the massacre along Five Mile Grade. Neither did that wide swath of asphalt divider.

Every time I pick up a shovelful of gore, or sort through a sodden mess of meat that was once human and alive, I get to wondering. I keep asking myself if engineering—great as it is—can ever second-guess human and mechanical failure. Can it ever turn our highways safe and sane? Looks like we'll just have to wait and see. **END**



## SIXTEEN AGAINST THE SEA

(Continued from page 19)

*swamped broadside! Get on the oars!"*

Jones pulled on his oar, his back feeling like it was breaking. Davies, the storekeeper, Fletcher, the bo'sun, Roy Housden, the cadet, McNeil and McLennan, the small-boat sailors from the Hebrides, Porter, the steward, Jameson, the mess-room boy, Oswald Preston, Chief Engineer Pollard, all of the men strained on their oars, fighting the sea. Even John Boyle, his life seeping away in the blood deep inside of his body where it could not be seen, forced himself to pull hard on his oar.

These were men ready to fight the sea on its own terms.

For twenty-four hours the men in the lifeboat had been exposed to heavy seas and icy rain. Mr. Willey, the 3rd Engineer, who had lost his

shoes in the scramble into the lifeboat, lay in the bottom of the boat. His feet had started to turn black. Freezing had set in and there were ice crystals under his skin.

Now Willey pulled himself up, rested his chin on the gunwale, and stared out at the horizon. He let out a weak cry, and pointed. There was a ship in the water, to the windward, a tanker, smoke billowing amidships and aft.

New hope surged through the men in the lifeboat. If only they could reach the tanker before she passed out of sight. There was a chance of being picked up.

Hawkins rapped out a command. The men bent to the oars, forcing their stiffened, screaming muscles to work. It took four hours of back-breaking labor to bring the lifeboat within hailing distance of the tanker. The men shipped their oars and stared. The smoking tanker floated in a lake of oil, a ghost ship, abandoned by her crew.

"That's *our* baby," growled Fletcher, his voice almost breaking with despair. "The *San Demetrio*. No mistake. She's got the red lead on her masts and funnels for the prettying up job we been doing for the home-coming."

The hearts of the men in that lifeboat were heavy with futility. For the burning tanker they had fought to reach was the *San Demetrio*, the very ship they had been ordered to abandon some 24 hours before . . .



**Yes!...  
Take it FREE!**

Mathematics  
**MADE  
SIMPLE**

Shown Much  
Smaller Than  
Actual Size!

# Mathematics Made Simple

# FREE

TO INTRODUCE  
YOU TO A  
NEW DISCOVERY  
IN HOME  
EDUCATION

Fill the Gaps in Your Family's  
Education With This Amazing

## MADE SIMPLE Self-Teaching Program

Covering the following subjects:

|                  |                         |                     |                  |
|------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Mathematics      | Everyday Law            | Word Mastery        | Art Appreciation |
| English          | Spanish                 | The Art of Speaking | Philosophy       |
| Chemistry        | French                  | The Art of Writing  | Astronomy        |
| Physics          | Psychology              | World Literature    | Chess            |
| Biology          | Business Letter Writing | World History       | Contract Bridge  |
| American History | Bookkeeping             | Music Appreciation  |                  |

### All You Want to Know About Mathematics... In Clear, USABLE FORM!

Do you wish you could use arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry to save time and money... to win job promotions and good grades? Do you wish you could handle a slide rule or solve problems in business math quickly and easily? Do you and your family want to KNOW more about MATHEMATICS because it is the basic cornerstone of modern civilization?

If you answer "yes," this handsome volume is what you're looking for. MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE can be worth hundreds of dollars to you this year alone. But it's yours FREE if you act at once. The fascinating contents include:

- "HIGH SPEED" ARITHMETIC. 3 ways to add faster. How to figure profit, loss, interest, percentage, taxes. Short cuts with decimals. Quick multiplication and division methods. Fractions, square roots, etc.
- GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY. Axioms and theorems made simple. How to

figure angles, volume, areas. What surveyors do. Longitude and latitude. Sines, cosines, tangents. How logarithms simplify multiplication. Measuring very large or distant objects. Tables of logs and angle functions.

- ALGEBRA. Principles of Algebra. How equations help solve everyday problems quickly. Ratio and proportion. Positive and negative numbers. How to use a slide rule. Square and cube roots, simultaneous equations, etc.
- OTHER PRACTICAL PROBLEMS. Constructing graphs, charts, blueprints, etc. Weights and measures. English money. Board feet. Solve "home handyman" problems. Bushel, cord, metric measure. Calculate acreage, etc.

PLUS hundreds of other topics. There's no confusing language, no complicated diagrams and charts. Anybody can understand the MADE SIMPLE method. To introduce this wonderful new plan, we offer this big book MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE absolutely FREE. Simply mail coupon now!

HERE'S YOUR chance to discover the famous, proven MADE SIMPLE method and get this richly-bound volume, MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE absolutely free!

This big, handsome book is part of a new, practical, self-teaching program that offers you and your family a chance to master important up-to-date subjects we use in business, conversation and reading. Your children will find this program invaluable in doing their homework and getting higher grades. WRITING, SPEAKING, PSYCHOLOGY, LAW, LITERATURE, HISTORY, MATHEMATICS, BOOKKEEPING, WORD POWER... these are only some of the useful, profitable subjects necessary for advancement on the job and socially... the Made Simple self-teaching method makes a part of you... in as little as 15 minutes a day!

### NO MONEY TO SEND! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Make Simple Books, Dept. M-313  
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE absolutely FREE. At the same time, send, on approval, the next Self-Teaching volume, ENGLISH MADE SIMPLE. After 7 days examination, if I decide to keep this book, I will pay only the subscriber's special low price of \$1.98 plus a few cents postage and handling.

I will be entitled to receive each following deluxe volume of the Made Simple Self-Teaching Program when ready (2 volumes a month will be released) at the same low price, sending no money in advance.

I may return or will pay for any book within 7 days after receiving it. I may cancel my reservation after buying one, two, or as many books as I please and you agree to send me no further volumes after you receive my cancellation. In any case, MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE is mine to keep — ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Here's How These New Richly-Bound Made Simple Volumes Use Everyday Situations to Teach Science, Business, Cultural and School Subjects — Assure Complete Mastery for Faster Job Advancement, Better School Grades... Richer, Fuller Living — in 15 Minutes a Day!

You Learn When You Want — Like Having College Instructors in Your Own Home... For Only Pennies a Day!

The MADE SIMPLE method teaches you easily and naturally—in a practical, useful manner and not by memorizing lists and rules. Instead of the confused explanations that clutter up most books, MADE SIMPLE uses clear, everyday language that everybody can understand. The "handpicked" expert authors include lawyers, C.P.A.'s, Associate and-Full Professors of leading colleges, instructors from Princeton, De Paul, City College of New York, Rutgers and many others.

Best of all, you never have to buy any materials or extra books or outlines to round out your courses. Each MADE SIMPLE volume is complete in itself. They start from the beginning, assume no previous knowledge of the material and lead you quickly and carefully through every phase of the subject.

Complete Explanations, Simple Illustrations  
Make Every Point Clear—No Previous Knowledge of the Subject Required

Let's look at one of the books and see how the MADE SIMPLE method makes every point absolutely clear by using simple, everyday illustrations and examples.

In PHYSICS MADE SIMPLE, in the section on air pressure, you see this experiment which you can do right now in your own home. "Hold one edge of a piece of letter paper against your chin just below your lower lip, with the paper hanging over and down. If you now blow above the paper, it will rise to a horizontal position as if pulled upward in the air stream." By using only a piece of paper, you have performed an experiment that demonstrates the important principles involved in

flight and streamlining.

It's as easy as that! In other books, you would first "plough through" Bernoulli's Law, Boyle's Law and other technical terms. Here, however, you read a simple explanation, do an interesting experiment and then learn the required technical terms. As a result they will mean something to you. That's why the MADE SIMPLE method has worked for thousands of people who needed more help than you may think you do. You would expect to pay three to four dollars apiece for these 8 1/2 x 11 3/4-inch beautifully bound, richly stamped library volumes. But if you take advantage of this amazing FREE offer, you pay only \$1.98 per volume. You can stop whenever you want. Meanwhile you are building a permanent reference set for your home — a handsome educational "tool" the whole family will use again and again.

See for yourself without risk. Send for your FREE book, MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE... today!

### NOW READY! ENGLISH MADE SIMPLE

With your FREE book, you will also receive another handsome, matched library volume, ENGLISH MADE SIMPLE for FREE examination. This is a valuable, practical "course" shows you how to write and speak clear, expressive English. You learn how to punctuate sentences correctly; how to build a better vocabulary; how to write effective personal and business letters. Here's a rich treasury of useful and profitable guides to good English usage!





# HOW BLACK BEAUTY<sup>®</sup> turns an also-ran into VIDEO VIC!



## BECOME AN ALL-ROUND WINNER!

Win Friends—Gain Popularity—Be A Success  
Let Mighty JOE BONOMO Show You How

Why grope in the dark always wishing? Why let other guys run off with the best of everything? Specially when you can be the most popular fellow in your class. Just let mighty Joe Bonomo and Black Beauty show you how easy it is. Think of it! You may become a *Leader-Winner-Athlete*... "tops" in popularity.

**Scientific? And how! Just wait and see!** Joe Bonomo's big action-packed Cable Course is loaded with dynamite... 96 complete pages that tell you how... hundreds of photos, diagrams and charts that show you how. Your "Black Beauty" 3-Cable Exerciser (given to you FREE) is designed by Joe Bonomo himself... the world's strongman and "hercules-of-the-screen." You can be sure of the best. But, don't wait! Act right away!

**FREE**

3 CABLE  
**'BLACK BEAUTY'**  
EXERCISER

Mail 14 days  
with every course

USE PHOTO-  
INSTRUCTION  
METHOD

SENT FREE  
WITH EVERY COURSE

**Stop Dreaming!**

If you want to be some-  
body, get into action.  
Strongmen think fast—act  
fast! Get going—NOW—  
IMMEDIATELY!

**Free SMCA Member-  
ship Card**

FREE membership in the  
Strongmen's Club of America  
also included to those  
who act right away!

**COMPLETE  
CABLE COURSE**

**\$2.98**

Only **\$2.98** including  
**'BLACK BEAUTY'**  
3 CABLE EXERCISER  
(Worth 3.95 alone)

**MONEY BACK  
GUARANTEE**

### ACT NOW FOR FREE OFFER

Strongmen's Club of America

Joe Bonomo, Director  
1841 Broadway, Dept. SMG  
New York 23, N. Y.

MAIL THIS  
SPECIAL ORDER

Okay, Joel! Rush me your famous 96 page Cable Course and include FREE your "Black Beauty" 3-Cable Exerciser plus membership in the SMCA—no dues, no fees. If I am not 100% satisfied, in any way, I can return within 30 days for full refund.

☐ I enclose \$2.98 in full. ☐ Ship C.O.D. for \$2.98 plus postage.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Name..... Age.....

Address..... Weight.....

City..... Zone..... State..... Height.....

FOREIGN & APO's (Except Canada) \$3.95  
with payment in full.

*M.V. San Demetrio*, a flush-decked oil tanker, had cleared out of Aruba in the Dutch West Indies on October 28, 1940, after taking on a load of 11,000 tons of gasoline badly needed for the Battle of Britain. At Halifax, the tanker joined up with Convoy HX84, thirty-eight cargo ships and tankers, crossing the Atlantic under the protection of *H.M.S. Jervis Bay*, an armed merchant liner.

On November 5, 1940, as darkness fell, the top mast of a fighting vessel appeared on the horizon. It was the pocket battleship, the *Admiral Von Scheer*. The German raider used its superior long range fire power to blast the convoy while it sat out of range of the convoy's small cannon.

The convoy scattered, dropped smoke pots into the sea, and took evasive action. The raider fired star shells to light up its target area. Then the moon came up, and the convoy was caught between the moon and the pocket battleship, silhouetted like so many sitting ducks.

The *Jervis Bay*, heavily outgunned and outarmored, knowing it was going to certain destruction, turned and charged the raider, buying time for the convoy with its own life.

Hit amidships, burning furiously, the gallant ship plowed through the German shells until it had closed enough for its own smaller cannon to reach the raider. Then the *Jervis Bay* got off one salvo from all its remaining operating guns, broke up, and went down.

The *Scheer* turned its attention back to the convoy ships, blasted the flagship, the *S.S. Cornish City*, then the *Rangitiki*, and then turned a rain of hell on the *San Demetrio*.

The first two salvos straddled the tanker. The tanker returned the fire with its lone and puny 4.7 inch cannon, but its shells fell into the sea, far short of the mark.

The third salvo holed the tanker in the port bow and badly damaged her amidships. The killer ship had the range. Flames ran wild above the highly explosive 11,000 tons of gas stored on the tanker.

Quickly, the order was given to abandon ship and three lifeboats were lowered. The fourth, port amidships, was carried away, and seven men scrambled across the deck, fleeing the tanker before she blew them to eternity. Their goal was the starboard boat amidships, commanded by the 2nd Officer, A. G. Hawkins, and that boat was about to pull away from the ship.

"Wait!" one of the men screamed out. "Hawkins, wait for us!"

The lifeboat bounced up and down in a heavy sea, slamming up against the ship's plates, the scraping of metal against metal shooting out sparks, any one of which could touch off the gasoline fumes.

In the lifeboat, nine men looked up to see their buddies swarming over the gunwale, sliding down ropes, climbing down the Jacob's ladder.

Overhead, the German star shells were bursting, illuminating the figures against the black sky. Shells landed on the ship with each salvo, exploding, sending hot metal screaming through the air.

John Davies, ship's storekeeper, in his fifties, greying, and on the heavy side, had come down the ladder as far as his strength could take him. He had to chance it. He turned his body in the air and leaped out into space. He landed on his chest with a sickening thud. Later they found out he had broken his ribs against the sharp edge of a seat.

Chief Engineer Charles Pollard, a huge man, in his fifties, held onto the Jacob's ladder and felt the ship roll out from under him. He hung on in space for a moment, felt himself swinging back, smashed up against the plates, the finger of one hand mashed between a step of the ladder and the ship.

John Boyle came down the side of the ship on a rope. He couldn't brake his descent. The rough edges of the rope began to strip the skin from his fingers. He had to let go. He hit the lifeboat on the edge, the gunwale digging into his middle. Twisted with pain, he took his seat at one of the oars in front of young Jones.

The men rowed into the darkness, dodging the red hot tracer bullets the raider was skipping on the surface of the sea. Any one of the tracers might ignite the gas and oil that had spilled into the sea from the holed storage tanks of the ship.

A last look at the tanker saw her midships and poop go up in a roaring mass of flame. Then a strong gale and heavy rain fell, blocking the ship from view.

Twenty-four hours later, the lifeboat, commanded by 2nd Officer, A. G. Hawkins, hove to on the outskirts of a blazing circle of oil. In the center of the circle was the flaming tanker with no crew aboard.

The men rowed out of the path of the tanker as she drifted down on them, passing astern. They rested on their oars, and stared at the ship, facing a terrible decision. They could board the burning *San Demetrio*, attempt to make her seaworthy, and chance certain and instantaneous death if the tanker blew into what might be the most spectacular of funeral pyres. Or they could stick with the lifeboat and accept a slow torturous death from thirst and starvation.

As night fell, the men made their decision—head for the tanker. With the coming of darkness, boarding of the ship had become too dangerous. They lay to, and waited out the long night.

Dawn revealed that the tanker had drifted off. The men broke out the sails, chased the big ship, and drew up with her at noon, passed astern, and came up on the leeward side.

Then the lifeboat breached the flaming circle of oil around the ship. There could be no turning back now.





Yes, it is true! Both of these young men were once bald. The small pictures above show exactly how they looked shortly after the time they began use of the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage. They had been completely bald.

Doctor after doctor had examined their scalps and made suggestions, only to sadly admit defeat when no results came.

Then they began using the Brandenfels System—and look at their hair now! The results speak for themselves, and the young men's persistency.

Here is visual evidence to back up medical research that even on bald heads, or on partially bald scalps, the hair roots may still be alive!



"It was thrilling and gratifying to see my hair grow back (as is shown by my pictures) as I used the Brandenfels System." O.B.

"Fine hair filled in where it had been sparse. Just to have stopped losing hair and to have even a little more is wonderful." D.N.

#### Take Hope for New Hair!

If you are bald, or losing your hair, take hope! We repeat—beneath the surface of the scalp the roots may still be alive!

From every state in the Union and all over the free world have come 20,954 reports (CPA audit) telling of these benefits from the Brandenfels System:

**RENEWED HAIR GROWTH  
LESS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR  
RELIEF FROM DANDRUFF SCALE  
IMPROVED SCALP HEALTH**

The Brandenfels applications and massage are used in the privacy of your own home, without expensive office calls. They are pleasant and easy to apply.

It is proved with the 20,954 audited testimonials, as well as with medical evidence, that the Brandenfels plan helps bring about a more healthy condition of

the scalp which in many cases aids nature grow new hair.

#### Real Prospect for Success

The Brandenfels formulas and unique pressure massage are not "magic" but they do offer a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial portion of cases. While results may vary with individuals (as with any remedy), this is because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions.

You owe it to yourself...to your business acquaintances...and to your family, to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial. The formulas have a "clean" aroma and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands.

#### Order Before It's Too Late

If you, or anyone in your family, are losing hair rapidly, or have already become bald, SEND TODAY for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications with full directions and complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use and follow the special massage method.

This five-week supply costs \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage, mailing). For U.S. or APO or FPO air shipments add \$2 (total \$20). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

Every day you wait may make your problem more difficult. Act now!

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

#### Let's Really Get Straight About Scalp Remedies!

Statements in this ad are more than mere words—they are the verbatim and interpreted testimonials of users with practically every type of scalp trouble!

Most scalp applications are bactericidal—they kill bacteria outright. By this very fact they're so strong they may be hurtful to tissues. Brandenfels formulas, on the other hand, are bacteriostatic—they slow up bacterial growth until finally the micro-organisms starve—without injury to tender skin.

For 10 years the Brandenfels Home System has been bringing benefits. No one else we know of can point to such a record!

No one else shows untouched before and after pictures. Carl Brandenfels does!

No one else cites bona fide medical proof of efficacy.

References: U. S. National Bank, Bank of St. Helens, Chamber of Commerce—all of St. Helens, Ore.



**CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon:** Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- ☐ I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship ppd.  
☐ I enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).  
☐ C.O.D. — I agree to pay postman the \$18.00 plus postal charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid. C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postage regulations).

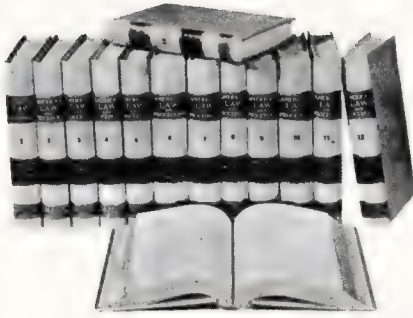
SMG-67

**IMPORTANT**

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

- ☐ Excessively Falling Hair  
☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp  
☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale  
☐ Alopecia





## LAW TRAINING

### FOR BUSINESS

(In spare time at home)

### Earn LL.B. Degree

Thousands of men and women who never intend to practice Law are studying it in spare time at home as an aid to business advancement.

Today Law is involved in practically every business decision. In many lines of work it is almost indispensable. Law training develops keen, clear, quick, correct and decisive thinking.

You can study LaSalle's American Law and Procedure right in the privacy of your own home—progressing as rapidly as your time and ability permit. For nearly 50 years we have helped over 1,350,000 ambitious people get ahead in the business world.

### A MOST UNUSUAL LAW LIBRARY

This training includes the 14-volume LaSalle Law Library—AMERICAN LAW AND PROCEDURE—that is the basis of all our instruction service. This library has been compiled by leaders in the field of Law. It covers the whole field in an orderly and simple manner that is easy to learn and understand. Collateral reading and printed lectures, furnished at regular intervals, supplement the texts. Law instructors personally supervise your program. Under the LaSalle method you learn by actually solving legal problems—not just memorizing rules.

### WRITE FOR TWO FREE BOOKS

Send the coupon below TODAY and find out how you can qualify for the many fine openings available to the law-trained man. In our FREE books "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" you will find answers to your questions about the study of Law and the LaSalle method.

### —MAIL COUPON TODAY—

### LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

#### A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn St. Dept. 61071 Chicago 5, ILL.

Please send me, FREE, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

What was left of a Jacob's ladder hung down the side of the ship. The men rowed for it and broke out blankets, covering the side of the lifeboat, so that no sparks would be struck when the steel boat hit up against the tanker's plates. The painter was made fast to the Jacob's ladder and the boarding began.

First man up the ladder was Hawkins. Following him was Pollard, who innocently provided the humor for what had been a dreary, soul-destroying two days. Half way up the ladder, the plump engineer's trousers split in two, laying bare his backside, and giving those below in the lifeboat what amounted to a fish's eye view of the chief's behind. A rousing cheer followed the chief engineer up the ladder and to the deck.

With the men on board, Hawkins and Pollard inspected the ship. The deck was covered with broken pipes. The deck plates were red hot and had buckled in spots like cardboard. Gasoline flowed freely out of the ruptured tanks. The bridge and wheelhouse were gone. The bow was holed and taking water. All amidships was gutted by fire. The navigation bridge had been demolished by a direct hit. Wireless, compasses, steering gear, charts, signalling flags were all gone. The collision bulkhead was pierced by shell splinters; the forehold was flooded; all pipelines, steam lines, exhaust lines, deck fittings were holed or twisted out of line by the heat of the fires.

Three to four feet of water sloshed around the engine room. Fuel units were under water. Undamaged, although wet, were the lubricating and water cooling systems and the main engines.

Pollard and Hawkins decided to go ahead with the attempt to make the tanker seaworthy. They didn't know it, but right then, the choice was no longer theirs. The lifeboat had broken adrift and disappeared. The men were stuck with the tanker, to live or die with her.

Topside, Hawkins formed a bucket brigade and fire extinguisher party. McNeil, McLennan, Fletcher, and the other men sloshed sea water and pyrene on the smouldering deck and the wheelhouse.

Pollard took Mr. Willey, Davies, and John Boyle below decks with him. They reassembled the emergency generator, a Paxman unit, which had been taken apart for overhaul in preparation for degaussing the hull against magnetic mines just before the German raider attacked.

Electrical cables were repaired. Pollard then raised steam in the auxiliary starboard boiler. The ballast pump was started. Fire hoses were connected. And the pumping out of the engine room began.

Next Hawkins set the men to work painting huge H-E-L-P signs in white on the deck and on a sign hung over the side.

The men worked through the rest

of the day. At five-thirty they took a break for a meal of eggs which had been baked black in the refrigerator by the fires that had burned on the ship.

Down below, in the engine room, John Boyle, the greaser who had taken over the firing, oiling the main engines, maintaining the steam in the boilers, doing the work of half a dozen men, was shrugging off his ration.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" Pollard asked.

"No appetite," the greaser said.

Boyle turned away. His insides felt like mice were running around in his stomach, gnawing painfully. He hadn't stopped spitting blood since his fall into the lifeboat.

All through the rest of that evening and all night long, the weary crew worked, and by dawn the engine room had been pumped dry. Some of the men, like Boyle, Davies, Willey, worked in pain, but chose to ignore it.

On deck with every roll she took, the ship was still slopping gasoline through holes in the deck plates. With the first light of dawn, Hawkins put the crew to work plugging the holes with cotton waste, pegging the waste into place with blocks of soft wood for wedges.

By Friday, November 8th, all fires aboard ship had been put out. The tanker still reeked of gasoline and precautions had to be taken to prevent a spark that might touch off the fumes.

It was decided to try to make for England with their precious cargo of 11,000 tons of gasoline.

The steering gear and all navigational aids had either been shot out or burned away. Aft, four spokes of a small auxiliary wheel remained. These four splinters of wood were hooked up with the steering engine steam valves, the steering engine, and the hydraulic rams to work the rudder for the trip home.

Hawkins and Jones navigated by the seats of their pants. The compass had been rendered useless. There wasn't an accurate watch on board. There was no sextant and no sun to shoot by anyway.

Their ship sea-worthy, the men began to relax the fierce and indomitable will they had imposed on their bodies, and recognize the fact that they were made of flesh and blood and subject to its weaknesses.

On the homeward journey the *San Demetrio* ran into bad weather: high seas, a strong north westerly gale, winds blowing at force 8. The ship was sluggish, tender to handle. She was shipping water through a hole in its bow. Pollard and Hawkins knew they had to lighten the ship at the head.

On Saturday, Pollard and his men worked on the foredeck unprotected from the driving rains and the heavy seas that came in over the gunwales and washed the tools right out of their hands and into the sea.

The men worked until dark, and then had to give it up as a hopeless



# ATTENTION FISHERMEN!

## Amazing 100 Year Old Gypsy Fish Bait Oil Formula

# MAKES FISH BITE OR NO COST

### —MYSTERIOUS SCENT MAKES SMELL FEEDING FISH GO CRAZY!



**EXPERIMENTAL FISHING** In an effort to prove to the folks around Destin, Fla., that many kinds of fish are attracted to bait by their keen sense of smell and that the product known as "Gypsy Fish Bait Oil" actually works, this field trip out of Destin on the Teknicolor was arranged, with Skipper Tim Boone. All in all, 1,295 pounds of fish were landed including red snapper, channel cat, porgies, piranha, pollack and other fish that feed along the bottom and are attracted to bait by sense of smell. The anglers are from left to right: Pete Thorne, Joe Love Jr., Charlie Upchurch, Buster Niquet, Stew Keith, Joe Love Sr., and Roy Martin, all of Panama City. Gypsy Oil was used on every piece of bait.

**Here Are Genuine Reports About Catching Smell Feeding Fish!**  
Many Kinds Of Best-Eating Fish Feed By Acute Sense Of Smell... And Here's More Proof Gypsy Gets Them!



"These fish were caught by my mother Mrs. Ophelia Warren, 974 High St. and Mrs. Lucille Bryant, 961 Park Place. We have all been more than pleased with the results from using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil."  
Edward L. Warren  
Box 1063, Macon, Ga.



Mr. McMahon and party with 3 big strings of catfish from Lake Kentucky, Tenn. "Gypsy's Amazing" they say.



"Enclosed is a picture of the fish we caught with Gypsy Fish Bait Oil, July 11. All my fishing friends want some."  
Thom. W. Kysar  
1326 W. Market  
Indianapolis, Ind.



"I am enclosing 3 pictures of 2 different catfish we caught using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil on our bait. We fish the Fox River at Mineral Springs, Ill. where we have a summer cottage. One fish my brother is holding weighed 8½ pounds and the other one weighed 7¼ pounds."

Miss Dorothy Gribing  
6052 S. Fairfield, Chicago 29, Ill.

#### 30-POUND COD

"I had a remarkable experience near Ketchikan, Alaska. Trolling, I had placed Gypsy Oil on my bait. Suddenly I had a strike and after 20 minutes fight I found a 30-pound Cod on my line!"  
E. F. Gronvall—U.S. Navy, Seattle, Wash.

#### 73 FISH IN TWO OUTINGS

"Gypsy Fish Bait Oil is the best ever for really catching smell feeding fish. The first time I used it on my bait I caught 30 fish and the next time I fished I caught 43 fish. And they were the largest I've ever caught."

Louise Moore, Route 6, Box 280, Dublin, Ga.

#### 10-POUND CATFISH

"I am writing to let you know how wonderful Gypsy Fish Bait Oil really is. On the very first day I used it I caught one catfish that weighed 10 pounds. I used a pole and bobber. All my friends keep asking me what I'm using."  
Estellar Scott, Grady, Ark.

#### FRIENDS, HERE'S JESSE'S SECRET

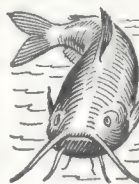
"Boy, oh boy! I catch more smell feeding fish using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil than all my friends put together. They keep asking how can I do so well but I just laugh at them and say you got to know how it's done."

Jesse Messer, Bruceville, Ind.

Use your regular bait... plug, minnow, worm, fly, night crawler... fish your regular waters... rivers, creeks, lakes, ponds, or the ocean... fish your usual way... still fish with pole and bobber, cast, troll, spin... all you do is dab a drop or so of the new double strength GYPSY FISH BAIT OIL on the bait. It's just that easy. And North or South, East or West... let them get one whiff of your bait while feeding and smell feeders all streak madly for your bait and usually the biggest one wins. You keep hauling 'em in to everyone's envy and amazement!

### Like A Shark is Attracted By The Smell Of Blood...

Fishing experts are just learning what wandering Romany Gypsies found out 100 years ago... many kinds of the best eating fish such as catfish, snappers, bull-heads, carp often feed along the dark bottom and are attracted to bait by their acute sense of smell. Gypsies invented this mysteriously scented oil and it makes these smell feeding fish literally go crazy. It excites them through the thousands of small organs that cover their bodies. Like a shark goes wild at the smell of blood, so these smell-feeders go crazy at the first whiff of the new double strength Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. Send the coupon and try double strength Gypsy Fish Bait Oil at our risk. If yours isn't the biggest catch in your entire party, your money back.



### EVER CATCH FISH LIKE THIS?

"I have been using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil 2 years now and have never found anything to compare with it. A group of fishermen were sitting along a stone crib in the Portage River. They were using night crawlers for bait and weren't catching anything. I cast my line in on the other side of the crib and before the sinker hit the bottom I had a 6 pound silver catfish. And I repeated this 4 times before any of the others caught a fish. I showed them my worms and to this day they couldn't figure how I can catch big fish right where they only got nibbles and a few small bull-heads. They don't know I used Gypsy on my bait and they didn't. Last night another party and I caught 24 catfish on rods and reels in 3 hours using Gypsy. Rush this order as I am about out. The big catfish is starting and I am nearly out of bait and I would not know what to do without it."

Ray Hathaway, 226 E. 6th St., Port Clinton, Ohio.



### FREE! FISHERMAN'S POUCH WITHOUT EXTRA COST

With every bottle of Gypsy Fish Bait Oil you'll get free a large waterproof plastic pouch. Ideal for lunches, tobacco, matches, anything you want to keep dry and fresh. Yours to keep even if you return Oil for money back. Mail order today!

### SEND NO MONEY-You fish "On-Approval"

Be as skeptical as you like... go ahead and say we're crazy. But mail coupon or write for your double size trial of the new improved double strength Gypsy Fish Bait Oil. On arrival put up as deposit \$1.98 for one or \$4.98 for 3 bottles plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. Use the next time you go fishing and if you aren't delighted return what's left for money back. Send cash and we pay postage. Don't wait. Mail coupon.

#### HATS OFF TO THE LADIES

"Gypsy Fish Bait Oil does everything you say. Have been fishing Chain-Of-Lakes in Illinois. Have pretty good luck. I caught a 19-inch channel catfish and 1½ pounds bull heads."

Mrs. D. Loring, P.O. Box 352,  
Elmhurst, Ill.

#### RESULTS FANTASTIC

"The results after using Gypsy Fish Bait Oil were fantastic. I caught more and larger smell-feeding fish than ever before and I have fished this same pond many times."

Mr. Ed H. Lewis, Manager  
Chamber of Commerce  
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

#### EXPERT PRAISES GYPSY

"I have used Gypsy dope bait for 3 years and have made wonderful catches of smell-feeding fish. Both in fresh water and on deep sea trips. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Gypsy Fish Bait Oil and your company to all my friends."

Henry D. Martin,  
35 Roseway St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

**MORE LADIES USE GYPSY THAN ANY OTHER SCENTED BAIT** "I am enclosing a check for 3 more bottles Gypsy. I have tried it and it is very good."

Mrs. Ruth H. McCarty, Dubay Colony,  
R.D. #1, Dancy, Wisc.

### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WALLING KEITH CHEMICALS, INC., DEPT. 780-F  
Birmingham 1, Alabama.

- ☐ Send one bottle double strength Gypsy Fish Bait Oil and Free Fisherman's pouch. I'll pay \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee I can return Gypsy after first test trial for money back and keep pouch for my trouble.
- ☐ Send 3 Gypsy (3 Free Pouches)... \$4.98 ☐ Remittance enclosed. Send postage paid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**WALLING KEITH CHEMICALS, INC.**  
Dept. 780-F—Birmingham 1, Alabama.





#### NEIGHBORS PRAISE HIS ARTICLES

"As a 'buy-product' of my N.I.A. Training, I have received \$73.00 for articles from *Autobody* and the *Reconditioned Car*. The local weekly printed one of my articles and asked for more. When neighbors stop you to say they read your piece, there's nothing like it."—George R. Mair, 114 9th St., Lauren Gardens Pa.

## Why Can't You Write?

*It's much simpler than you think!*

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, current events, sports, hobbies, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

### The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week, as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

### Have You Natural Ability?

Our FREE Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.) (Licensed by State of N. Y.)

(Approved Member National Home Study Council)

**Free**

Newspaper Institute of America  
One Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

48-H-597

Copyright 1957, Newspaper Institute of America

task. Dead tired, they went below and learned that still another misfortune had befallen the ship.

On that Saturday, November 9th, John Boyle collapsed in the engine room where, racked with pain, he had worked without a break.

The "Black Squad" of storekeepers, stewards and engineers carried the little man up on deck and tenderly put him to bed in one of the few cabins that had not been wrecked during the attack.

"God, but I'm cold," the ashen, shivering Boyle told the men.

Pollard, soaked to the skin and exhausted, was determined to bring comfort to the gutty little greaser who had served his ship so well.

"I'll fix that up, John," he said.

While the other men crowded around the greaser and tried to joke with him, Pollard went below and ran a steam line from the engine room to the radiator in the cabin in which Boyle was lying.

"I'm dying," Boyle told the men around him.

But they refused to believe it.

"Go on," Wavies said. "You're the toughest of the lot, Boyle. You'll be carrying the rest of us ashore when we reach England."

Boyle had to live. The crew desperately wanted him to live. If anyone had worked for success, it had been Boyle.

That Saturday night was not a cheerful affair. The men were depressed over the little greaser. Hawkins organized a songfest in the galley in an effort to lift the feeling of gloom aboard ship. The crew sang all the old songs, "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True," "She's Just a Bird in a Gilded Cage," but their hearts weren't in it.

On Sunday, the weather took a turn for the worse. The ship rode sluggishly in a heavy gale and violent seas that broke over the head and then washed

up on the main deck in a savage fury.

Hawkins held a short service and solemnly read the Lord's Prayer to the men.

If the *San Demetrio* was ever to make landfall again, she would have to be brought up at the head. Pollard asked for one volunteer to go with him into the thick lung-searing gasoline fumes of the storage tanks in an attempt to shift some of the gasoline towards the stern of the ship. Jones, the young Welsh boy, agreed to help Pollard.

The two men went forward, into the fumes that could suffocate them or blow them to bits if they struck a spark, and they started connecting the pipes for the transfer of the fuel. They worked at it all day, and by nightfall all the gasoline had been siphoned out of the number 9 tank and shifted astern to the number 6 tank.

That night the ship rode lighter in the head.

And that night John Boyle died. He had lived long enough to learn that the fight had been won, that the *San Demetrio* had beaten the sea.

The next few days, the ship ran through a south westerly gale, and then on Wednesday, the 13th of November, wind and sea lessened, and land was sighted early in the afternoon.

Before putting into a safe harbor, the crew committed the body of John Boyle to the sea.

After the burial ceremony, the *San Demetrio* steamed under her own power into Blacksod Bay, County Mayo, in Southern Ireland.

Sixteen brave men, one of whom had died, had brought their ship home through sub-infested waters, carrying 11,000 tons of her desperately needed cargo of gasoline to Britain for the war against the Nazis.

They had won one of the most gallant battles in the never-ending epic struggle of man against the sea. END

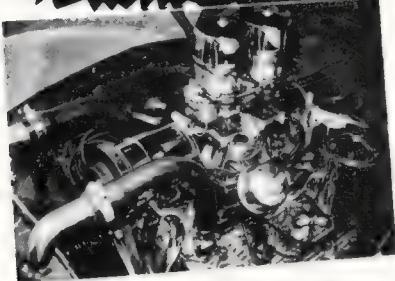








Make your interest in  
**AUTO MECHANICS**  
& DIESEL PAY OFF!



**EARN MORE MONEY!**  
**SHOP METHOD TRAINING**  
**PREPARES YOU AT HOME**  
**IN SPARE TIME**

**YOU GET AND KEEP ALL THIS EQUIPMENT**

Complete set of professional tools and All-Metal Tool Box. Same top-quality equipment used by expert mechanics everywhere. Use them, display them proudly.



"Motor Analyzing Set" contains Standard Engine Vacuum Fuel Pump Tester, Remote Starter Switch, Modern Timing Light, Standard Compression Tester. Plus compact carrying case & instructions.

Top - quality Socket Wrench with Fittings. Real professional tools you'll use during your lifetime career in repairing all types of engines, from foreign cars to big diesel jobs.



Nearly 60 million cars and trucks on our roads! If you could talk to owners of garages, service stations and car dealerships (as we do every day), you'd realize America's DESPERATE NEED FOR TRAINED MECHANICS. Take your choice—One modern course prepares you for Auto-Mechanic jobs, Airplane Mechanics, Farm Machinery Repair, all Diesel Jobs, Experimental Labs, Government Work, Engine Specialists, etc. A qualified, ALL-AROUND Mechanic always has a good job. Every phase is Shop-Tested! Streamlined lessons, diagrams, manuals are easy to understand. Earn as you learn. Free Graduate Employment Service.

**FREE!**  
VALUABLE BOOK & SAMPLE LESSON  
JUST SEND COUPON

**RESIDENT TRAINING AT LOS ANGELES!** If you wish to take Resident Training at Los Angeles, in our big, modern Shops & Labs, check special box in coupon for full information.

APPROVED FOR GI TRAINING  
**NATIONAL SCHOOLS**  
Los Angeles 37, California  
Canada: 811 W. Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

**NATIONAL SCHOOLS**  
TECHNICAL TRADE TRAINING SINCE 1905  
LOS ANGELES 37, CALIFORNIA

**NATIONAL SCHOOLS, Dept. D3N-47**  
MAIL NOW TO OFFICE NEAREST YOU  
4000 S. FIGUEROA ST. 187 N. LA SALLE ST.  
LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. OR CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

Send for FREE Auto-Diesel Opportunity Book and Sample Lesson.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check if interested ONLY in Resident School Training at Los Angeles

VETERANS: Give date of discharge \_\_\_\_\_



**FIRST BLOOD**

(Continued from page 31)

soon found out, was going to be a different kind of fight. For one thing, I was going to be in it.

The Germans opened up with a big artillery barrage on the night of February 10 and the next morning we got the word that the Germans were advancing. At that point our M-3 tank destroyers were rear down behind a hill using 75mm guns for artillery. The order came to go forward—or to the rear, as it turned out—to meet the German tank thrust.

Lieut. Simmons got the platoon together just before we started to wheel forward. "Here's the picture," he said. "The Krauts are spearheading this drive with maybe forty or fifty Tiger tanks carrying 88mm cannon. We got 75s. A 75 shell will stop 'em if we can get close enough. The thing is we got to get some of 'em—and this is the way we'll do it." He outlined his plan which was, as usual, suicide for the platoon commander, with him going in while the others ranged out and gave him covering fire.

When he finished, he looked at us and said, "And remember the tank destroyer motto, 'Seek, strike, and destroy!'"

I hadn't heard anyone say those words since we first joined up with the newly formed tank destroyer outfit back in the States. When anyone spoke them, except now, it always sounded self-conscious and corny. But now Simmons made it sound heartening, and we wheeled off to face the Germans. It was quite a while, after what happened to Simmons, before anyone quoted that motto again. It seemed like pressing your luck if you did.

I don't know if you've ever seen a Tiger tank, but in World War II it was the last word in low-silhouetted, rugged-plated, fast-moving tanks with the punching power of an artillery gun. This is what we had to try to stop with our M-3s—our tank destroyers.

An M-3 was a half-track vehicle very quickly replaced after the North African campaign, and with good reason. But it was what we had at Faid, Sidi Bou Zid, Sbeitla, Thala, and Kasserine. The armor up front was thin and there was no armor in back. It carried a 75mm gun which fired over the heads of the driver and radio operator, and the gun had practically no traverse. The driver had to back

up and change direction if the gunner wanted to traverse more than a couple of degrees.

The gas tanks were on the back, practically unprotected by armor, and there was a 50 caliber machine gun aft. The gun itself had the old Nordenfeld eccentric screw-type breech block fired by a lanyard and the recoil was so long and shattering it damn near shook the headlights off the thing when it fired. It was never meant to stand and slug it out toe-to-toe with any tank, but the idea was to hit and run, and hit and run again. One trouble with that scheme was that the 75 only fired forward and sometimes it was a good idea to turn away and run.

And the trouble with running was that the damn thing, flat out, could hardly go 17 miles an hour across slightly rough terrain.

So Lieut. Simmons went out in his M-3 to meet the Tiger tanks and we deployed behind, covering.

By the time we got near them we could see the way the battle was turning. Our infantry was falling back—orderly, but still falling back—and the Germans were pouring a withering barrage over the advancing tanks. Dive bombers were blasting our troops and Messerschmitts flew low, strafing. My TD commander, Sgt. Larry Beitz, leaped to the machine gun as we rolled forward and fired a few bursts at the planes, but he realized it was ridiculous, the way our old M-3 was lurching over the pocked terrain.

Things were beginning to blacken and choke up with smoke and dust, but we kept the lieutenant's pennant in sight. At last we were able to see. As the German barrage lengthened and went over us, we finally saw the advancing tanks. The operator got Simmons's message to halt, scatter, and cover him. We veered right, swung left again to cover him, and stopped. Simmons went on in.

I was the loader and I fed that damn gun as fast as Larry could pull the lanyard. Off to left and right of us were the other two TDs of the platoon, pouring shells ahead of Simmons as he roared in at top speed to meet the Tigers. You could see the old M-3 bucketing as his 75 fired and his corporal had the 50 swung around and pouring the lead at any German tank commander who showed his head in the hatch. Through the dust and smoke you could see the sharp, quick splashes of fire from the Tigers' guns and the bursts of our artillery shells among them.

Now don't get the idea that Simmons went head-on, alone, against a concentration of fifty tanks—even though it seemed like that to me at the time. There were other tank destroyer platoons ranging out in similar actions, and off to the northeast the Royal Artillery was blasting shells into them, and to the west, a French armor division was settled, hull down, to meet the onslaught. They were manning British medium tanks and they weren't long for this world.



# Frenchy, Saucy, and a little bit Naughty!

## ★ La-de-da

Sheer french-style negligee. So revealing...soft lace peplum swings with every movement. Sizes: 32 to 40. Black only.

only **7.95**



## ★ Gorgeous Hussy

Curve-caressing gown dipping dare neckline. All 100% nylon. Sizes: 9 to 13, 32 to 40. Black only . . . . . only **5.95**

## Ah, Cherie

Sheer Witchery . . .  
Lovely, revealing sheer nylon caresses every curve . . .  
Bewitching BLACK  
Sizes: 32-40

only **\$9.95**

## ★ Can-Can

French Chemise with all peek-a-boo lace...from dipping dare neckline to saucy slit at hip-line. All 100% nylon. Sizes: 32 to 40. Black . . . . . only **7.95**



## ★ Baby Doll

Daring...all 100% nylon sheer shortie pajama top with bloomer panty. Sizes: 32 to 40. Black, white, or pink. only **5.95**



## Naughty Frenchy

saucy French **NEGLIGEE**

She'll thrill you with the romance of Paris . . . in this French-style negligee. all pure nylon. . . . sizes 32-40 **\$11.95**

## Harem Queen GLAMOUR-JAMA

She'll look languorous, exciting, breathtaking in these sheer black nylon glamour-jamas. Just picture her in them . . . a brief top of peek-a-boo black lace that clings where it should . . . stopping short to expose her smooth bare midriff. Then the final touch . . . enticing double-exposure sheer harem trousers that reveal all her charms. Give her "Harem Queen." She'll love you for it!

ONLY **\$9.95**

## Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back!

Fenway Fashions. Dept. 701  
303 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Sent in  
Plain Wrapper

Please send me the following:

| ITEM | SIZE | COLOR | PRICE |
|------|------|-------|-------|
|      |      |       |       |
|      |      |       |       |
|      |      |       |       |

☐ Amount enclosed plus 25c to cover postage and handling.  
☐ Send C. O. D., I will pay postman price plus postal and C. O. D. fees.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# How I Learned SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks

**Speedwriting** SHORTHAND

No Symbols—No Machine  
USES ABC's

By W. E. Pearson  
New Kensington, Pa.

"Tired of my clerical job, I decided that SPEEDWRITING shorthand would help me obtain the better position I wanted. Within a few weeks of study, I mastered the ABC principles of SPEEDWRITING shorthand, and now have been promoted to a fine position."



No "Foreign Language" of Symbols—with

**Speedwriting**  
The ABC Shorthand

Over 350,000 men and women have learned shorthand the SPEEDWRITING way at home or through classroom instruction in school in over 400 cities in U.S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Today they are winning success everywhere in business, industry and Civil Service. SPEEDWRITING shorthand is easy to master—yet it is accurate and speedy. 120 words per minute. Age is no obstacle. Typing also available.

**FREE**

Write TODAY for FREE book which gives full details—and FREE sample lesson that will show you how easily and quickly YOU can learn SPEEDWRITING shorthand. Mail the coupon NOW.

|  |                 |                          |
|--|-----------------|--------------------------|
| DID YOU SEE  | READER'S DIGEST | ARTICLE ON SPEEDWRITING? |
| School of SPEEDWRITING<br>Dept. 9806-7, 55 W. 43 St.<br>New York 36, N. Y.         |                 | 34th Year                |
| Please send me details and FREE sample lesson.                                     |                 |                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Study <input type="checkbox"/> Classroom Instruction |                 |                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> If under 17, check here for Special Booklet A             |                 |                          |
| Name.....  |                 |                          |
| Address.....   |                 |                          |
| City.....Zone.....State.....   |                 |                          |

## "I Built a Good Business While Learning CUSTOM UPHOLSTERY"



Edward Olejnik steps right into his own successful upholstery shop upon graduation.

"During my UTS Training I was able to do many jobs in my spare time, and built a good reputation for me and my work. Now I offer the only complete service in my neighborhood. Anybody can do what I have done. All it takes is UTS training."

**WHAT DO YOU WANT? Your Own Business—A Steady Job—Substantial Sparetime Earnings—A Better Future? They're all waiting for You in the Big Opportunity Field of Custom Furniture Upholstery.**

AT HOME in spare time you can master this valuable craft as thousands of other Upholstery Trade School graduates have done—easily, quickly! Trained upholsterers are scarce. You can earn as you learn to make good money all year 'round at home, in your own shop, or in a well-paid job. The practical N. Y. State-approved UTS course teaches you professional custom furniture upholstery, re-upholstery, furniture finishing, repairs—slip cover, window cornice, cushion and drapery making. Course includes FREE all tools, complete frames, fabrics and all materials to make beautiful upholstered furniture and slip covers—yours to keep or sell!

### Big Free Book With Sample Lesson

Our FREE book, "Your New Way to a Successful Career" with sample lesson SHOWS YOU HOW. Tells how you prepare at home for this fascinating well-paid, big opportunity trade. Training in N. Y. School also available. Write today! UPHOLSTERY TRADES SCHOOL, Dept. FH-120-05 721 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

**MATERIALS FREE WITH COURSE YOU MAKE**

**SLIPPER CHAIR**

**CLUB CHAIR**

**OTTOMAN PLUS SLIP COVERS**

**Yours to keep or sell**

**APPROVED VETERANS FOR**

**UPHOLSTERY TRADES SCHOOL**  
Dept. FH-120-05 721 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me FREE book with FREE sample lesson. No obligation. No salesman will call.

☐ Home Study ☐ N. Y. School

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here if Korean Veteran.

But all I could see was Simmons and his crew. He hit the first kraut from the port quarter. The guy hadn't expected him to come out of that dust and Simmons blew the left tracks off the bastard and set him afire and when the men leaped out the hatch the corporal cut them down with the 50. Another kraut tank stopped. I could swear it had a look of human surprise as it turned slowly to meet the M-3.

The German tank commander didn't have a chance to open fire. Simmons was on top of him, the 75 blasting, and he caught him on the weak armor with a lucky shot that went through to the ammo and blew the Tiger apart. I've always felt that that kraut stopped to laugh a moment at this crazy mixed-up M-3 lumbering across the terrain. In modern warfare it looked a little like a knight in rusty armor trying to take a castle solo.

Our shells were ringing Simmons and keeping the other Tigers cautious. We were well deployed and they hadn't yet spotted us. So they turned their attention to Simmons and his luck ended. It was casual the way they did it. Like brushing off flies. No wasted shells. Just direct hits. And the M-3 staggered, it's front end smashed, and went down on its knees as the front wheels disappeared. It only hung there a second, though, because one of the next shots hit the ammo and gas and there was a moment of brilliant orange light and that was all.

That was our signal. We backed out, fell back, and took up positions further to the rear. Those were our orders.

For the next week it went like that,

though we didn't meet the tanks that way again. We were used for covering fire for the infantry as they fell back, lobbing our shells into the Panzer grenadiers and occasionally darting into the battle to sweep the krauts with the 50 and our small arms. Plenty of TDs went the way Simmons had, but Beitz, T-5 Bert Perry, the driver, Corporal Ed Olsen, and Joe Sezlik and myself brought the M-3 back through Kasserine as we retreated almost to Tebessa.

We'd been through the whole, continuous action almost without any rest. That went for the infantry, artillery, the combat engineers—everyone. The German drive faltered probably because they needed rest too, and it gave us a chance to regroup. The whole thing had been a big, wide, wild sprawling action, and soldiers who'd been by-passed by the German advance had to fight their way back to the new positions we took up at the outlet of the Kasserine Pass.

We got a breaching spell, and at this point we'd just about had it. I saw TD men openly weeping from exhaustion, and sometimes when we stopped to pick up straggling infantry men they'd stare at us, glassy-eyed, silly-eyed—maybe they'd be talking to themselves or quietly singing. There was never any tune to the song. Everywhere men looked like ghosts and stumbled around like punchy fighters. If you didn't feel like they looked you'd have said they were a sloppy, defeated looking bunch of soldiers not fit to wear the American uniform.

I never thought I'd live to see the day when I prayed for a direct hit on our old M-3. But that was the way I



"I'd say they were gettin' ready for a hit-and-run play."



**GREATEST  
ADVANCE IN  
SHOP-METHOD  
HOME TRAINING**

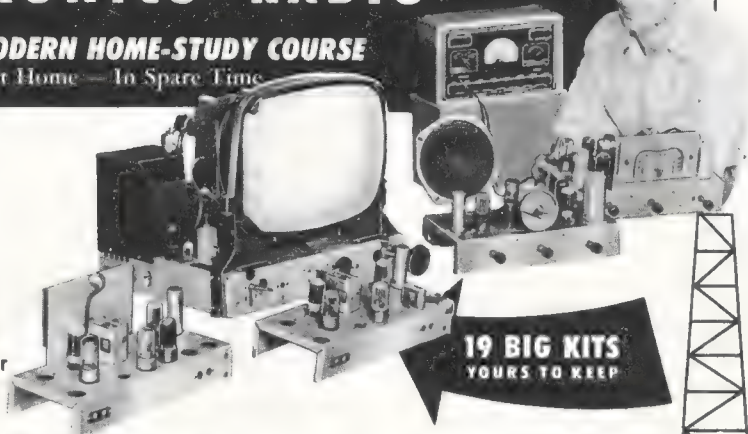
# EARN MORE MONEY...GET INTO TELEVISION ELECTRONICS—RADIO

**Learn ALL 8 PHASES in ONE MODERN HOME-STUDY COURSE**

At Home — In Spare Time

## YOU GET ALL THIS NEWEST PRACTICAL EQUIPMENT

- Parts to build a modern TV set, including all tubes plus a large screen Picture Tube
- Parts to build a powerful Superhet Receiver, standard broadcast and short wave
- Parts to conduct many experiments and build Continuity Checker, RF Oscillator, TV Circuits, Audio Oscillator, TRF Receiver, Signal Generator
- A Valuable Professional Multitester



**19 BIG KITS  
YOURS TO KEEP**

## YOUR NATIONAL SCHOOLS TELERAMA COURSE COVERS ALL 8 PHASES

- |                                    |                                |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. TELEVISION, INCLUDING COLOR TV  | 5. PREPARATION FOR FCC LICENSE |
| 2. RADIO, FM AND AM                | 6. AUTOMATION                  |
| 3. INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS          | 7. RADAR AND MICRO WAVES       |
| 4. SOUND RECORDING AND HI FIDELITY | 8. COMMUNICATIONS              |

## YOU ARE NEEDED IN THE TELEVISION-ELECTRONICS-RADIO INDUSTRY!

You can build a secure future for yourself if you get into Electronics NOW! Today's shortage of trained technicians creates tremendous opportunities. National Schools Shop-Method trained technicians are in constant and growing demand for high-pay jobs in Broadcasting and Communications, Electronic Research, Servicing and Repair, and many other branches.

Let National Schools, a Resident Technical School for over 50 years train you for today's unlimited opportunities in electronics! Our Shop Method trains you to be a MASTER-TECHNICIAN. Completely up to date, developed by experienced instructors and engineers, your Telerama Course will teach you all phases of the industry quickly, clearly and correctly. You can master the most modern projects, such as Color TV, printed circuits — even prepare for FCC License without taking a special

course. You can handle sales, servicing, manufacturing, or make good money in your own business. SEND FOR FACTS TODAY!

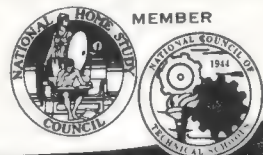
**EARN AS YOU LEARN.** Many of our students earn their entire tuition and more in Spare Time jobs we show them how to do while learning.

**YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU NEED** — Clear, profusely illustrated lessons, shop-tested manuals, modern circuit diagrams, practical job projects — all the valuable equipment shown above

— many other materials and services — consultation privilege with our qualified staff, and Graduate Employment Service. **EVERYTHING YOU NEED** for outstanding success in Electronics.

## RESIDENT TRAINING AT LOS ANGELES

If you wish to take your training in our Resident School at Los Angeles, the world's TV capital, start NOW in our big, modern Shops, Labs and Radio-TV Studios. Here you work with latest Electronic equipment—professionally installed—finest, most complete facilities offered by any school. Expert, friendly instructors. Personal attention. Graduate Employment Service. Help in finding home near school—and part time job while you learn. Check box in coupon for full information.



**FREE!**

Fully illustrated "Career" Book in TV Radio Electronics. PLUS actual sample lesson — yours at no cost, no obligation. **CLIP COUPON NOW MAIL IT TODAY!**

APPROVED FOR G. I. TRAINING

# NATIONAL SCHOOLS

4000 S. FIGUEROA ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.  
187 N. LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO 1, ILL.  
IN CANADA: 811 W. HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

## NATIONAL SCHOOLS

TECHNICAL TRADE TRAINING SINCE 1905  
LOS ANGELES 37, CALIFORNIA

**GET FAST SERVICE—MAIL NOW TO OFFICE NEAREST YOU!**

NATIONAL SCHOOLS, DEPT. R3N-47  
4000 S. FIGUEROA ST. OR 187 N. LA SALLE ST.  
LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. CHICAGO 1, ILL.  
Rush free TV-Radio "Opportunity" Book and sample lesson. No salesman will call.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

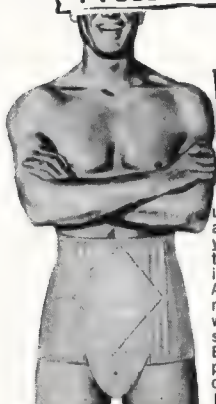
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check if interested ONLY in Resident School training at Los Angeles.  
VETERANS: Give date of Discharge \_\_\_\_\_



# GOOD-BYE TO TUMMY BULGE!

I FEEL LIKE A KID AGAIN!



## CHANGE YOUR APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

In Seconds get rid of your ugly "Bay Window" appearance that makes people call you "Old Timer" and gives you that tired, dragged-down feeling. Now, when you wear the Amazing Cadet you'll appear more youthful, your clothes will fit again, F.U.C. bursting seams and buttons popping off. Exclusive Power Panel assures perfect fit. Remove pouch for comfort and convenience.

### FEATURES:

- Non-rolling
- Fly front
- Removable elastic pouch
- Finest firm-control elastic
- Under straps for comfort

6 MONTH UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

## Amazing POWER PANEL

Guarantees perfect fit. Scientifically made for maximum support. Inches vanish from your appearance. With your stomach pulled in, your back braced, your head held high, you'll be raring to go. Only \$398

Waist sizes 26" - 46" Extra pouches, for convenience and comfort only 75¢ each.

Magic Mold Inc., Dept. C-8-F  
467 Livonia Ave., Brooklyn 7, New York

Rush to me on your 6 MONTH GUARANTEE A Cadet Health Belt. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus Postage). If not entirely satisfied I will return Cadet for full refund of purchase price.

My waist measure is \_\_\_\_\_ (send string size of waist if no measure is handy)

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ extra pouches at 75¢ each

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

SAVE MONEY: Enclose payment and we pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

## Amazing New Creme Color Shampoo RE-COLORS HAIR IN 17 MINUTES



Change streaked, gray, graying, off-color or drab hair to new lustrous youthful-looking color. TINTZ Creme Color Shampoo recolors hair at home as it shampoos. No artificial look... no hairline difference. Easy. Won't wash or rub off. Won't affect permanents. Choice of 14 shades each so natural-looking no one will suspect your secret. Color chart on package. Ask for TINTZ Creme Color Shampoo. Only \$1.50 plus tax at druggists.

## SPARKLING 8 x 10 ENLARGEMENT ONLY 49¢



Mail us any photo, snapshot or negative and receive, postpaid, your enlargement on double-weight paper. Original returned unharmed. Nothing else to pay. If beautiful hand-coloring is desired add 50¢ for each print. C.O.D.'s accepted on orders of 2 or more, plus C.O.D. charges. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

QUALITY VALUES, Studio 24-B  
5 BEEKMAN STREET New York 38, N. Y.

FREE!  
On orders of 2 or more we will send you one sparkling wallet size print FREE.

## High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work — prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. text supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.  
American School, Dept. HA-1 Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

felt. That was the way Olsen and Perry and Sezlik felt, because they told me. Larry Beitz couldn't say so, because he was in command. He didn't have to say it. You could read it in his eyes. Everywhere you looked you saw defeat. Materiel abandoned, shattered. Guns wrecked, tanks burnt out, corpses moldering along the route. If we'd had tails they'd have been dragging between our legs.

Somehow we took up positions there at the outlet of the Kasserine Pass that the Germans held in a grip of steel. It's a good thing there are generals who can see a battlefield as a map and locate positions to order men to. Otherwise I think most of us would have looked for the nearest hole in the cold mud and just given up. But the positions we took, no matter how defeated and exhausted we felt, must have been right. They must have made sense to someone, at least. It looked like hell to all of us out there, but on a map we were probably a sensible geometric arrangement of dots.

The Germans must have known the arrangement too, because at 3:00 a.m. on February 20, the Desert Fox's artillery started to punch feelers into our positions. Just nice tentative shots like he was setting us up for the Sunday punch. Then, at 8:00 a.m., he flung the punch. It seemed like every goddam gun in the Afrika Korps opened up on us. The Battle of Oran seemed like a Fourth of July fireworks display and even the Faid battle, which really shook me, seemed like kid stuff. It was the fiercest artillery barrage of the campaign.

I heard guys screaming around me and soon I found myself screaming, just trying to establish an identity in the midst of that terrible hell. Our artillery was answering back, but we weren't positioned to work with them. We were hull down now, our guns depressed for use as anti-tank weapons in case the Germans broke through Kasserine to our end. For a while we had nothing to fire at.

But then, suddenly, the Pass vomited tanks. They came spewing out of the mouth of Kasserine, all the might of Rommel's 10th and 21st Armored. Behind the Tigers came light armored cars sweeping the terrain with machine gun slugs, and all this time the German artillery didn't relent. We opened fire and the results were satisfying. We didn't hit a Tiger but we blasted the hell out of an armored car. We kept firing. Behind us the artillery suddenly let go with everything it had, which meant the 155 mm cannon were dueling with the German 88s.

For the first half hour it looked as though those Tigers were unstoppable. For the first half hour it looked like there were more armored cars than desert flies. We saw the Panzer grenadiers coming up behind and there seemed to be a million of them. We knew we were outnumbered, but we never imagined by how much. At the first stage of the battle it didn't do

any good to think. There wasn't time, anyway. You just looked, got one ghastly impression, and went back to loading the gun. Olsen kept the 50 chattering. Only when you heard Olsen give a laugh to indicate he'd got results did you really realize how close they were—within range of the 50.

I said we'd been exhausted when we hit that last point of our retreat. Sure, we could have laid down and died. But something had happened. Not just to me. I could see it in Larry's face, I could hear it in Olsen's laugh. Sezlik's blackened face was split by white teeth forming a grin. I kept loading that gun and I wasn't arm-weary any more. I felt that thrill in my stomach like you get when you go up suddenly in an elevator. My back and neck were crawling like I'd been shot full of adrenalin, or maybe given a new backbone. I felt good. I felt like no one in the world could lick me.

And all I was doing was a job—loading. The Germans were just as close, there were just as many shells around, the 500 pounders from the Stuka dive bombers were plastering around us just as fast and we were just as outnumbered as we'd ever been. It was still cold and uncomfortable. Our 75 had the same range and the same blast effect. So did the German 88s. Nothing had changed except my attitude and I could see the same thing had happened all around me. I wonder sometimes if that's the way it happened at Valley Forge.

Then, suddenly, there was a reason for it. The Long Toms behind us were finding the range and dropping their devastating shells among the Tigers. Our own lighter arms were playing hell with the mobile machine gunners in the armored cars and the shadowy silhouettes of the grenadiers plodding through the smoke vanished here and there as though some of them had been swallowed by the mud. Then the German attack broke and the tanks withdrew into Kasserine.

It was only a lull though. The next day the krauts came out again in full force. We'd concentrated American and British tanks to meet this new assault and the Tigers smashed through them. Our artillery kept pounding and we had to retreat a little in the face of this advance. But everybody was fighting like this was it, this was an even match which was going to the guy with the guts to stick it out even if he had to go on the bicycle a minute to catch his breath and figure out how we were going to sneak in the punch that would lick him.

We parried for a while, hauling back to Hainra Pass, while Rommel tried to press his advantage by hurling three tank drives at Thala and another toward Tebessa. We were at Tebessa. For 24 hours we fought them off, still hopped up with that psychic feeling of it being only a matter of time—still shot to the lid with adrenalin. But now 40-ton Churchill tanks had wheeled into the battle and they were



**LIKE-  
NEW**

# MOTOR OVERHAUL JOB

**\$298**  
COMPLETE  
COST

**UP TO 54.1% More Gas Mileage!** **UP TO 58.2% More Power!**  
**UP TO 24% Saving on Oil!** **UP TO 192% Longer Engine Life!**



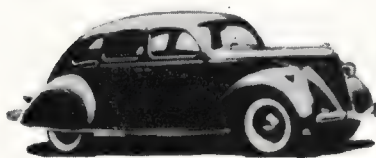
As One of My **BEST-BUYS**  
Offers You Can Try For  
**10-Days Without Risk.**  
**Money-Back Guarantee.**  
*by Maude Evans*

**Even 10 Year Old Cars Run Like New  
In 60 Seconds or You Pay Nothing!**

**Performs Miracles on  
Every Make of Car,  
Truck, Tractor,  
Gas Engine!**

It doesn't matter what kind of car you own. The sensational new discovery—"Motor Overhaul"—works miracles of instantly greater power, performance on all makes and models!

"Motor Overhaul" is guaranteed to boost power 58.2%, give smoother performance—add 192% longer engine life to trucks, tractors, automobiles. Your car must give you greater performance or money back! Don't miss out. Order today!

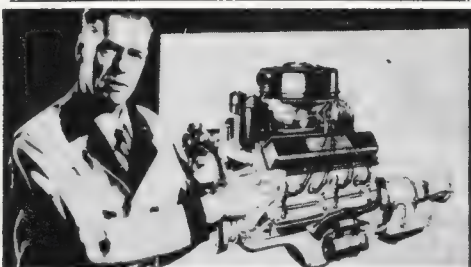


**1936 LINCOLN "RUNS LIKE NEW"  
AFTER 180,000 MILES  
WITHOUT ONE MAJOR REPAIR!**

This car, owned by Mr. M. J. Byrne of Chicago, Ill., was using two quarts of oil every five or six hundred miles—was losing compression, hard to start, slow to pick-up. Faced with a major repair job that would cost \$150, Mr. Byrne instead bought a \$2.98 can of "Motor Overhaul".

Within the first few miles his car delivered faster pickup and greater power! It still hasn't had a major repair job—after 180,000 miles!

## HERE'S HOW IT WORKS



"Motor Overhaul" actually makes your car run like new in 60 seconds because it goes to work instantly—while you drive—to recondition your motor—to give it a tremendous new power and pep!

### Seals Cracks, Pit Marks, Holes

"Motor Overhaul" surface-lubricates every part where friction and abrasion take their toll. "Motor Overhaul's" action results in smoother performance within the first few miles!

### Automatically Tightens Loose Parts

A "tight" engine gives fast pickup, smooth acceleration. Most old engines don't need expensive parts replacement when the surfaces are made glass-smooth by "Motor Overhaul." Pistons fit cylinders and rings the way they did hundreds of thousands of miles before!

Your car—treated with "Motor Overhaul"—recovers all its pep and power and you stop wasting gas. It's almost like owning a brand new car for \$2.98!

Send no money. Just mail coupon for sensational Motor Overhaul. But do it today!

## Read What These Car Owners Say!



G. E. J., Michigan City, Indiana. "Instead of a hundred dollar valve and ring job I added 'Motor Overhaul'. My car runs like new!"



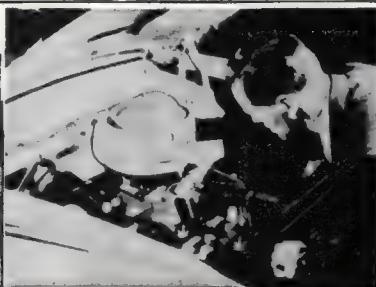
B. F., Chicago, Ill. "I never saw anything work so fast! 'Motor Overhaul' improved my pickup and gas mileage immediately!"



C. L. D., Gresham, Ill. "I thought my car was all worn out after 60,000 miles. My car's still going—better than ever with 'Motor Overhaul'—at 100,000 miles."



E. S., Highland Park, Ill. "My car's eight years old. But so far I haven't had one major repair bill—thanks to 'Motor Overhaul'."



## HERE'S ALL YOU DO

You don't have to be an automobile expert to use "Motor Overhaul." Just open the can and add it to your regular oil. Then watch your car perform better than you ever dreamed possible!

### Most Amazing Automobile "Life Extender" Ever Discovered

If somebody told you an amazing new automotive discovery would add years of top performance to your present car—regardless of its age and condition—what would you be willing to pay?

Well, with amazing "Motor Overhaul" you can get all these advantages, and more—and your total cost is just \$2.98! Just \$2.98 for this amazing new discovery will do more for your car's engine than an expensive overhaul.

Act now! Mail your order today—on absolute money-back guarantee. See what Motor Overhaul does for your car's performance!

## SENSATIONAL GUARANTEE

Try "Motor Overhaul" in your car, truck, tractor or other gasoline engine. If you aren't astonished at your engine's new, amazing pep and performance—if you can't honestly say, that "Motor Overhaul" makes your car run like new—then return the can within 10 days for complete refund—no questions asked! You don't risk one cent! "Motor Overhaul" must give you **NEW CAR PERFORMANCE** or your **MONEY BACK!**



**Revolutionary Discovery  
Adds Years to Life of Cars!**

Penetrates to All Moving Parts • Seals Up Cracks, Pits, Marks, Holes • Surface-plates Surfaces • Automatically Tightens Loose Parts and Stops Friction/Drags • Makes For Instant Starts • Increase Power and Pick-Up 58.2% • Insures Clean Spark Plugs • Saves up to 24% on Oil • Gives up to 54.1% More Gas Mileage.

ONLY

**\$2.98**

**HURRY! ORDER NOW TO GET  
IN ON FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

"BEST BUYS." 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

## SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!

**"BEST BUYS"— Dept. 1206**

114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

☐ Please rush "Motor Overhaul". I agree to pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D., postage. Same money-back guarantee.

☐ Enclosed find \$2.98. Please rush me "Motor Overhaul" prepaid, with the understanding that I must be delighted or return within 10 days for complete refund.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# Classified Opportunities

For advertising rates write  
Combined-Classified, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26

## LOANS BY MAIL

**BORROW \$50 to \$500.** Employed men and women over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. CM-4, Omaha, Nebraska.

## BUSINESS—MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

**MEN—WOMEN! START MONEY-MAKING PLASTIC LAMINATING BUSINESS** at home in spare time. Material that costs 11c brings back \$2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in \$20 a day. Write for full particulars FREE. Rush name on postcard to WARNER, Room 5-D, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Ill.

**BUSINESS KIT Free!** Postcard puts you in business! Complete time. 160 shoe styles, also jackets. New discoveries pay Big commissions. No investment. Send 1¢ Free Kit. Mason Shoe, Dept. C-77, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

**Portable Garbage Disposal Sells Itself! EARN \$2135 monthly.** 100% profit. No installation UL approved. Retail \$89.50. Choice territories. Free demonstrator offer, kit. Write today. New-Home Co., 104, P.O. Box 840, Beverly Hills, Calif.

**MEN AND WOMEN WANTED** to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to \$9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars FREE by mail. Send postcard to ROBERTS, 1512 Jarvis, Room 5-D, Chicago 26, Ill.

**FREE BOOK.** Grow Mushrooms. Guaranteed Market. MUSH-ROOMS, Dept. 410, 2954 Admiral Way, Seattle, Wash.

**SELL TITANIA GEMS.** Far more Brilliant than Diamonds. Catalog 1c. DIAMONITE, 1820-G 77th, Oakland 5, California.

**\$300 monthly possible** making circulars. Associated Advertisers, 509-M Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

**START BIG-PAY BUSINESS AT HOME** in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make \$5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars FREE. Send postcard to MASON, 1512 Jarvis, Room 5-D, Chicago 26, Ill.

## OLD COINS WANTED

Wanted—Certain Cents Before 1924 Pay \$325.00. Complete Illustrated Allicoin Catalogue \$1.00. Worthycoin K-288-C, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

We purchase Indianhead pennies. Complete allicoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-K, Whitestone 57, New York.

We buy all rare American coins. Complete catalogue 25c. Fairview, Box 1416-EC, New York City 8.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

**\$100-\$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE,** addressing envelopes, postcards, from mailing lists at home. Longhand, typewriter. Detailed instructions only 25c! Q. Economy, Box 1686, Clearwater, Fla.

**\$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE,** Sewing Babywear! No house selling! Send stamped, addressed envelope. Babygar, Warsaw 45, Indiana.

**MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING ENVELOPES.** Our instructions reveal how. GLENWAY, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

## EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

**ENGLISH COURSE for Adults—**With my new self-correcting method you can stop making mistakes, speak and write effectively. 15 minutes daily at home. Free 32-page booklet. Don Bolander, Career Institute, Dept. M-7, 25 E. Jackson, Chicago.

## AGENTS—SALESMEN WANTED—EMPL. OPPS.

**MAKE EXTRA MONEY—**Cash commissions. Easy-to-sell ADVERTISING BOOK MATCHES. UNION LABEL. Full or part time. Powerhouse selling kit free. Superior Match, Dept. Y-457, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19.

**WHOLESALE COMEDY CARDS, SAMPLES, \$1.00.** Sebastian, 10934 Hamlin, North Hollywood, Calif.

**HIGH PAYING JOBS:** Foreign, U.S.A. All trades. Travel paid. Information. Application forms. Write Dept. 21G National, 1020 Broad, Newark, N. J.

## PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

**FREE "Do-It-Yourself" Leathercraft Catalog.** Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-Y18 Fort Worth, Texas.

**BIZARRE BOOK SERVICE.** Secures hard-to-find out-of-print curios. Give titles, authors, subjects. Send stamped self-addressed envelope. 40-R East 23rd, New York 10.

**FEMMES IN FURS;** Gregor's 4 phenomenal drawings of merciless, beautiful Amazonians \$5. Illustrated bulletin \$1. Gargoyls, Box 478-FF, New York 10, N. Y.

**POEMS WANTED FOR NEW SONGS.** Send Poems. Free Examination. Immediate Consideration. SONGCRAFTERS, 2724 Arcade Station, Nashville, Tenn.

**GIRL PHOTOS 200 for \$1.00.** Impossible! Wanna bet? Rush \$1 to Serna, Box 157-A, El Segundo, California.

**WHOLESALE:** Tapes. Records. Phonographs. Records. Catalogue 25c. Towers—155, Philadelphia 5.

**FREE: "How To Make Quick Easy Money"** GANE: San Gabriel, California.

**FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue.** Write: Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 48V, California.

## Ugly Blackheads—Out in Seconds



Keep your complexion free of blackheads — look attractive instantly. Scientifically designed vacuum pump gently "lifts" out ugly blackheads safely, without pinching or squeezing. Try VACUTEX 10 days—if not delighted return for \$1. refund.

BALLCO PRODUCTS CO. Dept. 94

1011 Kane Concourse, Surfside 41, Florida

Enclosed find \$1.00. Send postpaid.

a good slugging partner for the Tigers. The British Armored Division attached to the American held, while our artillery chopped at the Tigers. At that point our TDs were lofting shells into the grenadiers who'd come up to try to consolidate their positions.

We were getting air support now. Lightnings, Hurricanes, Spits, Mitchells, and Marauders were plastering the Germans after driving the Luftwaffe out of the skies. We began to give them what they'd given us at Faid. Our supply lines were in good shape and there was plenty of ammo for the old M-3 as we kept pouring lead to the Germans.

Our own artillery was blasting the hell out of them as they tried to make progress along the road to Thala. The day battle went on into the night. In the light of the moon the ghostly shapes of wrecked materiel mingled with the screams of the wounded to make what had been a day-time nightmare even eerier. Allied tanks moved out after the Germans and we pulled out of position and made our first advance in weeks. We struck at armored cars and swept the terrain ahead with the 50. We began to see shapes like cactus trees in the dim light and found they were krauts stumbling up to us with their arms held up in surrender.

The next morning we launched our counter-attack. Our armor went ahead and chased the Germans into Kassarine and our TDs spearheaded and covered the infantry advance. The whole Pass was an inferno as our planes blasted the path ahead, and when our Long Toms got into position they paved and steamrollered the way. Dead Germans lay all over the place and the once-mighty Tigers lay dead

and burnt out, with their charred crews hanging over the sides or lying nearby. Bayonets came out as the Germans tried to make a fight of a hopeless proposition, and wedges of Tigers fought rear-guards where the Pass narrowed. But nothing was stopping us now.

The tide had turned. This was the battle that changed a defeated army into an unbeatable one. Into the night the battle went and the only thing useful about the burning equipment of the enemy was that he could see his way to retreat. And we could see to chase him. We overran the town of Kassarine, which had been Rommel's supply point, and made a shambles of it. Rommel was in full flight, and the Second Corps was feeling its muscles. It had drawn first blood.

We should have been tired but we were too hopped up to think about it. Our crew on the old M-3 was feeling great. We were chasing, probing, striking, and destroying. We were functioning like we'd hoped we would back in the days of training. We even felt a wave of affection for the cumbersome old M-3, which shortly was replaced by the M-10s and M-18s.

I remember that day, as we headed for Gafsa, and Larry Beitz had been promoted to lieutenant and made platoon leader, when he did his first briefing. It was terse and clear and to the point, and when he wound up he added, "And remember our motto: 'Seek, strike, and destroy!'"

As the enemy fled toward the sea, shortly to be driven out of North Africa, it really meant something.

I only wish that Simmons had been around to say it again. **END**







New Products

# MAIL MART

© 1957

IT'S EASY TO ORDER BY MAIL. Simply send the coupon below  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money cheerfully refunded.

**SPECIAL of the MONTH**

Order any two items  
**SAVE 5%**  
Order three or more items  
**SAVE 10%**  
Deduct your savings from total order

Have you got  
your  
**SHRUNKEN  
HEAD?**



For your Car



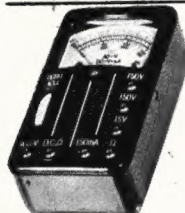
For your Den



A lovely Gift

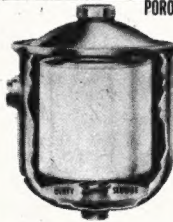
About 8 inches high

Hang one from front or rear car window (scare traffic cops away). Gives your den or rumpus room that "lived in" look! It's a truly "unusual" gift. Incredibly "real" looking imitation of Jivaro Shrunk Head—made of skin texture rubber with long, black, silky hair. \$2.98 Ppd. Item 8. Ppd.

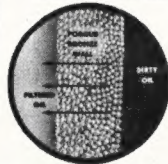


**T-K-30 TESTER** reads all voltages! Sensitive ohm-meter "pin-points" bad switches, faulty contacts, "shorts"—saves hours. For household or automotive use. Checks battery, relay, lights, ignition, etc. 0-750-volt range. AC or DC. 0-150 milliamperes DC. Resistance 0-100,000 ohms. \$12.95. Item 9. Ppd.

## Oil Filter NEVER needs replacing!



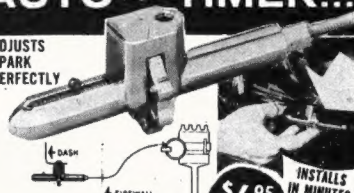
POROUS BRONZE WALL FILTERS OUT PARTICLES AS SMALL AS 39 MILLIONTHS OF AN INCH!



**STOP COSTLY FILTER REFILLS!**  
Bronze oil filter lasts forever. Guaranteed 10 years. Use oil 10,000 miles—BIG "filtering" area removes all harmful dirt, grit. Fits any car's filter case. With acid neutralizer. "By-pass" element \$6.95; Giant "Full-flow" element \$11.95; Complete—case with "By-pass" element \$12.95. Item 1. Ppd.

## WHY YOU NEED AUTO-TIMER...

ADJUSTS SPARK PERFECTLY

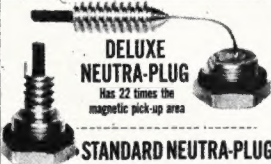


RIGHT SPARK—RIGHT NOW

**\$6.95**  
PPD.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES  
• FITS ALL CARS

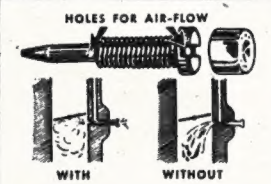
**PERFECT SPARK TIMING** for all driving conditions. Get better mileage, greater power, more efficient operation with easy-to-install **IMPROVED AUTO-TIMER**. Dash-mounted control advances or retards spark instantly to compensate for heat, altitude, speed, load, gas octane, etc. Indicator Button shows timing position. \$6.95. Item 2. Ppd.



**DELUXE NEUTRA-PLUG**  
Has 22 times the magnetic pick-up area

**STANDARD NEUTRA-PLUG**

Engine suffering from "ACID indigestion"? Oil swarming with microscopic abrasive flecks? Replace your crank case drain plug with **NEUTRA-PLUG!** Active alloy element neutralizes corrosive acid. Powerful Alnico magnet captures metal grit. Standard model \$2.45. Deluxe model \$2.95. Item 3. Ppd.

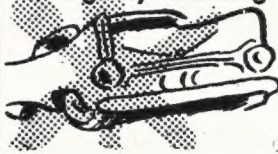


HOLES FOR AIR-FLOW

WITH WITHOUT

**STOP GAS WASTE** due to carburetor "thirst". Gane Air-Jet Needles compensate for over-rich idling mixture—stop "flood" of raw gas. Users report 3-6 extra miles per gal.—no help if carb. "perfect". Try 10 days—full refund if not amazed. State make of carburetor (8-cyl. cars take 2). \$1.50 each. Item 4. Ppd.

## WARN-O-LITE Railroad Type Alternate Flashing Emergency Warning



- Protects against deadly "sitting duck" rear-end collisions
- Operates with ignition OFF—you can leave car with signal going
- Very little drain on your battery

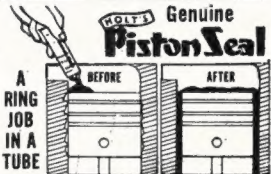
**RED FLASHERS MEAN STOP.** This emergency Switch turns your directional signals into alternate-flashing STOP warnings. One light or the other is on at all times. Stops dangerous use of left-turn signal as a warning. Easily installs under dash. Corrosion-resistant insulated "connectors" clip to wires—no tools or soldering needed... do-it-yourself. Always ready for any emergency... by-passes blown fuses... just flick Emergency Switch "on." Fits any car or truck with directional signals—Specify 6 or 12-volt systems. Only \$4.95. Item 5. Ppd.

## MILEAGE MINDER

SAVES UP TO 6 MILES PER GALLON OF GAS!



**TRIPLE THREAT AGAINST GAS WASTE.** Saves gas—reduces carburetor wear. Pressure regulator and pulsation dampener stops stalling, rough idle and vapor lock. Porous bronze filter removes water and dirt. Produces smooth flow of clean fuel. Greatly improves mileage. \$6.95. Item 6. Ppd.



**Genuine Piston Seal**  
A RING JOB IN A TUBE  
MORE ZIP for the old bus! New life and power for that sluggish engine. Just unscrew spark plugs, squeeze Holt's into holes. Forms self-expanding seal. Boosts compression, cuts oil waste, ends piston slap. Lasts up to 10,000 miles. Only genuine "Holt's"—insured by Lloyds of London. \$4.95. Item 7. Ppd.



5805 E. Beverly Blvd., Dept. 694 Los Angeles 22, Calif. Phone RAYmond 3-3671

Gentlemen: Please rush me the items circled at right: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

My car is \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_ Model \_\_\_\_\_ No. Cyl. \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Full Price Enclosed. \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ 20% Deposit. Send C.O.D.

**Giant new Catalog sent FREE with order!!!**



# We'll train & establish you in Your Own Business ... even if now employed!

If you have longed for the prestige and financial independence of YOUR OWN business, you can now realize this desire ... if you can qualify for a Duraclean dealership. We are now enlarging this 27-year-old chain of independently-owned service dealerships which has rapidly grown to a world-wide service.

You must, however, be honest, diligent, and able to make a small investment in a business which we will locally assist you in establishing ... a profession for which we will personally and quickly train you. If needed, we will help finance you.

We want to assure your success. A Duraclean dealer will train and assist you. He'll reveal the **Duraclean System** and his successful plan of building customers. He will **work with you**. This business is **easy to learn** ... quickly established.

This is a sound, lifetime business that grows from **REPEAT ORDERS** and customer **RECOMMENDATIONS**. Alert dealers can gross an hourly profit of \$5.00 on own service plus **\$3.00 on EACH serviceman** at National Price Guide charges.

World-wide  
services



Over a quarter  
century of  
proven success

## Plan NOW for Future Years! You Become an Expert in Cleaning and Protecting Rugs, Carpets and Upholstery!

**DURACLEAN®** (left) cleans by absorption. It eliminates scrubbing ... soaking ... shrinkage. Aerated foam, created by electric Foamovator, restores the natural lubrication of wool and other animal fibers in rugs and upholstery. Dirt, grease and many unsightly spots vanish. Fabrics and floor coverings are cleaned with a new consideration for their life and beauty.

This modern process avoids strong soaps and machine scrubbing! This eliminates unnecessary wear and the breaking of fibers. Fabric life is increased.

**DURACLEANING** is done in the home. Customers like this convenience. Fabrics dry in a few hours. Rug pile again stands erect and even. Brilliant colors revive. Furnishings become clean, fresh and enlivened.

**DURAPROOF®** is another year 'round service rendered in the home, office or institution—without removing furnishings. It protects upholstery, rugs, furs, clothing and auto interiors, against damage by moths and carpet beetles. U. S. Government says, "Moths are present

in practically every household ... No section of country seems free from such infestations." **DURAPROOF** kills moths and carpet beetles ... It makes materials non-eatable to both. **DURAPROOF** is the **ONLY** mothproof service backed by an International Money Back, 6-Year Warranty.



## Easy To Learn • No Overhead Expense

### Start Full or Part Time

No experience necessary! Some dealers establish shops or an office ... others operate from their own home. Service may be rendered in homes, offices, hotels, theaters or institutions. Auto dealers buy your **DURACLEAN** Service to revive upholstery in used cars. Almost every building houses a potential customer needing one or both services. You enjoy big profits on both materials and labor.

### We Help You Grow

Our **MUTUAL COOPERATION DURACLEAN SYSTEM** gives you many unique continuous advantages: **National Advertising** in Life, McCall's, House & Garden and a dozen others. **Copyright and trademark protection**. **Certificate** approves equipment and materials. **Products Insurance**, **Six-Year Warranty**, **Pocket Demonstrators**, **Sales Book**, **Advertising Folders & Cards**, **Tested Ads**, **Ad Cuts & Mats**, **Store Display Cards**, **Radio & TV Musical Commercials**, **Home Show Booth Display**, **Publicity Program** gets **FREE** local newspaper stories, **Prizes**, **Laboratory research** and development, **Monthly Magazine**, **"Sale-of-Dealership" Service**, **Annual Conventions**. Behind all this is a headquarters interested in YOUR personal success. You will be amazed at the assistance you will receive as your business grows. **Just ask an established dealer.**

### What Dealers Say

Earl Davis: "Our sales increased \$17,666.00 this year over last."

R. N. Ritter: "I seldom go under \$200.00 per week by myself."

W. A. Lookbill: "We've had 20 years of pleasant dealings. I'm 65 but am setting my sights for 20 more years."

L. B. Hayes: "It was my lucky day when I received my dealership. During my first month I grossed \$770.17. Duraclean has proved so popular, I am now a full time dealer."

P. Friedinger: "70% of our business is repeat ... also get business from reference of satisfied customers."

W. Abbott: "In the past 7 months I have taken in over \$12,000, almost entirely on cleaning the interiors of automobiles."

Leroy Ellsworth: "Your advertising program certainly paid dividends for me."

M. Lassanske: "My original investment was returned in about two months."

C. L. Smith: "Again I day's work, 8 hrs. totaling over \$100.00 for my helper and I isn't bad for a country boy like me. I do not have any unusual abilities; only this, I'm equipped with the best cleaning service in the field and get well paid for my work."

T. Komori (Japan): "We have 1,000,000 yen contract Duracleaning for U. S. Army."

Arlis Wilson: "This month, working alone, I grossed \$1,295.10."

More dealer comments  
given in our literature.



### FIRST PROCESS IN THE FIELD TO WIN THIS IMPORTANT HONOR!

As a Duraclean dealer, your services are backed by this famous seal of quality ... proof that Duraclean has passed the most rigorous tests. No competitor in your town can boast this seal. Customers will also see that your service has been tested and certified by the American Research & Testing Laboratories. No wonder it's so easy to get business!

### Repeat and Voluntary Orders

Demonstrations win new customers. Men with **DURACLEAN** Dealerships find **REPEAT** and **VOLUNTARY** orders become a major source of income. Customers tell their friends and neighbors. Furniture, department stores and interior decorators turn over cleaning and moth-proofing to **DURACLEAN** Dealers. We show 27 ways to get customers.

### Easy Terms!

A moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards, introduction slips, sales books, demonstrators and enough material to return your **TOTAL** investment. You can have your business operating in a very few days. **Mail coupon today! No obligation.**

### World-Wide

Duraclean dealers' businesses have developed into a world wide organization with dealerships throughout North America, Central America and South America, as well as in Alaska, Africa, China, Israel, Bermuda, Hawaii, Switzerland, Japan, Norway, etc.

# FREE

### Booklet Tells How!

Our first letter and 16 page illustrated booklet will explain everything—these modern urgently needed services, waiting market, how business grows, your large profits, easy terms and **PROTECTED** territory. Send Coupon TODAY while territory is open.

## "OWN a Business" Coupon

**DURACLEAN Co., 7-327 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Illinois**  
Without obligation, tell me how I may enjoy a steadily increasing life income in my **OWN** business. Enclose **FREE** booklet and full details.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

**Duraclean® Co., 7-327 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Illinois**



yours for 1/30th the cost of diamonds!

authentic  
**Capra Gems**

*"more dazzling than diamonds"*

**... hand-cut, hand-polished, hand-selected**

Get full facts, FREE, on the most amazing discovery by modern science — CAPRA GEMS. A miracle of science described in recent issues of Saturday Evening Post and Reader's Digest. They're more dazzling than diamonds, yet cost much less. CAPRA GEMS' refractive quality is actually higher than diamonds! Brilliantly beautiful, dazzling CAPRA GEMS are hand cut, hand polished and hand selected . . . priced within the reach of all who love fine gems. A 1-carat diamond stone costs you approximately \$1000. A comparable choice selected, 1-carat CAPRA GEM is yours for \$24, federal tax included . . . and can be bought on small easy payments.

**GET THE FACTS NOW . . .**

Valuable illustrated booklet shows a wide selection of men's and women's rings. Gives full details, including prices and settings . . . shows all CAPRA GEMS actual size. Limited supply, so send today without delay.

No charge, no obligation.

Get all the facts on CAPRA GEMS . . . more dazzling than diamonds.

*Send  
no  
money!  
mail  
today!*



**THE SONATA**



**THE ESQUIRE**



**CAPRA GEM CO.**

Dept. SMG-77 P. O. 5145, Phila. 41, Pa.

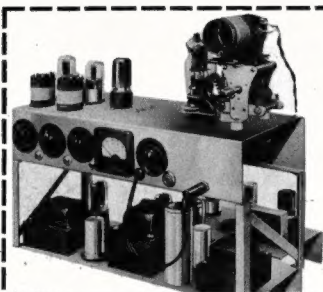
Gentlemen: I want the facts now. Please send me your valuable illustrated booklet showing a wide selection of rings, at NO COST to me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

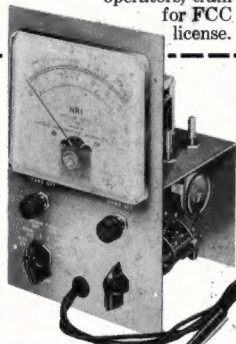
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





## YOU BUILD Broadcasting Transmitter

As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

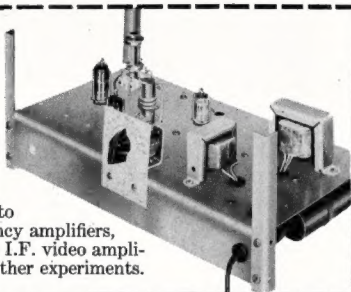


## YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get.

## YOU BUILD Signal Generator

N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.



## YOU BUILD AC-DC Superhet Receiver

N.R.I. servicing training supplies all parts, everything is yours to keep. Nothing takes the place of practical experience. You get actual servicing experience by practicing with this modern receiver; you learn-by-doing.



# Learn RADIO TELEVISION by Practicing at Home

## WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

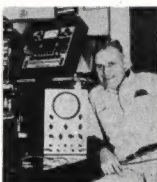
### Chief Engineer

"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGCN in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarek, North Dakota.



### Paid for Instruments

"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.



### Has Own TV Business

"We have an appliance store with our Radio and TV servicing, and get TV repairs. During my Army service, NRI training helped get me a top rated job." W. M. WEIDNER, Fairfax, South Dakota.



## NEED FOR TECHNICIANS INCREASING Fast Growing Field Offers Good Pay, Bright Future

Today's OPPORTUNITY field is Radio-Television. Over 125 million home Radios plus 30 million sets in cars and 40,000,000 Television sets mean big money for trained Radio-TV Technicians. More than 4,000 Radio and TV Broadcasting stations offer interesting and important positions for technicians, operators. Color television, portable TV sets, Hi-Fi, other developments assure future growth.

It's the trained man who gets ahead. The fellow who uses his spare time to develop knowledge and skill gets the better job, drives a better car, lives in a better home, is respected for what he knows

and can do. So plan now to get into Radio-TV.

Keep your job while training with N.R.I. You learn at home in your spare time. N.R.I. is oldest and largest home study Radio-TV School. Our methods have proved successful for more than 40 years, provide practical experience.

Soon after enrolling, many N.R.I. students start to earn \$10, \$15 a week extra in spare time fixing sets. Many open their own full time Radio-TV shops after getting N.R.I. Diploma. Find out more. Mail Coupon. Cost is low, terms easy; includes all equipment. Address: **National Radio Institute, Dept. 7F17, Washington 9, D. C.**

Send for  
**LESSON  
and CATALOG  
FREE**

**VETERANS**  
Available under  
G.I. Bills



## MAIL COUPON NOW

**NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE**  
Dept. 7F17, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog, FREE. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL